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OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

GARTH.

This cell sad Echo chose, by love betray'd
A fit retirement for a mourning maid.

Claremont.

Drawn by R. Dock. *Engraved by A. Cardon.*

Published Feby. 1808, by John Sharpe.
Piccadilly.

THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS;

INCLUDING THE MOST ESTEEMED

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

The Greek and Roman Authors.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

THOMAS PARK, F.S.A.

VOL. VIII.

CONTAINING THE

POEMS OF GARTH, AND GAY'S FABLES.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN SHARPE, PICCADILLY;
AND SUTTABY, EVANCE, AND FOX, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE STREET.

1813.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

SIR SAMUEL GARTH.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

THOMAS PARK, ESQ. F.S.A.

LONDON:

Printed at the Stanhope Press,

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ENCOMIUMS ON GARTH.

TO DR. GARTH,

UPON THE DISPENSARY.

Oh! that some Genius, whose poetic vein
Like Montague's could a just piece sustain,
Would search the Grecian and the Latin store,
And thence present thee with the purest ore:
In lasting numbers praise thy whole design,
And manly beauty of each nervous line:
Show how your pointed satire's sterling wit,
Does only knaves or formal blockheads hit;
Who're gravely dull, *insipidly serene*,
And carry all their wisdom in their mien.
Whom thus expos'd, thus strip'd of their disguise,
None will again admire, most will despise.
Show in what noble verse Nassau you sing,
How such a poet's worthy such a king.
When Somers' charming eloquence you praise,
How loftily your tuneful voice you raise!
But my poor feeble Muse is as unfit
To praise, as imitate what you have writ.
Artists alone should venture to commend
What Dennis can't condemn, nor Dryden mend:
What must, writ with that fire and with that ease,
The beaux, the ladies, and the critics please.

C. BOYLE,
Afterwards Earl of Orrery.

TO MY FRIEND THE AUTHOR,

DESIRING MY OPINION OF HIS POEM.

Ask me not, friend, what I approve or blame;
Perhaps I know not why I like, or damn;
I can be pleas'd; and I dare own I am.
I read thee over with a lover's eye;
Thou hast no faults, or I no faults can spy;
Thou art all beauty, or all blindness I.
Critics and aged beaux, of fancy chaste,
Who ne'er had fire, or else whose fire is past,
Must judge by rules what they want force to taste.
I would a poet, like a mistress, try,
Not by her hair, her hand, her nose, her eye;
But by some nameless power, to give me joy.
The nymph has Grafton's, Cecil's, Churchill's charms,
If with resistless fires my soul she warms,
With balm upon her lips, and raptures in her arms.
Such is thy genius, and such art is thine,
Some secret magic works in every line;
We judge not but we feel the power divine.
Where all is just, is beauteous, and is fair,
Distinctions vanish of peculiar air.
Lost in our pleasure, we enjoy in you
Lucretius, Horace, Sheffield, Montague.
And yet 'tis thought, some critics in this town,
By rules to all, but to themselves, unknown,
Will damn thy verse, and justify their own.

Why let them damn: were it not wondrous hard
Facetious Mirmil[1] and the city bard[2],
So near allied in learning, wit, and skill,
Should not have leave to judge, as well as kill?
Nay, let them write; let them their forces join,
And hope the motley piece may rival thine.
Safely despise their malice, and their toil,
Which vulgar ears alone will reach, and will defile.
Be it thy generous pride to please the best,
Whose judgment and whose friendship is a test.
With learned Hans thy healing cares be join'd,
Search thoughtful Ratcliff to his inmost mind:
Unite, restore your arts, and save mankind.
Whilst all the busy Mirmils of the town
Envy our health, and pine away their own.
Whene'er thou would'st a tempting Muse engage,
Judicious Walsh can best direct her rage.
To Somers and to Dorset too submit,
And let their stamp immortalize thy wit.
Consenting Phœbus bows, if they approve,
And ranks thee with the foremost bards above:
Whilst these of right the deathless laurel send,
Be it my humble business to commend
The faithful honest man, and the well-natur'd friend.

CHR. CODRINGTON.

[1] Dr. Gibbons. [2] This probably was Settle.

TO MY FRIEND, DR. GARTH,

THE AUTHOR OF THE DISPENSARY.

To praise your healing art would be in vain;
The health you give, prevents the poet's pen.
Sufficiently confirm'd is your renown,
And I but fill the chorus of the town.
That let me wave, and only now admire
The dazzling rays of your poetic fire:
Which its diffusive virtue does dispense,
In flowing verse, and elevated sense.
The town, which long has swallow'd foolish verse,
Which poetasters every where rehearse;
Will mend their judgment now, refine their taste,
And gather up the' applause they threw in waste.
The play-house shan't encourage false sublime,
Abortive thoughts, with decorating-rhyme.
The satire of vile scribblers shall appear
On none, except upon themselves, severe:
While yours contemns the gall of vulgar spite;
And when you seem to smile the most, you bite.

THO. CHEEK.

TO MY FRIEND,

UPON THE DISPENSARY.

As when the people of the northern zone
Find the approach of the revolving sun,
Pleas'd and reviv'd, they see the new-born light,
And dread no more eternity of night.

Thus we, who lately, as of summer's heat,
Have felt a dearth of poetry and wit!
Once fear'd, Apollo would return no more
From warmer climes to an ungrateful shore.
But you, the favourite of the tuneful Nine,
Have made the god in his full lustre shine;
Our night have chang'd into a glorious day;
And reach'd perfection in your first essay:
So the young eagle that his force would try,
Faces the sun, and towers it to the sky.
Others proceed to art by slow degrees,
Awkward at first, at length they faintly please,
And still whate'er their first efforts produce,
'Tis an abortive or an infant Muse.
Whilst yours, like Pallas, from the head of Jove,
Steps out full grown, with noblest pace to move.
What ancient poets to their subjects owe,
Is here inverted, and this owes to you:
You found it little, but have made it great,
They could describe, but you alone create.
Now let your Muse rise with expanded wings,
To sing the fate of empires and of kings;
Great William's victories she'll next rehearse,
And raise a trophy of immortal verse:
Thus to your art proportion the design,
And mighty things with mighty numbers join,
A second Namur, or a future Boyne.

H. BLOUNT.

FROM

HURDIS'S VILLAGE CURATE.

——In the dapper-wit of sprightly Garth
We smile to see fantastic Poetry
Shake hands with Physic, and in grave burlesque
Arrange his gallipots and gild his pills ;
Then march in dreadful armour to the field,
To screen her new ally from hostile shocks,
With pestle truncheon, Cloacinian helm,
And level'd squirt.

DEDICATION.

TO

ANTHONY HENLEY, ESQ.

A MAN of your character can no more prevent a Dedication, than he would encourage one; for merit, like a virgin's blushes, is still most discovered, when it labours most to be concealed.

'Tis hard, that to think well of you, should be but justice, and to tell you so, should be an offence. Thus, rather than violate your modesty, I must be wanting to your other virtues; and to gratify one good quality, do wrong to a thousand.

The world generally measures our esteem by the ardour of our pretences; and will scarce believe that so much zeal in the heart, can be consistent with so much faintness in the expression; but when they reflect on your readiness to do good, and your industry to hide it; on your passion to oblige, and your pain to hear it owned; they will conclude that acknowledgments would be ungrateful to a person who even seems to receive the obligations he confers.

But though I should persuade myself to be silent upon all occasions; those more polite arts, which,

till of late have languished and decayed, would appear under their present advantages, and own you for one of their generous restorers: insomuch, that Sculpture now breathes, Painting speaks, Music ravishes; and as you help to refine our taste, you distinguish your own.

Your approbation of this poem is the only exception to the opinion the world has of your judgment, that ought to relish nothing so much as what you write yourself. But you are resolved to forget to be a critic, by remembering you are a friend. To say more, would be uneasy to you; and to say less would be unjust in

Your humble servant.

THE

PREFACE.

SINCE this following poem in a manner stole into the world, I could not be surprised to find it incorrect; though I can no more say I was a stranger to its coming abroad, than that I approved of the publisher's precipitation in doing it. For a hurry in the execution, generally produces a leisure in reflection; so when we run the fastest, we stumble the oftenest. However, the errors of the printer have not been greater than the candour of the reader: and if I could but say the same of the defects of the author, he would need no justification against the cavils of some furious critics, who, I am sure, would have been better pleased if they had met with more faults.

Their grand objection is, that the fury Disease is an improper machine to recite characters, and recommend the example of present writers: but though I had the authority of some Greek and Latin poets, upon parallel instances, to justify the design; yet, that I might not introduce any thing that seemed inconsistent or hard, I started this objection myself to a gentleman, very remarkable

in this sort of criticism, who would by no means allow that the contrivance was forced, or the conduct incongruous.

Disease is represented a Fury as well as Envy: she is imagined to be forced by an incantation from her recess; and, to be revenged on the exorcist, mortifies him with an introduction of several persons eminent in an accomplishment he has made some advances in.

Nor is the compliment less to any great genius mentioned there; since a very fiend, who naturally repines at any excellency, is forced to confess how happily they have all succeeded.

Their next objection is, that I have imitated the Lutrin of Monsieur Boileau. I must own I am proud of the imputation: unless their quarrel be, that I have not done it enough: but he that will give himself the trouble of examining, will find I have copied him in nothing but in two or three lines in the complaint of Molesse, Canto II. and in one in his first Canto; the sense of which line is entirely his, and I could wish it were not the only good one in mine.

I have spoke to the most material objections I have heard of, and shall tell these gentlemen, that for every fault they pretend to find in this poem, I'll undertake to show them too. One of these curious persons does me the honour to say, he approves of the conclusion of it; but I suppose it is upon no other reason, but because it is the conclusion. However, I should not be much concerned not to be thought excellent in an amusement I have very little practised hitherto, nor perhaps ever shall again.

Reputation of this sort is very hard to be got, and very easy to be lost; its pursuit is painful, and its possession unfruitful: nor had I ever attempted any thing in this kind, till finding the animosities among the members of the College of Physicians increasing daily (notwithstanding the frequent exhortations of our worthy President[1] to the contrary) I was persuaded to attempt something of this nature, and to endeavour to rally some of our disaffected members into a sense of their duty, who have hitherto most obstinately opposed all manner of union; and have continued so unreasonably refractory, that it was thought fit by the College, to reinforce the observance of the statutes by a bond, which some of them would not comply with, though none of them had refused the ceremony of the customary oath; like some that will trust their wives with any body, but their money with none. I was sorry to find there could be any constitution that was not to be cured without poison, and that there should be a prospect of affecting it by a less grateful method than reason and persuasion.

The original of this difference has been of some standing; though it did not break out to fury and excess, till the time of erecting the DISPENSARY; being an apartment in the College set up for the relief of the sick poor, and managed ever since with an integrity and disinterest, suitable to so charitable a design.

If any person would be more fully informed about the particulars of so pious a work, I refer him to a treatise, set forth by the authority of the

[1] Dr. Millington.

President and Censors, in the year 1697: it is called, 'A short Account of the Proceedings of the College of Physicians, London, in relation to the Sick Poor.' The reader may there not only be informed of the rise and progress of this so public an undertaking, but also of the concurrence and encouragement it met with from the most, as well as the most ancient members of the society; notwithstanding the vigorous opposition of a few men, who thought it their interest to defeat so laudable a design.

The intention of this preface is not to persuade mankind to enter into our quarrels, but to vindicate the author from being censured of taking any indecent liberty with a faculty he has the honour to be a member of. If the satire may appear directed at any particular person, it is at such only as are presumed to be engaged in dishonourable confederacies for mean and mercenary ends, against the dignity of their own profession. But if there be no such, then these characters are but imaginary, and by consequence ought to give no body offence.

The description of the battle is grounded upon a feud that happened in the DISPENSARY, betwixt a member of the College with his retinue, and some of the servants that attended there to dispense the medicines; and is so far real, though the poetical relation be fictitious. I hope no body will think the author too undecently reflecting through the whole, who being too liable to faults himself, ought to be less severe upon the miscarriages of others. There is a character in this trivial performance, which the town, I find, applies to a particular person: it is a reflection which I should be sorry

should give offence; being no more than what may be said of any physician remarkable for much practice. The killing of numbers of patients is so trite a piece of raillery, that it ought not to make the least impression, either upon the reader, or the person it is applied to; being one, that I think in my conscience a very able physician, as well as a gentleman of extraordinary learning. If I am hard upon any one, it is my reader: but some worthy getlemen, as remarkable for their humanity as their extraordinary parts, have taken care to make him amends for it, by prefixing something of their own.

I confess, those ingenious gentlemen have done me a great honour; but while they design an imaginary panegyric upon me, they have made a real one upon themselves; and by saying how much this small performance exceeds some others, they convince the world how far it falls short of theirs.

THE

COPY OF AN INSTRUMENT

SUBSCRIBED BY THE PRESIDENT, CENSOR, MOST OF THE ELECTS, SENIOR FELLOWS, CANDIDATES, &C. OF THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS, IN RELATION TO THE SICK POOR.

WHEREAS the several orders of the College of Physicians, London, for prescribing medicines gratis to the poor sick of the cities of London and Westminster, and parts adjacent, as also proposals made by the said College to the Lord Mayor, Court of Aldermen, and Common Council of London, in pursuance thereof, have hitherto been ineffectual; for that no method hath been taken to furnish the poor with medicines for their cure at low and reasonable rates; we, therefore, whose names are here underwritten, Fellows and Members of the said College, being willing effectually to promote so great a charity, by the counsel and good liking of the President and College declared in their Comitia, hereby (to wit, each of us severally and apart, and not the one for the other of us) do oblige ourselves to pay to Dr. Thomas Burwell, Fellow and Elect of the said College, the sum of ten pounds apiece of lawful money of England, by such proportions,

and at such times, as to the major part of the subscribers here shall seem most convenient: which money, when received by the said Dr. Thomas Burwell, is to be by him expended in preparing and delivering medicines to the poor at their intrinsic value, in such manner, and at such times, and by such orders and directions, as by the major part of the subscribers hereto shall in writing be hereafter appointed and directed for that purpose. In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands and seals this twenty-second day of December, 1696.

Tho. Millington, *Preses.*
Tho. Burwell, *Elect. and Censor.*
Sam. Collins, *Elect.*
Edw. Browne, *Elect.*
Rich. Torless, *Elect. and Censor.*
Edw. Hulse, *Elect.*
Tho. Gill, *Censor.*
Will. Dawes, *Censor.*
Jo. Hutton.
Rob. Brady.
Hans Sloane.
Rich. Morton.
John Hawys.
Ch. Harel.
Rich. Robinson.
John Bateman.
Walter Mills.
Dan. Coxe.
Henry Sampson.
Thomas Gibson.
Charles Goodall.
Edm. King.
Sam. Garth.
Barnh. Soame.
Denton Nicholas.
Joseph Gaylard.
John Woollaston.
Steph. Hunt.
Oliver Horseman.
Rich. Morton, *Jun.*
David Hamilton.
Hen. Morelli.
Walter Harris.
William Briggs.
Th. Colladon.
Martin Lister.
Jo. Colbatch.
Bernard Connor.
W. Cockburn.
J. Le Feure.

P. Sylvestre.
Cha. Morton.
Walter Charlton.
Phineas Fowke.
Tho. Alvery.
Rob. Gray.
John Wright.
James Drake.
Sam. Morris.
John Woodward.
—— Norris.
George Colebrook.
Gideon Harvey.

The design of printing the subscribers' names is to show, that the late undertaking has the sanction of a college act; and that it is not a project carried on by five or six members, as those that oppose it would unjustly insinuate.

THE

DISPENSARY.

A POEM.

IN SIX CANTOS.

—— Hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.

Hor. de Arte Poet.

THE

DISPENSARY.

CANTO I.

SPEAK, goddess! since 'tis thou that best canst tell,
How ancient leagues to modern discord fell;
And why physicians were so cautious grown
Of others' lives, and lavish of their own!
How by a journey to the' Elysian Plain
Peace triumph'd and old Time return'd again.
  Not far from that most celebrated place,
Where angry Justice [1] shows her awful face;
Where little villains must submit to fate,
That great ones may enjoy the world in state;
There stands a dome [2], majestic to the sight,
And sumptuous arches bear its oval height;
A golden globe plac'd high with artful skill,
Seems, to the distant sight, a gilded pill:
This pile was, by the pious patron's aim,
Rais'd for a use as noble as its frame;
Nor did the learn'd Society decline
The propagation of that great design;

[1] Old Bailey. [2] College of Physicians.

In all her mazes Nature's face they view'd,
And as she disappear'd *, their search pursued.
Wrapt in the shade of night the goddess lies,
Yet to the learn'd unveils her dark disguise,
But shuns the gross access of vulgar eyes.
Now she unfolds the faint and dawning strife
Of infant atoms kindling into life;
How ductile matter new meanders takes,
And slender trains of twisting fibres makes:
And how the viscous seeks a closer tone,
By just degrees to harden into bone;
While the more loose flow from the vital urn,
And in full tides of purple streams return;
How lambent flames from life's bright lamps arise,
And dart in emanations through the eyes;
How from each sluice a gentle torrent pours,
To slake a feverish heat with ambient show'rs,
Whence, their mechanic powers, the spirits claim;
How great their force, how delicate their frame;
How the same nerves are fashion'd to sustain
The greatest pleasure and the greatest pain.
Why bilious juice a golden light puts on,
And floods of chyle in silver currents run;
How the dim speck of entity began
To' extend its recent form, and stretch to man:
To how minute an origin we owe
Young Ammon, Cæsar, and the great Nassau;
Why paler looks impetuous rage proclaim,
And why chill virgins redden into flame;

VARIATION.

* ——— they still pursued.
They find her dubious now, and then as plain,
Here' she's too sparing; there profusely vain.

Why envy oft transforms with wan disguise,
And why gay mirth sits smiling in the eyes;
All ice why Lucrece, or Sempronia, fire,
Why Southwell rages to survive desire.
Whence Milo's vigour at the' Olympic's shown,
Whence tropes to Finch [3], or impudence to Sloane*;
How matter, by the varied shape of pores,
Or idiots frames, or solemn senators.
Hence 'tis we wait the wondrous cause to find,
How body acts upon impassive mind:
How fumes of wine the thinking part can fire,
Past hopes revive, and present joys inspire:
Why our complexions oft our soul declare,
And how the passions in the features are:
How touch and harmony arise between
Corporeal figure, and a form unseen:
How quick their faculties the limbs fulfil,
And act at every summons of the will.
With mighty truths, mysterious to descry,
Which in the womb of distant causes lie.
But now no grand inquiries are descried,
Mean faction reigns, where knowledge should pre-side,
Feuds are increas'd, and learning laid aside.
Thus synods oft concern for faith conceal,
And for important nothings show a zeal:
The drooping Sciences neglected pine,
And Pæan's beams with fading lustre shine.

3 This probably was Daniel Finch, Earl of Nottingham, and Secretary of State to Queen Anne.

VARIATION.

* Why Atticus polite, Brutus severe,
Why Methwin muddy, Montagu why clear.

No readers here with hectic looks are found,
Nor eyes in rheum, through midnight-watching, drown'd:
The lonely edifice in sweats complains
That nothing there but sullen silence reigns.
This place, so fit for undisturb'd repose,
The God of Sloth for his asylum chose;
Upon a couch of down in these abodes
Supine with folded arms he thoughtless nods;
Indulging dreams his godhead lull to ease,
With murmurs of soft rills, and whispering trees:
The poppy and each numbing plant dispense
Their drowsy virtue, and dull indolence;
No passions interrupt his easy reign,
No problems puzzle his lethargic brain,
But dark oblivion guards his peaceful bed,
And lazy fogs hang lingering o'er his head.
As at full length the pamper'd monarch lay
Batt'ning in ease, and slumbering life away:
A spiteful noise his downy chains unties,
Hastes forward, and increases as it flies.
First some to cleave the stubborn flint[4] engage,
Till urg'd by blows, it sparkles into rage:
Some temper lute, some spacious vessels move:
These furnaces erect, and those approve.
Here phials in nice discipline are set,
There gallipots are rang'd in alphabet.
In this place, magazines of pills you spy;
In that, like forage, herbs in bundles lie;
While lifted pestles, brandish'd in the air,
Descend in peals, and civil wars declare.
Loud strokes, with pounding spice, the fabric rend,
And aromatic clouds in spires ascend.

4 The building of the Dispensary.

So when the Cyclops o'er their anvils sweat,
And swelling sinews echoing blows repeat:
From the volcano's gross eruptions rise,
And curling sheets of smoke obscure the skies.
The slumbering god, amaz'd at this new din,
Thrice strove to rise, and thrice sunk down again,
Listless he stretch'd, and gaping, rub'd his eyes,
Then falter'd thus betwixt half words and sighs.
'How impotent a deity am I!
With godhead born, but curs'd, that cannot die!
Through my indulgence, mortals hourly share
A grateful negligence, and ease from care.
Lull'd in my arms, how long have I withheld
The northern monarchs from the dusty field?
How have I kept the British fleet at ease,
From tempting the rough dangers of the seas?
Hibernia owns the mildness of my reign,
And my divinity's ador'd in Spain.
I swains to silvan solitudes convey,
Where, stretch'd on mossy beds, they waste away
In gentle joys the night, in vows the day.
What marks of wondrous clemency I've shown,
Some reverend worthies of the gown can own.
Triumphant plenty, with a cheerful grace,
Basks in their eyes, and sparkles in their face.
How sleek their looks, how goodly is their mien,
When big they strut behind a double chin!
Each faculty in blandishments they lull,
Aspiring to be venerably dull;
No learn'd debates molest their downy trance,
Or discompose their pompous ignorance;
But, undisturb'd, they loiter life away,
So wither green, and blossom in decay.

Deep sunk in down, they, by my gentle care,
Avoid the' inclemencies of morning air,
And leave to tatter'd Crape[5] the drudgery of prayer.

'Urim[6] was civil, and not void of sense,
Had humour, and a courteous confidence;
So spruce he moves, so gracefully he cocks,
The hallow'd rose declares him orthodox;
He pass'd his easy hours, instead of pray'r,
In madrigals, and Phillising the fair;
Constant at feasts, and each decorum knew,
And, soon as the desert appear'd, withdrew:
Always obliging, and without offence,
And fancied for his gay impertinence.
But see how ill-mistaken parts succeed;
He threw off my dominion, and would read;
Engag'd in controversy, wrangled well;
In convocation-language could excel;
In volumes prov'd the church without defence,
By nothing guarded, but by Providence:
How grace and moderation disagree;
And violence advances charity:
Thus writ till none would read, becoming soon
A wretched scribbler of a rare buffoon.

'Mankind my fond propitious power has tried,
Too oft to own, too much to be denied.
And all I ask are shades and silent bow'rs,
To pass in soft forgetfulness my hours.
Oft have my fears some distant villa chose,
O'er their *quietus* where fat Judges dose,
And lull their cough and conscience to repose:

[5] See Boileau's Lutrin.
[6] Dr. Atterbury, afterwards Bishop of Rochester.

Or if some cloister's refuge I implore,
Where holy drones o'er dying tapers snore;
The peals of Nassau's [7] arms these eyes unclose,
Mine he molests, to give the world repose.
That ease I offer with contempt he flies,
His couch a trench, his canopy the skies.
Nor climes nor seasons his resolves control,
The' equator has no heat, no ice the pole,
With arms resistless o'er the globe he flies,
And leaves to Jove the empire of the skies.'
But as the slothful god to yawn begun,
He shook off the dull mist, and thus went on *.
' 'Twas in this reverend dome I sought repose,
These walls were that asylum I had chose †.
Here have I rul'd, long undisturb'd with broils,
And laugh'd at heroes, and their glorious toils.
My annals are in mouldy mildews wrought,
With easy insignificance of thought.

7 See Boil. Lut.

VARIATION.

* Sometimes among the Caspian cliffs I creep,
Where solitary bats and swallows sleep:
Or if some cloister's refuge I implore,
Where holy drones o'er dying tapers snore,
Still Nassau's arms a soft repose deny,
Keep me awake, and follow where I fly.
Since he has bless'd the weary world with peace,
And with a nod has bid Bellona cease;
I sought the covert of some peaceful cell,
Where silent shades in harmless raptures dwell;
That rest might past tranquillity restore,
And mortal never interrupt me more.

† Nought underneath this roof but damps are found,
Nought heard but drowsy beetles buzzing round:
Spread cobwebs hide the walls, and dust the floors,
And midnight silence guards the noiseless doors.

But now some busy, enterprising brain,
Invents new fancies to renew my pain,
And labours to dissolve my easy reign.'

With that, the god his darling Phantom calls,
And from his faltering lips this message falls:
'Since mortals will dispute my power, I'll try
Who has the greatest empire, they or I.
Find Envy out, some prince's court attend,
Most likely there you'll meet the famish'd fiend * ;
Or where dull critics authors' fate foretel;
Or where stale maids, or meagre eunuchs dwell.
Tell the bleak Fury what new projects reign
Among the homicides of Warwick Lane;
And what the' event, unless she straight inclines
To blast their hopes, and baffle their designs.'
More he had spoke, but sudden vapours rise,
And with their silken cords tie down his eyes.

CANTO II.

Soon as the evening veil'd the mountains heads,
And winds lay hush'd in subterranean beds;
Whilst sickening flowers drink up the silver dew,
And beaux, for some assembly, dress anew;
The city saints to prayers and play-house haste;
The rich to dinner, and the poor to rest:
Officious Phantom then prepar'd with care
To slide on tender pinions through the air.

VARIATION.

* Or in cabals, or camps, or at the bar,
Or where ill poets pennyless confer,
Or in the senate-house at Westminster.

Oft he attempts the summit of a rock,
And oft the hollow of some blasted oak;
At length approaching where bleak Envy lay;
The hissing of her snakes proclaim'd the way.
Beneath the gloomy covert of a yew,
That taints the grass with sickly sweats of dew;
No verdant beauty entertains the sight,
But baneful hemlock, and cold aconite;
In a dark grot the baleful haggard lay,
Breathing black vengeance, and infecting day.
But how deform'd, and worn with spiteful woes,
When Accius has applause, Dorsennus shows.
The cheerful blood her meagre cheeks forsook,
And basilisks sat brooding in her look;
A bald and bloated toad-stool rais'd her head;
The plumes of boding ravens were her bed:
From her chapt nostrils scalding torrents fall,
And her sunk eyes boil o'er in floods of gall.
Volcanos labour thus with inward pains,
Whilst seas of melted ore lay waste the plains.
Around the fiend in hideous order sate
Foul bawling Infamy, and bold Debate:
Gruff Discontent, through ignorance misled,
And clamorous Faction at her party's head:
Restless Sedition, still dissembling fear,
And sly Hypocrisy with pious leer [1].
Glouting with sullen spite the Fury shook
Her clotted locks, and blasted with each look,
Then tore with canker'd teeth the pregnant scrolls,
Where Fame the acts of demi-gods enrols,
And as the rent records in pieces fell,
Each scrap did some immortal action tell.

[1] See Dryden's Fables.

This show'd, how fix'd as fate Torquatus stood;
That, the fam'd passage of the Granic flood;
The Julian Eagles, here, their wings display,
And there, like setting stars, the Decii lay:
This does Camillus as a god extol,
That points at Manlius in the capitol.
How Cocles did the Tiber's surges brave,
How Curtius plung'd into the gaping grave.
Great Cyrus, here, the Medes and Persians join,
And, there, the' immortal battle of the Boyne.
As the light messenger the Fury spied,
Awhile his curdling blood forgot to glide:
Confusion on his fainting vitals hung,
And faltering accents flutter'd on his tongue;
At length, assuming courage, he convey'd
His errand, then he shrunk into a shade.
The hag lay long revolving what might be
The blest event of such an embassy:
Then blazons in dread smiles her hideous form;
So lightning gilds the unrelenting storm *.

VARIATION.

* Then she: 'Alas! how long in vain have I
Aim'd at those noble ills the Fates deny?
Within this isle for ever must I find
Disasters to distract my restless mind?
Good Tennison's celestial piety
At last has rais'd him to the sacred see.
Somers does sickening equity restore,
And helpless orphans are oppress'd no more.
Pembroke to Britain endless blessings brings;
He spoke; and Peace clap'd her triumphant wings;
Great Ormond shines, illustriously bright,
With blazes of hereditary right.
The noble ardour of a royal fire
Inspires the generous breast of Devonshire.
And Macclesfield is active to defend
His country with the zeal he loves his friend.

Thus she—' Mankind are bless'd, they riot still
Unbounded in exorbitance of ill.
By devastation the rough warrior gains,
And farmers fatten most when famine reigns;
For sickly seasons the physicians wait,
And politicians thrive in broils of state;
The lover's easy when the fair one sighs,
And gods subsist not but by sacrifice.
' Each other being some indulgence knows:
Few are my joys, but infinite my woes.
My present pain Britannia's Genius wills,
And thus the Fates record my future ills.
' A heroine shall Albion's sceptre bear,
With arms shall vanquish earth, and heaven with pray'r.
She on the world her clemency shall show'r,
And only to preserve, exert her pow'r.
Tyrants shall then their impious aims forbear,
And Blenheim's thunder more than Ætna's fear [2].
' Since by no arts I therefore can defeat
The happy enterprises of the great,
I'll calmly stoop to more inferior things,
And try if my lov'd snakes have teeth or stings.'
She said; and straight shrill Colon's [3] person took,
In morals loose, but most precise in look.

[2] In Ætna were forged the thunderbolts which Jove employed against the ambition of the giants.

[3] Birch, an apothecary.

VARIATION.

Like Leda's radiant sons divinely clear,
Portland and Jersey deck'd in rays appear,
To gild by turns the Gallic hemisphere;
Worth in distress is rais'd by Montague;
Augustus listens if Mæcenas sue;
And Vernon's vigilance no slumber takes,
Whilst faction peeps abroad, and anarchy awakes.'

Blackfriars annals lately pleas'd to call
Him, Warden of Apothecaries-hall.
And, when so dignified, did not forbear
That operation which the learn'd declare
Gives colics ease, and makes the ladies fair.
In trifling show his tinsel talent lies,
And form the want of intellects supplies.
In aspect grand and goodly he appears,
Rever'd as patriarchs in primeval years.
Hourly his learn'd impertinence affords
A barren superfluity of words * ;
The patient's ears remoseless he assails,
Murders with jargon where his med'cine fails.
The Fury thus assuming Colon's grace,
So slung her arms, so shuffled in her pace.
Onward she hastens to the fam'd abodes,
Where Horoscope [4] invokes the' infernal gods ;
And, reach'd the mansion where the vulgar run,
For ruin throng, and pay to be undone.
This visionary various projects tries,
And knows, that to be rich is to be wise.
By useful observations he can tell
The sacred charms that in true sterling dwell.
How gold makes a patrician of a slave,
A dwarf an Atlas, a Thersites brave.
It cancels all defects, and in their place
Finds sense in Brownlow, charms in Lady Grace [5] :
It guides the fancy, and directs the mind ;
No bankrupt ever found a fair one kind.

4 Houghton, an apothecary. 5 Lady Grace Pierpoint.

VARIATION.

* In haste he strides along to recompense
The want of business with its vain pretence.

So truly Horoscope its virtues knows,
To this lov'd idol 'tis, alone, he bows;
And fancies such bright heraldry can prove
The vile plebeian but the third from Jove.
Long has he been of that amphibious fry,
Bold to prescribe, and busy to apply.
His shop the gazing vulgar's eyes employ
With foreign trinkets, and domestic toys:
Here mummies lay, most reverendly stale,
And there, the tortoise hung her coat of mail;
Not far from some huge shark's devouring head
The flying-fish their finny pinions spread.
Aloft in rows large poppy-heads were strung,
And near, a scaly alligator hung:
In this place, drugs in musty heaps decay'd;
In that, dried bladders and drawn teeth were laid.
An inner room receives the numerous shoals
Of such as pay to be reputed fools.
Globes stand by globes, volumes on volumes lie,
And planetary schemes amuse the eye.
The sage, in velvet chair, here lolls at ease,
To promise future health for present fees.
Then, as from tripod, solemn shams reveals,
And what the stars know nothing of, foretels.
One asks how soon Panthea may be won,
And longs to feel the marriage fetters on:
Others, convinc'd by melancholy proof,
Inquire when courteous fates will strike them off.
Some by what means they may redress their wrong,
When fathers the possession keep too long.
And some would know the issue of their cause,
And whether gold can solder up its flaws.
Poor pregnant Lais his advice would have,
To lose by art what fruitful nature gave;

And Portia, old in expectation grown,
Laments her barren curse, and begs a son.
Whilst Iris his cosmetic wash would try,
To make her bloom revive, and lovers die.
Some ask for charms, and others philters choose,
To gain Corinna, and their quartans lose.
Young Hylas, botch'd with stains too foul to name,
In cradle here renews his youthful frame;
Cloy'd with desire, and surfeited with charms,
A hot-house he prefers to Julia's arms:
And old Lucullus would the' arcanum prove,
Of kindling in cold veins the sparks of love.
Bleak Envy these dull frauds with pleasure sees,
And wonders at the senseless mysteries.
In Colon's voice she thus calls out aloud
On Horoscope, environ'd by the crowd.
"Forbear, forbear, thy vain amusements cease,
Thy woodcocks from their gins awhile release;
And to that dire misfortune listen well,
Which thou should'st fear to know, or I to tell.
'Tis true, thou ever wast esteem'd by me
The great Alcides of our company.
When we with noble scorn resolv'd to ease
Ourselves from all parochial offices;
And to our wealthier patients left the care
And draggled dignity of scavenger;
Such zeal in that affair thou didst express,
Nought could be equal, but the great success.
Now call to mind thy generous prowess past,
Be what thou should'st, by thinking what thou wast;
The faculty of Warwick Lane design,
If not to storm, at least to undermine.
Their gates each day ten thousand night-caps crowd,
And mortars utter their attempts aloud.

If they should once unmask our mystery,
Each nurse, ere-long would be as learn'd as we;
Our art expos'd to every vulgar eye,
And none, in complaisance to us, would die.
What if we claim their right to' assassinate,
Must they needs turn apothecaries straight?
Prevent it, gods! all stratagems we try,
To crowd with new inhabitants your sky.
'Tis we who wait the Destinies command,
To purge the troubled air, and weed the land.
And dare the College insolently aim
To equal our fraternity in fame?
Then let crabs-eyes with pearl for virtue try,
Or Highgate Hill with lofty Pindus vie;
So glow-worms may compare with Titan's beams,
And Hare-court pump with Aganippe's streams.
'Our manufactures now they meanly sell,
And their true value treacherously tell;
Nay, they discover too, their spite is such,
That health, than crowns more valued, cost not much *;
Whilst we must steer our conduct by these rules,
To cheat as tradesmen, or to starve as fools.'
At this, fam'd Horoscope turn'd pale, and straight
In silence tumbled from his chair of state;
The crowd in great confusion sought the door,
And left the Magus fainting on the floor.
Whilst in his breast the fury breath'd a storm,
Then sought her cell, and re-assum'd her form:
Thus from the sore although the insect flies,
It leaves a brood of maggots in disguise,

VARIATION.

* Whilst we, at our expense, must persevere,
And, for another world, be ruin'd here.

Officious Squirt in haste forsook his shop,
To succour the expiring Horoscope.
Oft he essay'd the Magus to restore,
By salt of succinum's prevailing pow'r;
Yet still supine the solid lumber lay,
An image of scarce animated clay;
Till Fates, indulgent when disasters call,
By Squirt's nice hand applied a urinal;
The wight no sooner did the steam receive,
But rous'd, and bless'd the stale restorative.
The springs of life their former vigour feel,
Such zeal he had for that vile utensil.
So when the great Pelides Thetis found,
He knew the sea-weed scent, and the' azure goddess own'd.

CANTO III.

All night the sage in pensive tumults lay,
Complaining of the slow approach of day;
Oft turn'd him round, and strove to think no more
Of what shrill Colon said the day before.
Cowslips and poppies o'er his eyes he spread,
And Salmon's works he laid beneath his head:
But those bless'd opiates still in vain he tries,
Sleep's gentle image his embraces flies:
Tumultuous cares lay rolling in his breast,
And thus his anxious thoughts the sage express'd:—
'Oft has this planet roll'd around the sun,
Since to consult the skies I first begun:
Such my applause, so mighty my success,
Some granted my predictions more than guess,
But, doubtful as I am, I'll entertain
This faith, there can be no mistake in gain:

For the dull world most honour pay to those
Who on their understanding most impose.
First man creates, and then he fears the elf,
Thus others cheat him not, but he himself;
He loaths the substance, and he loves the show;
You'll ne'er convince a fool, himself is so:
He hates realities, and hugs the cheat,
And still the only pleasure's the deceit.
So meteors flatter with a dazzling dye
Which no existence has, but in the eye.
As distant prospects please us, but when near,
We find but desert rocks, and fleeting air.
From stratagem to stratagem we run,
And he knows most, who latest is undone.
  Mankind one day serene and free appear;
The next, they're cloudy, sullen, and severe:
New passions, new opinions still excite,
And what they like at noon, they leave at night.
They gain with labour what they quit with ease,
And health, for want of change, becomes disease.
Religion's bright authority they dare,
And yet are slaves to superstitious fear.
They counsel others, but themselves deceive,
And though they're cozen'd still, they still believe.
  So false their censure, fickle their esteem,
This hour they worship; and the next blaspheme.
  Shall I then, who with penetrating sight,
Inspect the springs that guide each appetite;
Who with unfathom'd searches hourly pierce
The dark recesses of the universe,
Be aw'd, if puny emmets would oppress;
Or fear their fury, or their name caress?
If all the fiends that in low darkness reign,
Be not the fictions of a sickly brain,

That project, the Dispensary[1] they call,
Before the moon can blunt her horns, shall fall.
With that, a glance from mild Aurora's eyes
Shoots through the crystal kingdoms of the skies:
The savage kind in forests cease to roam,
And sots o'ercharg'd with nauseous loads reel home.
Drums, trumpets, hautboys wake the slumbering pair; [fair.
Whilst bridegroom sighs, and thinks the bride less
Light's cheerful smiles o'er the' azure waste are spread,
And Miss from Inns o' Court bolts out, unpaid;
The sage, transported at the approaching hour,
Imperiously thrice thunder'd on the floor;
Officious Squirt that moment had access,
His trust was great, his vigilance no less.
To him thus Horoscope:—
'My kind companion in this dire affair,
Which is more light, since you assume a share;
Fly with what haste you us'd to do of old,
When clyster was in danger to be cold:
With expedition on the beadle call,
To summon all the Company to the Hall.
Away the friendly coadjutor flies,
Swift as from phial steams of harts-horn rise.
The Magus, in the interim, mumbles o'er
Vile terms of art to some infernal pow'r,
And draws mysterious circles on the floor.
But from the gloomy vault no glaring sprite
Ascends, to blast the tender bloom of light:
No mystic sounds, from Hell's detested womb,
In dusky exhalations upwards come.

[1] Medicines made up there, for the use of the poor.

And now to raise an altar he decrees,
To that devouring harpy call'd Disease.
Then flowers in canisters he hastes to bring,
The wither'd product of a blighted spring:
With cold solanum from the Pontic shore,
The roots of mandrake and black hellebore,
The griper senna, and the puker rue,
The sweetener sassafras are added too;
And on the structure next he heaps a load
Of sulphur, turpentine, and mastic wood:
Gums, fossils too, the pyramid increas'd;
A mummy next, once monarch of the east.
Then, from the compter he takes down the file,
And with prescriptions lights the solemn pile.
Feebly the flames on clumsy wings aspire,
And smothering fogs of smoke benight the fire.
With sorrow he beheld the sad portent,
Then to the hag these orisons he sent:
'Disease! thou ever most propitious pow'r,
Whose kind indulgence we discern each hour*:
Thou well canst boast thy numerous pedigree,
Begot by Sloth, maintain'd by Luxury.
In gilded palaces thy prowess reigns,
But flies the humble sheds of cottage swains.
To you such might and energy belong,
You nip the blooming, and unnerve the strong.
The purple conqueror in chains you bind,
And are to us your vassals only kind.
'If, in return, all diligence we pay
To fix your empire, and confirm your sway,

VARIATION.

* Thou that would'st lay whole states and regions waste,
Sooner than we thy cormorants should fast.

Far as the weekly-bills can reach around,
From Kent-street end to fam'd St. Giles's pound;
Behold this poor libation with a smile,
And let auspicious light break through the pile.'
He spoke; and on the pyramid he laid
Bay leaves and vipers' hearts, and thus he said:
'As these consume in this mysterious fire,
So let the curs'd Dispensary [2] expire!
And as those crackle in the flames, and die,
So let its vessels burst, and glasses fly!'
But a sinister cricket straight was heard,
The altar fell, the offering disappear'd:
As the fam'd wight the omen did regret,
Squirt brought the news the Company was met.
Nigh where Fleet-ditch descends in sable streams,
To wash his sooty Naiads in the Thames,
There stands a structure [3] on a rising hill,
Where Tyros take their freedom out to kill.
Some pictures in these dreadful shambles tell,
How, by the Delian god, the Pithon fell;
And how Medea did the philter brew,
That could in Æson's veins young force renew;
How mournful Myrrha [4] for her crimes appears,
And heals hysteric matrons still with tears:
How Mentha and Althea, nymphs no more,
Revive in sacred plants, and health restore;
How sanguine swains their amorous hours repent,
When pleasure's past, and pains are permanent;
And how frail nymphs, oft by abortion, aim
To lose a substance, to preserve a name.
Soon as each member in his rank was plac'd,
The' assembly Diasenna [5] thus address'd:

[2] See the allusion. Theoc. Farm. [3] Apothecary's Hall.
[4] See Ov. Met. [5] Gilstorp, an apothecary.

'My kind confederates, if my poor intent,
As 'tis sincere, had been but prevalent,
We here had met on some more safe design,
And on no other business but to dine;
The Faculty had still maintain'd their sway,
And interest then had bid us but obey;
This only emulation we had known,
Who best could fill his purse, and thin the town.
But now from gathering clouds destruction pours,
Which ruins with mad rage our halcyon hours;
Mists from black jealousies the tempest form,
Whilst late divisions reinforce the storm.
Know, when these feuds, like those at law, were past,
The winners will be losers at the last.
Like heroes in sea-fights we seek renown,
To fire some hostile ship, we burn our own.
Whoe'er throws dust against the wind, descries
He throws it, in effect, but in his eyes.
That juggler which another's slight will show,
But teaches how the world his own may know.
'Thrice happy were those golden days of old,
When, dear as Burgundy, ptisans were sold;
When patients chose to die with better will
Than breathe, and pay the' apothecary's bill:
And cheaper than for our assistance call,
Might go to Aix or Bourbon, spring and fall *.

VARIATION.

* But now late jars or practices detect,
For mines, when once discover'd, lose the' effect.
Dissentions, like small streams, are first begun,
Scarce seen, they rise, but gather as they run.
So lines that from their parallel decline,
More they advance, the more they still disjoin.

Then priests increas'd, and piety decay'd,
Churchmen the church's purity betray'd,
Their lives and doctrine, slaves and atheists made.
The laws were but the hireling judge's sense;
Juries were sway'd by venal evidence:
Fools were promoted to the council-board,
Tools to the bench, and bullies to the sword.
Pensions in private were the senate's aim;
And patriots, for a place, abandon'd fame.
'But now no influencing art remains,
For Somers has the seal, and Nassau reigns;
And we, in spite of our resolves, must bow,
And suffer by a reformation too.
For now late jars our practices detect,
And mines, when once discover'd, lose effect.
Dissentions, like small streams, are first begun,
Scarce seen they rise, but gather as they run:
So lines that from their parallel decline,
More they proceed, the more they still disjoin.
'Tis therefore my advice, in haste we send,
And beg the Faculty to be our friend;
Send swarms of patients, and our quarrels end:
So, awful beadles, if the vagrant treat,
Straight turn familiar, and their fasces quit.
In vain we but contend, that planet's pow'r
Those vapours can disperse it rais'd before.'
As he prepar'd the mischief to recite,
Keen Colocynthus[6] paus'd and foam'd with spite.
Sour ferments on his shining surface swim,
Work up to froth, and bubble o'er the brim:
Not beauties fret so much if freckles come,
Or nose should redden in the drawing-room;

[6] Dare, an apothecary.

Or lovers that mistake the' appointed hour,
Or in the lucky minute want the pow'r.
Thus he—'Thou scandal of great Pæan's art,
At thy approach the springs of nature start,
The nerves unbrace: nay, at the sight of thee,
A scratch turns cancer, itch a leprosy.
Could'st thou propose, that we, the friends of fates,
Who fill churchyards, and who unpeople states,
Who baffle nature, and dispose of lives,
Whilst Russel [7], as we please, or starves, or thrives,
Should e'er submit to their despotic will,
Who out of consultation scarce can kill?
The towering Alps shall sooner sink to vales,
And leeches, in our glasses, swell to whales;
Or Norwich trade in instruments of steel,
And Birmingham in stuffs and druggets deal!
Alleys at Wapping furnish us new modes,
And Monmouth Street, Versailles with riding-hoods;
The sick to the' Hundreds in pale throngs repair,
And change the Gravel-pits for Kentish air.
Our properties must on our arms depend;
'Tis next to conquer, bravely to defend.
'Tis to the vulgar, death too harsh appears;
The ill we feel is only in our fears.
'To die, is landing on some silent shore,
Where billows never break, nor tempests roar:
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er.
The wise through thought the' insults of death defy;
The fools, through bless'd insensibility.
'Tis what the guilty fear, the pious crave;
Sought by the wretch, and vanquish'd by the brave.
It eases lovers, sets the captive free;
And, though a tyrant, offers liberty.

7 A celebrated undertaker of funerals.

'Sound but to arms, the foe shall soon confess
Our force increases, as our funds grow less;
And what requir'd such industry to raise,
We'll scatter into nothing as we please.
Thus they'll acknowledge, to annihilate
Shows no less wondrous pow'r than to create.
We'll raise our num'rous cohorts, and oppose
The feeble forces of our pigmy foes;
Legions of quacks shall join us on the place,
From great Kirleus down to Doctor Case[8].
Though such vile rubbish sink, yet we shall rise;
Directors still secure the greatest prize.
Such poor supports serve only like a stay;
The tree once fix'd, its rest is torn away.
'So patriots, in time of peace and ease,
Forget the fury of the late disease;
On dangers past, serenely think no more,
And curse the hand that heal'd the wound before.
'Arm therefore, gallant friends, 'tis honour's call;
Or let us boldly fight, or bravely fall.'
To this the session seem'd to give consent,
Much lik'd the war, but dreaded much the' event.
At length the growing difference to compose,
Two brothers, nam'd Ascarides[9], arose.
Both had the volubility of tongue,
In meaning faint, but in opinion strong.
To speak they both assum'd a like pretence;
The elder gain'd his just pre-eminence.
Thus he: ''Tis true, when privilege and right
Are once invaded, honour bids us fight:

[8] Dr. Case was a noted practitioner in physic and astrology; and is said to have got more by a distich affixed to his pill-boxes than Dryden did by all his works.

[9] The Pearces, apothecaries.

But ere we once engage in honour's cause,
First know what honour is, and whence it was.
'Scorn'd by the base, 'tis courted by the brave,
The hero's tyrant, and the coward's slave.
Born in the noisy camp, it lives on air,
And both exists by hope and by despair.
Angry whene'er a moment's ease we gain,
And reconcil'd at our returns of pain
It lives, when in death's arms the hero lies:
But when his safety he consults, it dies.
Bigotted to this idol, we disclaim
Rest, health, and ease, for nothing but a name.
'Then let us, to the field before we move,
Know, if the gods our enterprise approve.
Suppose the' unthinking faculty unveil
What we, through wiser conduct, would conceal:
Is't reason we should quarrel with the glass
That shows the monstrous features of our face?
Or grant some grave pretenders have of late
Thought fit an innovation to create;
Soon they'll repent what rashly they begun:
Though projects please, projectors are undone.
All novelties must this success expect,
When good, our envy; and when bad, neglect *;
If reason could direct, ere now each gate
Had borne some trophy of triumphal state.
Temples had told how Greece and Belgia owe
Troy and Namur to Jove and to Nassau.
'Then since no veneration is allow'd,
Or to the real, or the' appearing good;

VARIATION.

* If things of use were valued, there had been
Some workhouse where the Monument is seen.

The project that we vainly apprehend,
Must, as it blindly rose, as vilely end.
Some members of the Faculty there are,
Who interest prudently to oaths prefer.
Our friendship with feign'd airs they poorly court,
And boast their politics are our support.
Them we'll consult about this enterprise,
And boldly execute what they advise.'
But from below, while such resolves they took,
Some Aurum Fulminans the fabric shook [10].
The champions, daunted at the crack, retreat,
Regard their safety, and their rage forget.
So when at Bathos earth's big offspring strove
To scale the skies, and wage a war with Jove;
Soon as the ass of old Silenus bray'd,
The trembling rebels in confusion fled.

CANTO IV.

Not far from that frequented theatre,
Where wandering punks each night at five repair;
Where purple emperors in buskins tread,
And rule imaginary worlds for bread;
Where Bentley, by old writers, wealthy grew,
And Briscoe [11] lately was undone by new:
There triumphs a physician of renown,
To none, but such as rust in health, unknown.
None e'er was plac'd more fitly to impart
His known experience, and his healing art.
When Burgess deafens all the list'ning press
With peals of most seraphic emptiness;

[10] The room the apothecaries meet in, is over the Laboratory.
[11] Bentley and Briscoe were two booksellers.

Or when mysterious Freeman mounts on high,
To preach his parish to a lethargy;
This Æsculapius waits hard by, to ease
The martyrs of such christian cruelties.
Long has this darling quarter of the town
For lewdness, wit, and gallantry been known.
All sorts meet here, of whatsoe'er degree,
To blend and justle into harmony.
The critics each adventrous author scan,
And praise or censure, as they like the man.
The weeds of writings for the flowers they cull:
So nicely tasteless, so correctly dull!
The politicians of Parnassus prate,
And poets canvass the affairs of state;
The cits ne'er talk of trade and stock, but tell
How Virgil writ, how bravely Turnus fell.
The country-dames drive to Hippolito's,
First find a spark, and after lose a nose.
The lawyer for lac'd coat the robe does quit,
He grows a madman, and then turns a wit.
And in the cloister pensive Strephon waits,
Till Chloe's hackney comes, and then retreats;
And if the' ungenerous nymph a shaft lets fly,
More fatally than from a sparkling eye,
Mirmillo [12], that fam'd Opifer, is nigh.
The trading tribe oft thither throng to dine,
And, want of elbow-room, supply in wine.
Cloy'd with variety, they surfeit there,
Whilst the wan patients on thin gruel fare.
'Twas here the champions of the party met,
Of their heroic enterprise to treat.
Each hero a tremendous air put on,
And stern Mirmillo in these words begun:

[12] Dr. Gibbons.

'Tis with concern, my friends, I meet you here;
No grievance you can know, but I must share.
'Tis plain, my interest you've advanc'd so long,
Each fee, though I was mute, would find a tongue.
And, in return, though I have strove to rend
Those statutes, which on oath I should defend;
Such arts are trifles to a generous mind:
Great services, as great returns should find.
And you'll perceive, this hand, when glory calls,
Can brandish arms as well as urinals.

'Oxford and all her passing bells can tell,
By this right arm! what mighty numbers fell.
Whilst others meanly ask'd whole months to slay,
I oft dispatch'd the patient in a day:
With pen in hand I push'd to that degree,
I scarce had left a wretch to give a fee.
Some fell by laudanum, and some by steel,
And death in ambush lay in every pill:
For save or slay, this privilege we claim,
Though credit suffers, the reward's the same.

'What though the art of healing we pretend,
He that designs it least is most a friend.
Into the right we err, and must confess
To oversights we often owe success.
Thus Bessus got the battle in the play;
His glorious cowardice restor'd the day.
So the fam'd Grecian piece [13] ow'd its desert
To chance, and not the labour'd strokes of art.

'Physicians, if they're wise, should never think
Of any arms but such as pen and ink:
But the' enemy, at their expense, shall find
When honour calls, I'll scorn to stay behind.'

He said; and seal'd the' engagement with a kiss,
Which was return'd by younger Ascaris [14];

[13] The picture of Jalisus by Protogenenes. [14] Mr. Parrot.

Who thus advanc'd : ' Each word, sir, you impart,
Has something killing in it, like your art.
How much we to your boundless friendship owe,
Our files can speak, and your prescriptions show.
Your ink descends in such excessive show'rs,
'Tis plain, you can regard no health but ours.
Whilst poor pretenders puzzle o'er a case,
You but appear, and give the *coup de grace.*
O that near Xanthus' [15] banks you had but dwelt,
When Ilium first Achaian fury felt,
The horned river then had curs'd in vain
Young Peleus' arm, that chok'd his stream with slain.
No trophies you had left for Greeks to raise;
Their ten years toil you'd finish'd in ten days.
Fate smiles on your attempts, and when you list,
In vain the cowards fly, or brave resist.
Then let us arm, we need not fear success;
No labours are too hard for Hercules.
Our military ensigns we'll display;
Conquest pursues, where courage leads the way.'
  To this design shrill Querpo [16] did agree,
A zealous member of the faculty;
His sire's pretended pious steps he treads,
And where the doctor fails, the saint succeeds.
A conventicle flesh'd his greener years,
And his full age the righteous rancour shares.
Thus boys hatch game eggs under birds of prey,
To make the fowl more furious for the fray.
  Slow Carus [17] next discover'd his intent,
With painful pauses muttering what he meant.
His sparks of life, in spite of drugs, retreat,
So cold, that only calentures can heat.

[15] See Homer's Il. ii. [16] Dr. Howe. [17] Dr. Tyson.

In his chill veins the sluggish puddle flows,
And loads with lazy fogs his sable brows.
Legions of lunatics about him press,
His province is, lost reason to redress.
So when perfumes their fragrant scent give o'er,
Nought can their odour, like a jakes, restore.
When for advice the vulgar throng, he's found
With lumber of vile books besieg'd around.
The gazing throng acknowledge their surprise,
And, deaf to reason, still consult their eyes.
Well he perceives the world will often find,
To catch the eye is to convince the mind.
Thus a weak state, by wise distrust inclines
To numerous stores, and strength in magazines:
So fools are always most profuse of words,
And cowards never fail of longest swords.
Abandon'd authors here a refuge meet,
And from the world, to dust and worms retreat.
Here dregs and sediment of auctions reign,
Refuse of fairs, and gleanings of Duck Lane:
And up these walls much Gothic lumber climbs,
With Swiss philosophy, and Runic rhymes.
Hither, retriev'd from cooks and grocers, come
Mede's works entire, and endless reams of Brome.
Where would the long neglected Collins fly,
If bounteous Carus should refuse to buy?
But each vile scribbler's happy on this score,
He'll find some Carus still to read him o'er.
  Nor must we the obsequious Umbra [18] spare,
Who soft by Nature, yet declar'd for war.
But when some rival power invades a right,
Flies set on flies, and turtles turtles fight.

[18] Dr. Gould.

Else courteous Umbra to the last had been
Demurely meek, insipidly serene.
With him [19], the present still some virtues have,
The vain are sprightly, and the stupid, grave;
The slothful, negligent; the foppish, neat;
The lewd are airy; and the sly, discreet.
A wren an eagle, a baboon a beau;
Colt [20] a Lycurgus, and a Phocion, Rowe [21].
Heroic ardour now the' assembly warms,
Each combatant breathes nothing but alarms.
For future glory, while the scheme is laid,
Fam'd Horoscope thus offers to dissuade:
'Since of each enterprise the' event's unknown,
We'll quit the sword, and hearken to the gown.
Nigh lives Vagellius [22], one reputed long
For strength of lungs, and pliancy of tongue.
For fees, to any form he moulds a cause,
The worst has merits, and the best has flaws.
Five guineas make a criminal to day,
And ten to-morrow wipe the stain away.
Whatever he affirms is undenied,
Milo's the lecher, Clodius the' homicide.
Cato pernicious, Catiline a saint,
Orford suspected, Duncomb innocent.
To law then, friends, for 'tis by fate decreed,
Vagellius, and our money shall succeed.
Know, when I first invok'd Disease, by charms
To prove propitious to our future arms,
Ill omens did the sacrifice attend,
Nor would the Sibyl from her grot ascend.'

[19] See the Imitation, Hor. Sat. 3. [20] Sir H. Dutton Colt.

[21] Mr. Anthony Rowe. [22] Sir Barl. Shower.

As Horoscope urg'd farther to be heard,
He thus was interrupted by a Bard [23]:
'In vain your magic mysteries you use,
Such sounds the Sibyl's sacred ears abuse.
These lines the pale divinity shall raise,
Such is the power of sound, and force of lays.
'Arms meet with arms, falchions with falchions clash [24],
And sparks of fire, struck out from armour, flash.
Thick clouds of dust contending warriors raise,
And hideous war o'er all the region brays [25].
Some raging ran with huge Herculean clubs,
Some massy balls of brass, some mighty tubs
Of cinders bore.——
Naked and half-burnt hills with hideous wreck [26],
Affright the skies, and fry the Ocean's back.'
As he went rumbling on, the Fury straight
Crawl'd in, her limbs could scarce support her weight;
A rueful rag her meagre forehead bound,
And faintly her fur'd lips these accents sound:
'Mortal, how dar'st thou with such lines address
My awful seat, and trouble my recess?
In Essex' marshy Hundreds is a cell,
Where lazy fogs and drizzling vapours dwell:
Thither raw damps on drooping wings repair,
And shivering quartans shake the sickly air.
There, when fatigued, some silent hours I pass,
And substitute physicians in my place.
Then dare not, for the future, once rehearse
The dissonance of such untuneful verse:

[23] Sir Richard Blackmore.
[24] King Arthur, p. 307.
[25] King Arthur, p. 327.
[26] Prince Arthur, p. 130.

But in your lines let energy be found,
And learn to rise in sense, and sink in sound.
Harsh words, though pertinent, uncouth appear;
None please the fancy, who offend the ear.
In sense and numbers if you would excel,
Read Wycherley, consider Dryden well.
In one, what vigorous turns of fancy shine!
In the' other, sirens warble in each line.
If Dorset's sprightly muse but touch the lyre,
The smiles and graces melt in soft desire,
And little Loves confess their amorous fire *.
The gentle Isis claims the ivy crown,
To bind the' immortal brows of Addison.
As tuneful Congreve tries his rural strains,
Pan quits the woods, the listening fawns the plains;
And Philomel, in notes like his, complains.
And Britain since Pausanias [27] was writ,
Knows Spartan virtue, and Athenian wit.
When Stepney paints the godlike acts of kings,
Or, what Apollo dictates, Prior sings,
The banks of Rhine a pleas'd attention show,
And silver Sequana forgets to flow.
' Such just examples carefully read o'er,
Slide, without falling; without straining, soar.
Oft though your strokes surprise, you should not [choose
A theme so mighty for a virgin-muse.
Long did Apelles [28] his fam'd piece decline,
His Alexander was his last design.

[27] Pausanias, written by Mr. Norton.
[28] See Hor. b. ii. Ep. i. Plin. Plant. Cic. Ep. Val. Max.

VARIATION.

* The Tiber now no gentle Gallus sees,
But smiling Thames enjoys her Normanbys.

'Tis Montague's rich vein alone must prove,
None but a Phidias should attempt a Jove *,'
The Fury paus'd, till with a frightful sound
A rising whirlwind burst the' unhallow'd ground.
Then she—' The deity we Fortune call,
Though distant, rules and influences all.
Straight for her favour to her court repair;
Important embassies ask wings of air.'
Each wondering stood, but Horoscope's great soul,
That dangers ne'er alarm, nor doubts control,
Rais'd on the pinions of the bounding wind,
Outflew the rack, and left the hours behind.
The evening now with blushes warms the air,
The steer resigns the yoke, the hind his care;
The clouds above with golden edgings glow,
And falling dews refresh the earth below.
The bat with sooty wings flits through the grove,
The reeds scarce rustle, nor the aspins move,
And all the feather'd folk forbear their lays of love.
Through the transparent region of the skies,
Swift as a wish, the missionary flies;
With wonder he surveys the upper air,
And the gay gilded meteors sporting there.
How lambent jellies kindling in the night,
Shoot through the ether in a trail of light;
How rising streams in the' azure fluid blend,
Or fleet in clouds, or soft in showers descend;
Or if the stubborn rage of cold prevail,
In flakes they fly, or fall in moulded hail.

VARIATION.

* The Fury said; and vanishing from sight,
Cry'd out, 'To arms!' so left the realms of light.
The combatants to the' enterprise consent,
And the next day smil'd on the great event.

How honey-dews embalm the fragrant morn,
And the fair oak with luscious sweats adorn.
How heat and moisture mingle in a mass,
Or belch in thunder, or in lightning blaze.
Why nimble coruscations strike the eye,
And bold tornados bluster in the sky.
Why a prolific Aura upwards tends,
Ferments, and in a living shower descends.
How vapours hanging on the towering hills,
In breezes sigh, or weep in warbling rills:
Whence infant winds their tender pinions try,
And river-gods their thirsty urns supply.
  The wondering sage pursues his airy flight,
And braves the chill unwholesome damps of night;
He views the tracts where luminaries rove,
To settle seasons here, and fates above.
The bleak Arcturus still forbid the seas,
The stormy Kids, the weeping Hyades;
The shining Lyre [29] with strains attracting more
Heav'n's glitt'ring mansions now than hell's [30] before;
Glad Cassiopeia circling in the sky,
And each fair Churchill of the galaxy.
  Aurora on Etesian breezes borne,
With blushing lips breathes out the sprightly morn:
Each flower in dew their short-liv'd empire weeps,
And Cynthia with her lov'd Endymion sleeps.
As through the gloom the Magus cuts his way,
Imperfect objects tell the doubtful day.
Dim he discerns majestic Atlas rise,
And bend beneath the burden of the skies.
His towering brows aloft no tempests know,
Whilst lightning flies, and thunder rolls below.

[29] Orpheus's harp made a constellation.
[30] See Manilius.

Distant from hence, beyond a waste of plains,
Proud Teneriffe his giant brother reigns:
With breathing fire his pitchy nostrils glow,
As from his sides he shakes the fleecy snow.
Around this hoary prince, from watry beds,
His subject islands raise their verdant heads;
The waves so gently wash each rising hill,
The land seems floating, and the ocean still.
Eternal spring with smiling verdure here
Warms the mild air, and crowns the youthful year.
From crystal rocks transparent riv'lets flow;
The tuberose ever breathes, and violets blow.
The vine undress'd her swelling clusters bears,
The labouring hind the mellow olive cheers;
Blossom and fruit at once the citron [31] shows,
And as she pays, discovers still she owes.
The orange to her sun her pride displays,
And gilds her fragrant apples with his rays:
No blasts e'er discompose the peaceful sky,
The springs but murmur, and the winds but sigh.
The tuneful swans on gliding rivers float,
And warbling dirges die on every note.
Where Flora treads, her Zephyr garlands flings,
And scatters odours from his purple wings; [groves
Whilst birds from woodbine bowers and jesmine
Chant their glad nuptials, and unenvied loves.
Mild seasons, rising hills, and silent dales,
Cool grottos, silver brooks, and flowery vales;
Groves, fill'd with balmy shrubs, in pomp appear,
And scent with gales of sweets the circling year.
These happy isles, where endless pleasures wait,
Are styl'd by tuneful bards—'The fortunate.'

31 Waller.

On high, where no hoarse winds nor clouds resort,
The hoodwink'd goddess keeps her partial court.
Upon a wheel of amethyst [32] she sits,
Gives and resumes, and smiles and frowns by fits.
In this still labyrinth, around her lie
Spells, philters, globes, and schemes of palmistry:
A sigil in this hand the gipsy bears,
In the' other, a prophetic sieve and sheers.
The dame, by divination, knew that soon
The Magûs would appear—and then begun:
'Hail sacred seer! thy embassy I know,
Wars must ensue, the Fates will have it so.
Dread feats shall follow, and disasters great,
Pills [33] charge on pills, and bolus bolus meet;
Both sides shall conquer, and yet both shall fail;
The mortar now, and then the urinal.
'To thee alone my influence I owe;
Where nature has denied, my favours flow.
'Tis I that give, so mighty is my power,
Faith to the Jew, complexion to the Moor.
I am the wretch's wish, the rook's pretence,
The sluggard's ease, the coxcomb's providence.
Sir Scrape-quill, once a supple smiling slave,
Looks lofty now, and insolently grave;
Builds, settles, purchases, and has each hour
Caps from the rich, and curses from the poor.
Spadillio, that at table serv'd of late,
Drinks rich Tokay himself, and eats in plate;
Has levees, villas, mistresses in store,
And owns the racers which he rub'd before.

[32] This stone reckoned fortunate; see the Hist. of Nat. Magic

[33] See the allusion in Lucan.

'Souls heavenly born, my faithless boons defy;
The brave is to himself a deity.
Though bless'd Astrea's gone, some soil remains
Where fortune is the slave, and merit reigns.
'The Tiber boasts his Julian progeny,
Thames his Nassau, the Nile his Ptolomy.
Iberia, yet for future sway design'd,
Shall, for a Hesse, a greater Mordaunt find.
Thus Ariadne [34] in proud triumph rode;
She lost a hero [35], and she found a god [36].

CANTO V.

When the still night, with peaceful poppies crown'd,
Had spread her shady pinions o'er the ground;
And slumbering chiefs of painted triumphs dream,
While groves and streams are the soft virgin's theme;
The surges gently dash against the shore,
Flocks quit the plains, and galley-slaves the oar;
Sleep shakes its downy wings o'er mortal eyes,
Mirmillo is the only wretch it flies:
He finds no respite from his anxious grief;
Then seeks from this soliloquy relief.
'Long have I reign'd unrival'd in the town,
Oppress'd with fees and deafen'd with renown.
'None e'er could die with due solemnity,
Unless his passport first was sign'd by me.
My arbitrary bounty's undenied;
I give reversions, and for heirs provide.
None could the tedious nuptial state support,
But I to make it easy make it short.

34 See Steph. 35 Theseus. 36 Bacchus.

I set the discontented matrons free,
And ransom husbands from captivity.
Shall one of such importance then engage
In noisy riot, and in civil rage?
No: I'll endeavour straight a peace, and so
Preserve my character, and person too.'
But Discord, that still haunts with hideous mien
Those dire abodes where Hymen once hath been,
O'erheard Mirmillo's anguish, then begun
In peevish accents to express her own:
'Have I so often banish'd lazy peace
From her dark solitude, and lov'd recess?
Have I made South and Sherlock disagree,
And puzzle truth with learn'd obscurity?
And does the faithful Ferguson profess
His ardour still for animosities?
Have I, Britannia's safety to ensure,
Expos'd her naked, to be most secure?
Have I made parties opposite, unite,
In monstrous leagues of amicable spite,
To curse their country, whilst the common cry
Is freedom, but their aim the ministry?
And shall a dastard's cowardice prevent
The war, so long I've labour'd to foment?
No, 'tis resolv'd, he either shall comply,
Or I'll renounce my wan divinity.'
With that, the hag approach'd Mirmillo's bed,
And taking Querpo's meagre shape, she said:
'At noon of night I hasten, to dispel
Those tumults in your pensive bosom dwell.
I dream'd but now, I heard your heaving sighs,
Nay, saw the tears debating in your eyes.
O that 'twere but a dream! but threats I find
Low'r in your looks, and rankle in your mind.

Speak, whence it is this late disorder flows,
That shakes your soul, and troubles your repose.
Mistakes in practice scarce could give you pain,
Too well you know the dead will ne'er complain.
'What looks discover,' said the homicide,
'Would be a fruitless industry to hide.
My safety first I must consult, and then
I'll serve our suffering party with my pen.'
'All should,' replied the hag, 'their talent learn;
The most attempting oft the least discern.
Let Peterborough speak, and Vanbrugh write,
Soft Acon court, and rough Cæcinna fight:
Such must succeed; but when the' enervate aim
Beyond their force, they still contend for shame.
Had Colbatch printed nothing of his own,
He had not been the Saffold of the town.
Asses and owls, unseen, their kind betray,
If these attempt to hoot, or those to bray.
Had Wesley never aim'd in verse to please,
We had not rank'd him with our Ogilbys.
Still censures will on dull pretenders fall,
A Codrus should expect a Juvenal.
Ill lines, but like ill paintings, are allow'd
To set off, and to recommend the good.
So diamonds take a lustre from their foyle;
And to a Bentley 'tis, we owe a Boyle.
'Consider well the talent you possess,
To strive to make it more, would make it less;
And recollect what gratitude is due,
To those whose party you abandon now.
To them you owe your odd magnificence,
But to your stars your magazine of sense.

Hasp'd in a tombril, awkward have you shin'd,
With one fat slave before, and none behind *.
Then haste and join your true intrepid friends,
Success on vigour and dispatch depends.'
  Labouring in doubts Mirmillo stood, then said,
' 'Tis hard to undertake, if gain dissuade;
What fool for noisy feuds large fees would leave?
Ten harvests more would all I wish for give.'
  ' True, man!' replied the elf, ' by choice diseas'd,
Ever contriving pain, and never pleas'd.
A present good they slight, an absent choose,
And what they have, for what they have not, lose.
False prospects all their true delights destroy,
Resolv'd to want, yet labouring to enjoy.
In restless hurries thoughtlessly they live,
At substance oft unmov'd, for shadows grieve.
Children at toys, as men at titles aim;
And in effect both covet but the same.
This Philip's son prov'd in revolving years;
And first for rattles, then for worlds, shed tears.'
  The Fury spoke, then in a moment fir'd
The hero's breast with tempests, and retir'd.
  In boding dreams Mirmillo spent the night,
And frightful phantoms danc'd before his sight,
Till the pale Pleiads clos'd their eyes of light.
At length gay morn glows in the eastern skies,
The larks in raptures through the ether rise,

VARIATION.

* But soon what they've exalted they'll discard,
And set up Carus, or the city bard.
  Alarm'd at this, the hero courage took,
And storms of terror threaten'd in his look.
' My dread resolves,' he cried, ' I'll straight pursue!'
The Fury, satisfied, in smiles withdrew.

The azure mists scud o'er the dewy lawns,
The chanter at his early matins yawns,
The amaranth opes its leaves, the lys [1] its bells,
And Progne her complaint of Tereus tells.
As bold Mirmillo the grey dawn descries,
Arm'd *cap-à-pé*, where honour calls, he flies;
And finds the legions planted at their post;
Where mighty Querpo fill'd the eye the most.
His arms were made, if we may credit fame,
By Mulciber [2], the mayor of Birmingham.
Of temper'd stibium the bright shield was cast,
And yet the work the metal far surpass'd [3].
A foliage of the vulnerary leaves
Grav'd round the brim, the wondering sight deceives.
Around the centre Fate's bright trophies lay,
Probes, saws, incision-knives, and tools to slay.
Emboss'd upon the field, a battle stood
Of leeches spouting hemorrhoidal blood.
The artist too express'd the solemn state
Of grave physicians at a consult met;
About each symptom how they disagree,
But how unanimous, in case of fee.
Whilst each assassin his learn'd colleague tires
With learn'd impertinence, the sick expires.
Beneath this blazing orb bright Querpo shone,
Himself an Atlas, and his shield a moon.
A pestle for his truncheon led the van,
And his high helmet was a close-stool pan.
His crest an ibis [4], brandishing her beak,
And winding in loose folds her spiral neck.

[1] Fleur de lys.

[2] See the allusion Hom. Il. B. xviii. Virg. Æn. B. viii.

[3] See Ovid Met. B. ii.

[4] This bird, according to the ancients, gives itself a clyster with its beak.

This, when the young Querpoïdes [5] beheld,
His face in nurse's breast the boy conceal'd;
Then peep'd, and with the' effulgent helm would play,
And, as the monster gap'd, would shrink away.
Thus sometimes joy prevail'd, and sometimes fear;
And tears and smiles alternate passions were.
As Querpo towering stood, in martial might,
Pacific Carus sparkled on the right.
An Oran Outang [6] o'er his shoulders hung,
His plume confess'd the capon whence it sprung.
His motley mail scarce could the hero bear,
Haranguing thus the tribunes of the war:
'Fam'd chiefs!
For present triumphs born, design'd for more,
Your virtue I admire, your valour more.
If battle be resolv'd, you'll find this hand
Can deal out destiny, and fate command.
Our foes in throngs shall hide the crimson plain,
And their Apollo interpose in vain.
Though gods themselves engage, a Diomede [7]
With ease could show a deity can bleed.
'But war's rough trade should be by fools profess'd,
The truest rubbish fills a trench the best.
Let quinsies throttle, and the quartan shake,
Or dropsies drown, and gout and colics rack;
Let sword and pestilence lay waste, while we
Wage bloodless wars, and fight in theory.
Who wants not merit needs not arm for fame;
The dead I raise, my chivalry proclaim;

5 Alluding to Astyanax. See Hom. Il.
6 The skin of a dissected baboon, called so.
7 See Hom. Il. B. v.

Diseases baffled, and lost health restor'd,
In Fame's bright list my victories record:
More lives from me their preservation own,
Than lovers lose if fair Cornelia frown.'
'Your cures,' shrill Querpo cried, 'aloud you tell,
But wisely your miscarriages conceal.
Zeno, a priest, in Samothrace of old,
Thus reason'd with Philopidas the bold:
"Immortal gods you own, but think them blind
To what concerns the state of human kind.
Either they hear not, or regard not pray'r,
That argues want of power, and this of care.
Allow that wisdom infinite must know;
Power infinite must act."—"I grant it so.
Haste straight to Neptune's fane, survey with zeal
The walls."—"What then?" replied the infidel.
"Observe those numerous throngs in effigy,
The gods have sav'd from the devouring sea.
'Tis true, their pictures that escap'd, you keep,
But where are theirs that perish'd in the deep?"
'Vaunt now no more the triumph of your skill,
But, though unfee'd, exert your arm, and kill.
Our scouts have learn'd the posture of the foe;
In war, surprises surest conduct show.'
But Fame, that neither good nor bad conceals,
That Pembroke's worth, and Ormond's valour tells;
How truth in Burnet, how in Cav'ndish reigns
Varro's magnificence with Maro's strains;
But how at church and bar all gape and stretch
If Winnington but plead, or South or Only preach;
On nimble wings to Warwick Lane repairs,
And what the enemy intends, declares.

Confusion in each countenance appear'd,
A council's call'd, and Stentor[8] first was heard * ;
His labouring lungs the throng'd prætorium rent,
Addressing thus the passive President :
' Machaon[9], whose experience we adore,
Great as your matchless merit, is your pow'r.
At your approach, the baffled tyrant Death
Breaks his keen shafts, and grinds his clashing teeth.
To you we leave the conduct of the day ;
What you command, your vassals must obey.
If this dread enterprise you would decline,
We'll send to treat, and stifle the design.
But if my arguments had force, we'd try
To humble our audacious foes, or die † :

[8] Dr. Goodall. [9] Sir Thomas Millington.

VARIATION.

* True to extremes, yet to dull forms a slave,
He's always dully gay, or vainly grave.
With indignation, and a daring air,
He paus'd awhile, and thus address'd the chair.

† What Stentor offer'd was by most approv'd :
But several voices several methods mov'd.
At length the' adventrous heroes all agree
To' expect the foe, and act defensively.
Into the shop their bold battalions move,
And what their chief commands, the rest approve.
Down from the walls they tear the shelves in haste,
Which on their flank for palisades are plac'd ;
And then, behind the compter rang'd they stand,
Their front so well secur'd, to' obey command.
And now the scouts the adverse host descry,
Blue aprons in the air for colours fly :
With unresisted force they urge their way,
And find the foe embattled in array.

Our spite, they'll find, to their advantage leans;
The end is good, no matter for the means.'
So modern casuists their talents try,
Uprightly, for the sake of truth, to lie.
He had not finish'd, till the' out-guards descried
Bright columns move in formidable pride;
The passing pomp so dazzled from afar,
It seem'd a triumph, rather than a war.
Though wide the front, though gross the phalanx [grew,
It look'd less dreadful as it nearer drew.
The adverse host for action straight prepare;
All eager to unveil the face of war.
Their chiefs lace on their helms, and take the field,
And to their trusty 'squire resign the shield:
To paint each knight, their ardour and alarms,
Would ask the Muse that sung the frogs in arms.
And now the signal summons to the fray;
Mock falchions flash, and paltry ensigns play.
Their patron-god his silver bow-strings twangs;
Tough harness rustles, and bold armour clangs;
The piercing caustics ply their spiteful pow'r;
Emetics ranch, and keen cathartics scour:
The deadly drugs in double doses fly;
And pestles peal a martial symphony.
Now from their level'd syringes they pour
The liquid volley of a missive show'r.
Not storms of sleet, which o'er the Baltic drive,
Push'd on by northern gusts, such horror give.
Like spouts in southern seas the deluge broke,
And numbers sunk beneath the' impetuous stroke.
So when Leviathans dispute the reign
And uncontrol'd dominion of the main;
From the rent rocks whole coral groves are torn,
And isles of sea-weed on the waves are borne:

Such watry stores from their spread nostrils fly,
'Tis doubtful which is sea, and which is sky.
And now the staggering braves, led by despair,
Advance, and to return the charge prepare.
Each seizes for his shield a spacious scale,
And the brass weights fly thick as showers of hail.
Whole heaps of warriors welter on the ground,
With gallipots and broken phials crown'd;
Whilst empty jars the dire defeat resound.
Thus, when some storm its crystal quarry rends,
And Jove in rattling showers of ice descends;
Mount Athos shakes the forests on his brow,
Whilst down his wounded sides fresh torrents flow,
And leaves and limbs of trees o'erspread the vale below.
But now, all order lost, promiscuous blows
Confus'dly fall; perplex'd the battle grows.
From Stentor's [10] arm a massy opiate flies,
And straight a deadly sleep clos'd Carus' eyes.
At Colon [11] great Sertorius buckthorn flung,
Who with fierce gripes, like those of death, was stung;
But with a dauntless and disdainful mien
Hurl'd back steel pills, and hit him on the spleen.
Chiron [12] attacked Talthibius with such might,
One pass had paunch'd the huge hydropic knight,
Who straight retreated to evade the wound,
But in a flood of apozem was drown'd.
This Psylas [13] saw, and to the victor said,
'Thou shalt not long survive the' unwieldy dead,
Thy fate shall follow:' to confirm it, swore
By the' image of Priapus, which he bore;

[10] Dr. Goodhall against Dr. Tyson.
[11] Dr. Birch.
[12] Dr. Gill against Dr. Ridley.
[13] Dr. Chamberlain.

And rais'd an eagle-stone [14], invoking loud
On Cynthia, leaning o'er a silver cloud.
'Great queen of night, and empress of the seas,
If faithful to thy midnight mysteries,
If still observant of my early vows, [throws,
These hands have eas'd the mourning matron's
Direct this rais'd avenging arm aright;
So may loud cymbals aid thy labouring light!'
He said, and let the pondrous fragment fly
At Chiron, but learn'd Hermes put it by.
Though the haranguing god survey'd the war,
That day the Muses' sons were not his care.
Two friends, adepts, the Trismegists by name,
Alike their features, and alike their flame,
As simpling near fair Tweed each sung by turn,
The listening river would neglect his urn.
Those lives they fail'd to rescue by their skill,
Their Muse [15] could make immortal with her quill;
But learn'd inquiries after nature's state
Dissolv'd the league, and kindled a debate.
The one for lofty labours fruitful known,
Fill'd magazines with volumes of his own.
At his once-favour'd friend a tome he threw,
That from its birth had slept unseen till now;
Stun'd with the blow the batter'd bard retir'd,
Sunk down, and in a simile expir'd.
And now the cohorts shake, the legions ply,
The yielding flanks confess the victory.
Stentor undaunted still, with noble rage
Sprung through the battle, Querpo to engage.
Fierce was the onset, the dispute was great,
Both could not vanquish, neither would retreat;

[14] See Plin. [15] See Tasso.

Each combatant his adversary mauls,
With batter'd bed-pans, and stav'd urinals.
On Stentor's crest the useful crystal breaks,
And tears of amber gutter'd down his cheeks:
But whilst the champion, as late rumours tell,
Design'd a sure decisive stroke, he fell;
And as the victor hovering o'er him stood,
With arms extended, thus the suppliant sued:
'When honour's lost, 'tis a relief to die;
Death's but a sure retreat from infamy.
But to the lost, if pity might be shown,
Reflect on young Querpoïdes, thy son;
Then pity mine, for such an infant grace
Smiles in his eyes, and flatters in his face.
If he was near, compassion he'd create,
Or else lament his wretched parent's fate.
Thine is the glory, and the field is thine;
To thee the lov'd Dispensary[16] I resign.'
At this the victors own such ecstasies,
As Memphian priests, if their Osiris sneeze:
Or champions, with Olympic clangor fir'd;
Or simpering prudes, with sprightly Nantz inspir'd;
Or Sultans rais'd from dungeons to a crown;
Or fasting zealots, when the sermon's done.
Awhile the chief the deadly stroke declin'd,
And found compassion pleading in his mind:
But whilst he view'd with pity the distress'd,
He spy'd Signetur[17] writ upon his breast.
Then tow'rds the skies he toss'd his threat'ning head,
And fir'd with more than mortal fury, said:

[16] See the allusion, Virg. Æn.

[17] Those members of the college that observe a late statute, are called by the apothecaries, Signetur men.

'Sooner than I'll from vow'd revenge desist,
His Holiness shall turn a Quietist,
Jansenius and the Jesuits agree,
The inquisition wink at heresy*,
Warm convocations own the church secure,
And more consult her doctrine than her pow'r.'
With that he drew a lancet in his rage,
To puncture the still supplicating sage:
But while his thoughts that fatal stroke decree,
Apollo interpos'd in form of fee.
The chief great Pæan's golden tresses knew,
He own'd the god, and his rais'd arm withdrew.
Thus often at the Temple Stairs we've seen
Two tritons, of a rough athletic mien,
Sourly dispute some quarrel of the flood,
With knuckles bruis'd, and face besmear'd in blood;
But at the first appearance of a fare,
Both quit the fray, and to their oars repair.
The hero so, his enterprise recals,
His fist unclinches, and the weapon falls.

CANTO VI.

While the shrill clangor of the battle rings,
Auspicious Health appear'd on zephyr's wings;
She seem'd a cherub most divinely bright,
More soft than air, more gay than morning light.
A charm she takes from each excelling fair,
And borrows Carlisle's shape, and Grafton's air.

VARIATION.

* Faith stand unmov'd, through Stillingfleet's defence,
And Locke for mystery abandon'd sense.

Her eyes like Ranelagh's their beams dispense,
With Churchill's bloom, and Berkeley's innocence;
On Iris thus the differing beams [1] bestow
The dye, that paints the wonders of her bow;
From the fair nymph a vocal music falls,
As to Machaon thus the goddess calls:
'Enough the' achievement of your arms you've shown,
You seek a triumph you should blush to own.
'Haste to the' Elysian Fields, those bless'd abodes,
Where Harvey sits among the demi-gods.
Consult that sacred sage, he'll soon disclose
The method that must mollify these woes.
Let Celsus [2] for that enterprise prepare,
His conduct to the shades shall be my care.'
Aghast the heroes stood, dissolv'd in fear,
A form so heavenly bright they could not bear;
Celsus alone, unmov'd, the sight beheld,
The rest in pale confusion left the field.
So when the pigmies, marshal'd on the plains,
Wage puny war against the' invading cranes;
The poppets to their bodkin spears repair,
And scatter'd feathers flutter in the air:
But when the bold imperial bird of Jove
Stoops on his sounding pinions from above,
Among the brakes the fairy nation crowds,
And the Strimonian squadron seeks the clouds.
And now the delegate prepares to go
And view the wonders of the realms below:
Then takes Amomum for the golden bough.

[1] See Newton, of Colours.
[2] Dr. Bateman.

Thrice did the goddess with her sacred wand
The pavement strike; and straight at her command
The willing surface opens, and descries
A deep descent that leads to nether skies.
Hygeia[3] to the silent region tends;
And with his heavenly guide the charge descends.
Thus Numa, when to hallow'd caves retir'd,
Was by Ægeria[8] guarded and inspir'd.
Within the chambers of the globe they spy
The beds, where sleeping vegetables lie,
Till the glad summons of a genial ray
Unbinds the glebe, and calls them out to day.
Hence pansies trick themselves in various hue,
And hence jonquils derive their fragrant dew;
Hence the carnation and the bashful rose
Their virgin blushes to the morn disclose;
Hence the chaste lily rises to the light,
Unveils her snowy breasts, and charms the sight;
Hence arbours are with twining greens array'd,
To' oblige complaining lovers with their shade;
And hence on Daphne's laurel'd forehead grow
Immortal wreaths, for Phebus and Nassau.
The insects here their lingering trance survive:
Benumb'd they seem, and doubtful if alive.
From winter's fury hither they repair,
And stay for milder skies and softer air,
Down to these cells obscener reptiles creep,
Where hateful newts and painted lizards sleep.
Where shivering snakes the summer solstice wait,
Unfurl their painted folds, and slide in state.

3 Health, celebrated by the ancients as a goddess.
4 See Ov. Met.

Here their new form the numb'd erucæ [5] hide,
Their numerous feet in slender bandage tied:
Soon as the kindling ear begins to rise,
This upstart race their native clod despise,
And, proud of painted wings, attempt the skies.
Now those profounder regions they explore,
Where metals ripen in vast cakes of ore.
Here, sullen to the sight, at large is spread
The dull unwieldy mass of lumpish lead.
There, glimmering in their dawning beds, are seen
The light aspiring seeds of sprightly tin.
The copper [6] sparkles next, in ruddy streaks,
And in the gloom betrays its glowing cheeks.
The silver then with bright and burnish'd grace,
Youth and a blooming lustre in its face,
To the' arms of those more yielding metals flies,
And in the folds of their embraces lies.
So close they cling, so stubbornly retire;
Their love's more violent than the chemist's fire.
Near these the delegate with wonder spies
Where floods of living silver serpentise:
Where richest metals their bright looks put on,
And golden streams through amber channels run.
Where light's gay god descends to ripen gems,
And lend a lustre brighter than his beams.
Here he observes the subterranean cells,
Where wanton nature sports in idle shells.
Some helicoeids, some conical appear:
These, mitres emulate, those turbans are.
Here marcasites in various figure wait,
To ripen to a true metallic state:

[5] See Godort, of Caterpillars and Butterflies.
[6] See Yald, on Mines.

Till drops, that from impending rocks descend,
Their substance petrify, and progress end.
Nigh livid seas of kindled sulphur flow,
And, whilst enrag'd, their fiery surges glow,
Convulsions in the labouring mountains rise,
And hurl their melted vitals to the skies.
He views with horror next the noisy cave,
Where with hoarse dins imprison'd tempests rave;
Where clamorous hurricanes attempt their flight,
Or, whirling in tumultuous eddies, fight.
The warring winds unmov'd Hygeia heard,
Brav'd their loud jars, but much for Celsus fear'd.
Andromeda, so whilst her hero fought,
Shook for his danger, but her own forgot.
And now the goddess with her charge descends,
Where scarce one cheerful glimpse their steps be-
Here his forsaken seat old Chaos keeps; [friends.
And, undisturb'd by form, in silence sleeps:
A grisly wight, and hideous to the eye,
An awkward lump of shapeless anarchy.
With sordid age his features are defac'd;
His lands unpeopled, and his countries waste.
To these dark realms much learned lumber creeps,
There copious Morton safe in silence sleeps,
Where mushroom libels in oblivion lie,
And, soon as born, like other monsters die.
Upon a couch of jet in these abodes,
Dull Night, his melancholy consort, nods.
No ways and means their cabinet employ;
But their dark hours they waste in barren joy.
Nigh this recess, with terror they survey
Where Death maintains his dread tyrannic sway;
In the close covert of a cypress grove,
Where goblins frisk, and airy spectres rove,

Yawns a dark cave, with awful horror wide,
And there the monarch's triumphs are descried.
Confus'd, and wildly huddled to the eye,
The beggar's pouch and prince's purple lie.
Dim lamps with sickly rays scarce seem to glow;
Sighs heave in mournful moans, and tears o'erflow.
Restless Anxiety, forlorn Despair,
And all the faded family of Care.
Old mouldering urns, racks, daggers, and distress,
Make up the frightful horror of the place.
Within its dreadful jaws those furies wait,
Which execute the harsh decrees of fate.
Febris [7] is first: the hag relentless hears
The virgin's sighs, and sees the infant's tears:
In her parch'd eye-balls fiery meteors reign;
And restless ferments revel in each vein.
Then Hydrops [8] next appears amongst the throng;
Bloated, and big, she slowly sails along.
But, like a miser, in excess she's poor,
And pines for thirst amidst her watry store.
Now loathsome Lepra [9], that offensive sprite,
With foul eruptions stain'd, offends the sight;
Still deaf to beauty's soft persuading pow'r;
Nor can bright Hebe's charms her bloom secure.
While meager Pthisis [10] gives a silent blow,
Her strokes are sure, but her advances slow.
No loud alarms, nor fierce assaults are shown:
She starves the fortress first, then takes the town.
Behind stood crowds of much inferior name,
Too numerous to repeat, too foul to name,
The vassals of their monarch's tyranny,
Who, at his nod, on fatal errands fly.

7 Fever. 8 Dropsy. 9 Leprosy. 10 Consumption.

Now Celsus, with his glorious guide, invades
The silent region of the fleeting shades;
Where rocks and rueful deserts are descried,
And sullen Styx rolls down his lazy tide;
Then shows the ferryman the plant he bore,
And claims his passage to the further shore.
To whom the Stygian pilot smiling said,
'You need no passport to demand our aid;
Physicians never linger on this strand:
Old Charon's present still, at their command.
Our awful monarch and his consort owe
To them, the peopling of their realms below.'
Then in his swarthy hand he grasp'd the oar,
Receiv'd his guests aboard, and shov'd from shore.
Now, as the goddess and her charge prepare
To breathe the sweets of soft Elysian air;
Upon the left they spy a pensive shade [11],
Who on his bended arm had rais'd his head:
Pale grief sat heavy on his mournful look;
To whom, not unconcern'd, thus Celsus spoke:
'Tell me, thou much afflicted shade, why sighs
Burst from your breast, and torrents from your eyes:
And who those mangled manes are, which show
A sullen satisfaction at your woe?'
'Since, (said the ghost) with pity you'll attend,
Know I'm Guâicum [12], once your firmest friend,
And on this barren beach in discontent
Am doom'd to stay, till the' angry powers relent.
Those spectres, seam'd with scars, that threaten there,
The victims of my late ill conduct are:

[11] See the Allusion, Virg. Æn. 6.

[12] Dr. Morton.

They vex with endless clamours my repose:
This wants his palate; that demands his nose:
And here they execute stern Pluto's will,
And ply me every moment with a pill.'
Then Celsus thus: 'O much-lamented state!
How rigid is the sentence you relate?
Methinks I recollect your former air,
But ah, how much you're chang'd from what you were!
Insipid as your late ptisans you lie,
That once were sprightlier far than mercury.
At the sad tale you tell, the poppies weep,
And mourn their vegetable souls asleep;
The unctuous larix and the healing pine
Lament your fate in tears of turpentine;
But still the offspring of your brain shall prove
The grocer's care, and brave the rage of Jove.
When bonfires blaze, your vagrant works shall rise
In rockets, till they reach the wondering skies.
'If mortals e'er the Stygian powers could bend,
Intreaties to their awful seats I'd send.
But since no human arts the Fates dissuade,
Direct me how to find bless'd Harvey's shade.'
In vain the' unhappy ghost still urg'd his stay;
Then rising from the ground, he show'd the way.
Nigh the dull shore a shapeless mountain stood,
That with a dreadful frown survey'd the flood.
Its fearful brow no lively greens put on,
No frisking goats bound o'er the ridgy stone.
To gain the summit the bright goddess tried,
And Celsus follow'd, by degrees, his guide.
The' ascent thus conquer'd, now they tower on high,
And taste the' indulgence of a milder sky.

Loose breezes on their airy pinions play,
Soft infant blossoms their chaste odours pay,
And roses blush their fragrant lives away.
Cool streams through flowery meadows gently glide;
And as they pass, their painted banks they chide.
These blissful plains no blights nor mildews fear,
The flowers ne'er fade, and shrubs are myrtles here.
The morn awakes the tulip from her bed;
Ere noon in painted pride she decks her head:
Rob'd in rich dye, she triumphs on the green,
And every flower does homage to their queen.
So when bright Venus rises from the flood,
Around in throngs the wondering Nereids crowd:
The Tritons gaze, and tune each vocal shell,
And every grace unsung the waves conceal.
The delegate observes, with wondering eyes,
Ambrosial dews descend, and incense rise:
Then hastens onward to the pensive grove,
The silent mansion [13] of disastrous love.
Here Jealousy with jaundice looks appears,
And broken slumbers, and fantastic fears.
The widow'd turtle hangs her moulting wings,
And to the woods in mournful murmurs sings.
No winds but sighs there are, no floods but tears;
Each conscious tree a tragic signal bears;
Their wounded bark records some broken vow,
And willow garlands hang on every bough.
Olivia here in solitude he found,
Her downcast eyes fix'd on the silent ground:
Her dress neglected, and unbound her hair,
She seem'd the dying image of despair.

[13] See Virg. Æn. 6.

How lately did this celebrated thing
Blaze in the box, and sparkle in the ring!
Till the green-sickness and love's force betray'd
To Death's remorseless arms the' unhappy maid.
All o'er confus'd, the guilty lover stood,
The light forsook his eyes, his cheeks the blood;
An icy horror shiver'd in his look,
As to the cold-complexion'd nymph he spoke:
'Tell me, dear shade, from whence such anxious [care;
Your looks disorder'd, and your bosom bare?
Why thus you languish like a drooping flow'r,
Crush'd by the weight of some relentless show'r?
Your languid looks, your late ill conduct tell;
Oh, that instead of trash you'd taken steel!'
Stab'd with the' unkind reproach, the conscious [maid
Thus to her late insulting lover said:
'When ladies listen not to loose desire,
You style our modesty our want of fire:
Smile or forbid, encourage or reprove,
You still find reasons to believe we love:
Vainly you think a liking we betray,
And never mean the peevish things we say.
Few are the fair ones of Rufilla's make,
Unask'd, she grants; uninjur'd, she'll forsake;
But several Cælia's several ages boast,
That like where reason recommends the most,
Where heavenly truth and tenderness conspire,
Chaste passion may persuade us to desire.'
'Your sex, (he cried) as custom bids, behaves;
In forms the tyrant ties such haughty slaves.
To do nice conduct right, you nature wrong;
Impulses are but weak where reason's strong.
Some want the courage, but how few the flame!
They like the thing, that startle at the name.

The lonely phenix, though profess'd a nun,
Warms into love, and kindles at the sun.
Those tales of spicy urns, and fragrant fires,
Are but the emblems of her scorch'd desires.'
Then as he strove to clasp the fleeting fair,
His empty arms confess'd the' impassive air,
From his embrace the' unbodied spectre flies,
And as she mov'd, she chid him with her eyes.
They hasten now to that delightful plain,
Where the glad manes of the bless'd remain:
Where Harvey gathers simples, to bestow
Immortal youth on heroes' shades below.
Soon as the bright Hygeia was in view,
The venerable sage her presence knew;
Thus he———
'Hail, blooming goddess! thou propitious pow'r,
Whose blessings mortals more than life implore!
With so much lustre your bright looks endear,
That cottages are courts where those appear.
Mankind, as you vouchsafe to smile or frown,
Finds ease in chains, or anguish in a crown.
'With just resentments and contempt you see
The foul dissentions of the Faculty;
How your sad sickening art now hangs her head,
And, once a science, is become a trade.
Her sons ne'er rifle her mysterious store,
But study nature less, and lucre more.
Not so when Rome to the' Epidaurian rais'd
A temple [14], where devoted incense blaz'd.
Oft father Tiber views the lofty fire,
As the learn'd son is worship'd like the sire:

[14] A temple built at Rome, in the island of Tiber, to Æsculapius, son of Apollo.

The sage with Romulus like honours claim;
The gift of life and laws were then the same.
'I show'd of old, how vital currents glide,
And the meanders of their refluent tide.
Then Willis why spontaneous actions here,
And whence involuntary motions there:
And how the spirits by mechanic laws,
In wild careers tumultuous riots cause.
Nor would our Wharton, Bates, and Glisson lie
In the abyss of blind obscurity.
But now such wondrous searches are forborne,
And Pæan's art is by divisions torn.
Then let your charge attend, and I'll explain
How her lost health your science may regain.
'Haste and the matchless Atticus [15] address,
From heaven and great Nassau he has the mace.
The' oppress'd to his asylum still repair:
Arts he supports, and learning is his care.
He softens the harsh rigour of the laws, [claws;
Blunts their keen edge, and grinds their harpy
And graciously he casts a pitying eye
On the sad state of virtuous poverty.
Whene'er he speaks, Heavens! how the listening throng
Dwells on the melting music of his tongue.
His arguments are emblems of his mien,
Mild, but not faint, and forcing, though serene;
And when the power of eloquence he'd try,
Here, lightning strikes you; there, soft breezes sigh.
'To him you must your sickly state refer,
Your charter claims him as your visiter.
Your wounds he'll close, and sovereignly restore
Your science, to the height it had before.]

[15] Lord Somers.

'Then Nassau's health shall be your glorious aim;
His life should be as lasting as his fame.
Some princes' claims from devastation spring;
He condescends in pity to be king:
And when, amidst his olives plac'd, he stands,
And governs more by candour than commands,
Ev'n then not less a hero he appears,
Then when his laurel diadem he wears.

'Would Phœbus, or his Granville, but inspire
Their sacred vehemence of poetic fire;
To celebrate in song that god-like pow'r,
Which did the labouring universe restore;
Fair Albion's cliffs would echo to the strain,
And praise the arm that conquer'd, to regain
The earth's repose, and empire o'er the main.

'Still may the' immortal man his cares repeat,
To make his blessings endless as they're great:
Whilst malice and ingratitude confess
They've strove for ruin long, without success.
When late, Jove's Eagle [16] from the pile shall rise
To bear the victor to the boundless skies,
Awhile the god puts off paternal care,
Neglects the earth, to give the heavens a star.
Near thee, Alcides [17], shall the hero shine;
His rays resembling, as his labours, thine.

'Had some fam'd patriot, of the Latin blood,
Like Julius great, and like Octavius good,
But thus preserv'd the Latin liberties,
Aspiring columns soon had reach'd the skies:
Loud Ios the proud capitol had shook,
And all the statues of the gods had spoke.'

No more the sage his raptures could pursue:
He paus'd; and Celsus with his guide withdrew.

[16] Read the ceremony of the Apotheosis.

[17] Hercules, a constellation near Ariadne's Crown.

CLAREMONT.

ADDRESSED TO THE

RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF CLARE,

AFTERWARDS DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

—— Dryadum silvas, saltusque sequamur
Intactos, tua, Mæcenas, haud mollia jussa.
VIRG.

PREFACE.

THEY that have seen those two excellent Poems of Cooper's Hill and Windsor Forest; the one by Sir John Denham, the other by Mr. Pope; will show a great deal of candour if they approve of this. It was writ, upon giving the name of Claremont to a villa, now belonging to the Earl of Clare. The situation is so agreeable and surprising, that it inclines one to think, some place of this nature put Ovid at first upon the story of Narcissus and Echo. 'Tis probable he had observed some spring arising amongst woods and rocks, where echoes were heard; and some flower bending over the stream, and by consequence reflected from it. After reading the story in the third book of the Metamorphoses, 'tis obvious to object (as an ingenious friend has already done) that the renewing the charms of a nymph, of which Ovid had dispossessed her,

——vox tantùm atqne ossa supersunt,

is too great a violation of poetical authority. I dare say the gentleman who is meant, would have

been well pleased to have found no faults. There are not many authors one can say the same of. Experience shows us every day that there are writers who cannot bear a brother should succeed, and the only refuge from their indignation is by being inconsiderable: upon which reflection, this thing ought to have a pretence to their favour.

They who would be more informed of what relates to the ancient Britons, and the Druids their priests, may be directed by the quotations to the authors that have mentioned them.

CLAREMONT.

WHAT frenzy has of late possess'd the brain?
Though few can write, yet fewer can refrain.
So rank our soil, our bards rise in such store,
Their rich retaining patrons scarce are more:
The last indulge the fault the first commit;
And take off still the offal of their wit.
So shameless, so abandon'd are their ways,
They poach Parnassus, and lay snares for praise.
None ever can without admirers live,
Who have a pension or a place to give.
Great ministers ne'er fail of great deserts;
The herald gives them blood; the poet, parts.
Sense is of course annex'd to wealth and pow'r;
No Muse is proof against a golden show'r.
Let but his lordship write some poor lampoon,
He's Horac'd up in doggrel like his own.
Or, if to rant in tragic rage he yields,
False fame cries—'Athens!' honest truth—'Moorfields!'
Thus fool'd, he flounces on through floods of ink;
Flags with full sail: and rises but to sink.
Some venal pens so prostitute the bays,
Their panegyrics lash; their satires praise.
So nauseously, and so unlike they paint,
N——'s an Adonis; M——r, a saint.

Metius with those fam'd heroes is compar'd,
That led in triumph Porus and Tallard.
But such a shameless Muse must laughter move,
That aims to make Salmoneus vie with Jove.
  To form great works puts fate itself to pain,
Ev'n nature labours for a mighty man.
And to perpetuate her hero's fame,
She strains no less a poet next to frame.
Rare as the hero's, is the poet's rage:
Churchills and Drydens rise but once an age.
With earthquakes towering Pindar's birth begun;
And an eclipse produc'd Alcmena's[1] son:
The sire of god's o'er Phœbus cast a shade;
But, with a hero, well the world repaid.
  No bard for bribes should prostitute his vein;
Nor dare to flatter where he should arraign,
To grant big Thraso valour, Phormio sense;
Should indignation give, at least, offence.
  I hate such mercenaries, and would try
From this reproach to rescue poetry.
Apollo's sons should scorn the servile art,
And to court-preachers leave the fulsome part.
  What then,—you'll say, must no true sterling pass,
Because impure allays some coin debase?
Yes, praise, if justly offer'd, I'll allow;
And, when I meet with merit, scribble too.
  The man who's honest, open, and a friend,
Glad to oblige, uneasy to offend:
Forgiving others, to himself severe;
Though earnest, easy; civil, yet sincere;
Who seldom but through great good-nature errs;
Detesting fraud as much as flatterers;

[1] Hercules.

'Tis he my Muse's homage should receive;
If I could write, or Holles could forgive.
  But pardon, learned youth, that I decline
A name so lov'd by me, so lately thine.
When Pelham you resign'd, what could repair
A loss so great, unless Newcastle's heir?
Hydaspes, that the Asian plains divides,
From his bright urn in purest crystal glides.
But when new-gathering streams enlarge his course,
He's Indus nam'd, and rolls with mightier force.
In fabled floods of gold his current flows,
And wealth on nations, as he runs, bestows.
  Direct me, Clare, to name some nobler Muse,
That for her theme thy late recess may choose,
Such bright descriptions shall the subject dress;
Such varied scenes, such pleasing images,
That swains shall leave their lawns, and nymphs their bow'rs,
And quit Arcadia for a seat like yours.
  But say, who shall attempt the' adventrous part
Where nature borrows dress from Vanbrugh's art?
If, by Apollo taught, he touch the lyre,
Stones mount in columns, palaces aspire,
And rocks are animated with his fire.
'Tis he can paint in verse those rising hills,
Their gentle vallies, and their silver rills:
Close groves, and opening glades, with verdure spread,
Flowers sighing sweets, and shrubs that balsam bleed.
With gay variety the prospect crown'd,
And all the bright horizon smiling round.
  Whilst I attempt to tell how ancient fame
Records, from whence the villa took its name.

In times of old, when British nymphs were known
To love no foreign fashions like their own;
When dress was monstrous, and fig-leaves the mode,
And quality put on no paint but woad [2].
Of Spanish red unheard was then the name;
For cheeks were only taught to blush by shame.
No beauty, to increase her crowd of slaves,
Rose out of wash, as Venus out of waves:
Not yet lead comb was on the toilet plac'd;
Not yet broad eye-brows were reduc'd by paste:
No shape-smith set up shop, and drove a trade
To mend the work wise Providence had made.
Tires were unheard of, and unknown the loom,
And thrifty silkworms spun for times to come.
Bare limbs were then the marks of modesty;
All, like Diana, were below the knee.
The men appear'd a rough undaunted race,
Surly in show, unfashion'd in address.
Upright [3] in actions, and in thought sincere;
And strictly were the same they would appear.
Honour was plac'd in probity alone;
For villains had no titles but their own.
None travell'd to return politely mad;
But still what fancy wanted, reason had.
Whatever nature ask'd, their hands could give;
Unlearn'd in feasts, they only eat to live.
No cook with art increas'd physicians' fees;
Nor serv'd up death in soups and fricassees.
Their taste was, like their temper, unrefin'd;
For looks were then the language of the mind.

[2] Glastum. See Pliny and Dioscorides.

[3] Mores eis simplices, à versutiâ et improbitate nostræ tempestatis hominum longe remoti.

See Diod. Sic. Bib. Hist. Lib. 4. Vers. Lat.

Ere right and wrong, by turns, set prices bore ;
And conscience had its rate, like common whore:
Or tools to great employments had pretence ;
Or merit was made out by impudence ;
Or coxcombs look'd assuming in affairs;
And humble friends grew haughty ministers.

In those good days of innocence, here stood
Of oaks, with heads unshorn, a solemn wood,
Frequented by the Druids[4], to bestow
Religious honours on the misseltoe[5].

The naturalists are puzzled to explain
How trees did first this stranger entertain :
Whether the busy birds ingraft it there :
Or else some deity's mysterious care,
As Druids thought; for when the blasted oak
By lightning falls, this plant escapes the stroke.
So when the Gauls the towers of Rome defac'd,
And flames drove forward with outrageous waste;
Jove's favour'd capitol uninjur'd stood ;
So sacred was the mansion of a god.

Shades honour'd by this plant the Druids chose,
Here, for the bleeding victims, altars rose.
To Hermes[6] oft they paid their sacrifice ;
Parent of arts, and patron of the wise!
Good rules in mild persuasions they convey'd ;
Their lives confirming what their lectures said.
None violated truth, invaded right;
Yet had few laws, but will and appetite.

4 Jam per se roborum eligunt lucos.—*Plin. Lib.* 16.

5 Et nihil habent Druidæ visco, et arbore in quâ gignatur, si modò sit robur, sacratius. *Plin. ibid.* Et Viscum Druida. *Ovid.*

6 Deum maximè Mercurium colunt: hunc omnium inventorem artium ferunt: post hunc, Jovem, Apollinem, &c.—*Cæs.*

The people's peace they studied, and profess'd,
No politics [7] but public interest.
Hard was their lodging, homely was their food;
For all their luxury was doing good.
No miter'd priest did then with princes vie,
Nor o'er his master claim supremacy;
Nor were the rules of faith allow'd more pure,
For being several centuries obscure.
None lost their fortunes, forfeited their blood,
For not believing what none understood:
Nor simony, nor sinecure were known;
Nor would the bee work honey for the drone:
Nor was the way invented, to dismiss
Frail Abigails with fat pluralities.
But then in fillets bound, a hallow'd band
Taught how to tend the flocks, and till the land:
Could tell what murrains in what months begun,
And how the seasons [8] travell'd with the sun:
When his dim orb seem'd wading through the air,
They told that rain on dropping wings drew near;
And that the winds their bellowing throats would try,
When reddening clouds reflect his blood-shot eye.
All their remarks on nature's laws, require
More lines than would ev'n Alpin's readers tire.
This sect in sacred veneration held
Opinions, by the Samian Sage [9] reveal'd;
That matter no annihilation knows,
But wanders from these tenements to those.

7 De republicâ, nisi per concilium, loqui non conceditur. *Cæs. Lib.* 6.

8 Multa præterea de sideribus, et eorum motu, de rerum natura, &c.—*Cæs.*

9 Pythagoras.

For when the plastic particles are gone,
They rally in some species like their own.
The self-same atoms, if new jumbled, will
In seas be restless, and in earth be still;
Can, in the truffle, furnish out a feast;
And nauseate, in the scaly squill, the taste.
Those falling leaves that wither with the year,
Will, in the next, on other stems appear.
The sap that now forsakes the bursting bud,
In some new shoot will circulate green blood.
The breath to-day, that from the jasmin blows,
Will, when the season offers, scent the rose;
And those bright flames that in carnations glow,
Ere long will blanch the lily with a snow.
They hold that matter must be still the same,
And varies but in figure and in name:
And that the soul [10] not dies, but shifts her seat;
New rounds of life to run; or past, repeat.
Thus when the brave and virtuous cease to live,
In beings brave and virtuous they revive [11].
Again shall Romulus in Nassau reign;
Great Numa, in a Brunswick prince, ordain
Good laws; and halcyon years shall hush the
world again.
The truths of old traditions were their theme;
Or gods descending in a morning-dream.
Past acts they cited; and to come, foretold;
And could events, not ripe for fate, unfold.

[10] Imprimis hoc volunt persuadere, non interire animas, sed ab aliis post mortem transire ad alios.—*Cæs.*

[11] Et vos Barbaricos ritus—Sacrorum Druidæ—redituræ parcere vitæ—regit idem spiritus artus.—*Lucan, Lib.* 1.

Beneath the shady covert of an oak,
In rhymes [12] uncouth, prophetic truths they spoke.
Attend then, Clare; nor is the legend long;
The story of thy villa is their song [13].
  The fair Montano, of the silvan race,
Was with each beauty bless'd, and every grace.
His sire, green Faunus, guardian of the wood;
His mother, a swift Naiad of the flood.
Her silver urn supplied the neighbouring streams,
A darling daughter of the bounteous Thames.
  Not lovelier seem'd Narcissus to the eye;
Nor, when a flower, could boast more fragrancy.
His skin might with the down of swans compare,
More smooth than pearl, than mountain snow more fair.
In shape so poplars or the cedars please:
But those are not so straight, nor graceful these.
His flowing hair in unforc'd ringlets hung;
Tuneful his voice, persuasive was his tongue.
The haughtiest fair scarce heard without a wound,
But sunk to softness at the melting sound.
  The fourth bright lustre had but just begun
To shade his blushing cheeks with doubtful down.
All day he rang'd the woods, and spread the toils,
And knew no pleasures but in silvan spoils.
In vain the nymphs put on each pleasing grace;
Too cheap the quarry seem'd, too short the chase.
For though possession be the' undoubted view,
To seize is far less pleasure than pursue.
Those nymphs that yield too soon, their charms impair,
And prove at last but despicably fair.

[12] Et magnum numerum versuum ediscere dicuntur.—*Cæs.*

[13] Superstitione vanâ Druidæ canebant, &c.—*Tacit. Lib.* 4.

His own undoing glutton Love decrees,
And palls the appetite he meant to please.
His slender wants too largely he supplies;
Thrives on short meals, but by indulgence dies.
A grot there was with hoary moss o'ergrown,
Rough with rude shells, and arch'd with moulder-
ing stone;
Sad silence reigns within the lonesome wall,
And weeping rills but whisper as they fall.
The clasping ivies up the ruin creep;
And there the bat and drowsy beetle sleep.
This cell sad Echo chose, by love betray'd,
A fit retirement for a mourning maid.
Hither, fatigued with toil, the Silvan flies,
To shun the calenture of sultry skies;
But feels a fiercer flame, Love's keenest dart
Finds through his eyes a passage to his heart.
Pensive the virgin sat with folded arms,
Her tears but lending lustre to her charms.
With pity he beholds her wounding woes;
But wants himself the pity he bestows.
'Oh, whether of a mortal born! (he cries)
Or some fair daughter of the distant skies;
That, in compassion, leave your crystal sphere,
To guard some favour'd charge, and wander here;
Slight not my suit, nor too ungentle prove,
But pity one, a novice yet in love.
If words avail not, see my suppliant tears;
Nor disregard those dumb petitioners!'
From his complaint the tyrant virgin flies,
Asserting all the empire of her eyes.
Full thrice three days he lingers out in grief,
Nor seeks from sleep or sustenance relief.

The lamp of life now casts a glimmering light;
The meeting lids his setting eyes benight.
What force remains, the hapless lover tries;
Invoking thus his kindred deities:
'Haste, parents of the flood, your race to mourn;
With tears replenish each exhausted urn.
Retake the life you gave, but let the maid
Fall a just victim to an injur'd shade.'
More he endeavour'd; but the accents hung
Half form'd, and stop'd unfinish'd on his tongue.
For him the Graces their sad vigils keep;
Love broke his bow, and wish'd for eyes to weep.
What gods can do, the mournful Faunus tries;
A mount erecting where the Silvan lies.
The rural powers the wondrous pile survey,
And piously their different honours pay.
The' ascent, with verdant herbage Pales spread;
And nymphs, transform'd to laurels, lent their shade.
Her stream a Naiad from the basis pours;
And Flora strows the summit with her flowers.
Alone Mount Latmos claims pre-eminence,
When silver Cynthia lights the world from thence.
Sad Echo now laments her rigour, more
Than for Narcissus her loose flame before.
Her flesh to sinew shrinks, her charms are fled;
All day in rifted rocks she hides her head.
Soon as the evening shows a sky serene,
Abroad she strays, but never to be seen.
And ever as the weeping Naiads name
Her cruelty, the nymph repeats the same.
With them she joins, her lover to deplore,
And haunts the lonely dales he rang'd before.

Her sex's privilege she yet retains ;
And though to nothing wasted, voice remains.
So sung the Druids—then, with rapture fir'd,
Thus utter what the Delphic [14] god inspir'd :
' Ere twice ten centuries shall fleet away,
A Brunswick prince shall Britain's sceptre sway.
No more fair Liberty shall mourn her chains ;
The maid is rescued, her lov'd Perseus reigns.
From Jove [15] he comes, the captive to restore ;
Nor can the thunder of his sire do more.
Religion shall dread nothing but disguise ;
And Justice need no bandage for her eyes.
Britannia smiles, nor fears a foreign lord ;
Her safety to secure, two powers accord,
Her Neptune's trident, and her monarch's sword.
Like him, shall his Augustus shine in arms,
Though captive to his Carolina's charms.
Ages with future heroes she shall bless ;
And Venus once more found an Alban race.
Then shall a Clare in honour's cause engage:
Example must reclaim a graceless age.
Where guides themselves for guilty views mislead,
And laws ev'n by the legislators bleed,
His brave contempt of state shall teach the proud,
None but the virtuous are of noble blood.
For tyrants are but princes in disguise,
Though sprung by long descents from Ptolemies.
Right he shall vindicate, good laws defend ;
The firmest patriot, and the warmest friend.

[14] Et partim auguriis, partim conjecturâ, quæ essent futura &c.—*Cic. de Divinatione.*

[15] Son of Jupiter and Danae.

Great Edward's [16] order early he shall wear;
New light restoring to the sullied star.
Oft will his leisure this retirement choose,
Still finding future subjects for the Muse,
And to record the Silvan's fatal flame,
The place shall live in song, and Claremont be the name.

[16] Theologi et vates erant apud eos, Druidas ipsi vocant, qui a victimarum extis de futuris divinant.—*Diod. Sic. Lat. Ver.*

MISCELLANIES.

TO THE

LADY LOUISA LENOX,

WITH OVID'S EPISTLES.

In moving lines these few Epistles tell
What fate attends the nymph that likes too well:
How faintly the successful lovers burn;
And their neglected charms how ladies mourn.
The fair you'll find, when soft intreaties fail,
Assert their uncontested right, and rail.
Too soon they listen, and resent too late;
'Tis sure they love, whene'er they strive to hate.
Their sex or proudly shuns, or poorly craves;
Commencing tyrants, and concluding slaves.
  In differing breasts what differing passions glow!
Ours kindle quick, but yours extinguish slow.
The fire we boast with force uncertain burns,
And breaks but out as appetite returns:
But yours, like incense, mounts by soft degrees,
And, in a fragrant flame, consumes to please.
  Your sex, in all that can engage, excel;
And ours in patience, and persuading well.
Impartial Nature equally decrees;
You have your pride, and we our perjuries.
Though form'd to conquer, yet too oft you fall
By giving nothing, or by granting all.

But, madam, long will your unpractis'd years
Smile at the tale of lover's hopes and fears.
Though infant graces soothe your gentle hours,
More soft than sighs, more sweet than breathing flow'rs;
Let rash admirers your keen lightning fear;
'Tis bright at distance, but destroys if near.
The time ere long, if verse presage, will come,
Your charms shall open in full Brudenall bloom.
All eyes shall gaze, all hearts shall homage vow,
And not a lover languish but for you.
The Muse shall string her lyre, with garlands crown'd,
And each bright nymph shall sicken at the sound.
So when Aurora first salutes the sight,
Pleas'd we behold the tender dawn of light;
But when with riper red she warms the skies,
In circling throngs the wing'd musicians rise:
And the gay groves rejoice in symphonies.
Each pearly flower with painted beauty shines,
And every star its fading fire resigns.

TO

RICHARD EARL OF BURLINGTON,

WITH OVID'S ART OF LOVE.

MY LORD,

Our poet's rules, in easy numbers tell,
He felt the passion he describes so well.
In that soft art successfully refin'd,
Though angry Cæsar frown'd, the fair were kind.

More ills from love than tyrants' malice flow;
Jove's thunder strikes less sure than Cupid's bow.
  Ovid both felt the pain, and found the ease:
Physicians study most their own disease.
The practice of that age in this we try,
Ladies would listen then, and lovers lie.
Who flatter'd most the fair were most polite,
Each thought her own admirer in the right:
To be but faintly rude was criminal,
But to be boldly so, aton'd for all.
Breeding was banish'd for the fair one's sake,
The sex ne'er gives, but suffers ours should take.
  Advice to you, my Lord, in vain we bring,
The flowers ne'er fail to meet the blooming spring.
Though you possess all Nature's gifts, take care;
Love's queen has charms, but fatal is her snare.
  On all that goddess her false smiles bestows,
As on the seas she reigns, from whence she rose.
Young Zephyrs sigh with fragrant breath, soft gales
Guide her gay barge, and swell the silken sails:
Each silver wave in beauteous order moves,
Fair as her bosom, gentle as her doves;
But he that once embarks, too surely finds
A sullen sky, black storms, and angry winds;
Cares, fears, and anguish, hovering on the coast,
And wrecks of wretches, by their folly lost.
  When coming time shall bless you with a bride,
Let passion not persuade, but reason guide:
Instead of gold, let gentle truth endear;
She has most charms who is the most sincere.
Shun vain variety, 'tis but disease;
Weak appetites are ever hard to please.
The nymph must fear to be inquisitive;
'Tis for the sex's quiet to believe.

Her air an easy confidence must show,
And shun to find what she would dread to know:
Still charming with all arts that can engage,
And be the Juliana of the age.

TO THE

DUTCHESS OF BOLTON,

ON HER STAYING ALL THE WINTER IN THE COUNTRY.

CEASE rural conquests, and set free your swains,
To Dryads leave the groves, to Nymphs the plains:
In pensive dales alone let Echo dwell,
And each sad sigh she hears with sorrow tell.
Haste, let your eyes at Kent's [1] pavilion shine,
It wants but stars, and then the work's divine.
Of late, Fame only tells of yielding towns,
Of captive generals, and protected crowns:
Of purchas'd laurels, and of battles won,
Lines forc'd, states vanquish'd, provinces o'errun,
And all Alcides' labours sum'd in one.
The brave must to the fair now yield the prize,
And English arms submit to English eyes:
In which bright list among the first you stand;
Though each a goddess, or a Sunderland.

[1] A gallery the Earl of Kent had built at St. James's.

TO

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH,

ON HIS VOLUNTARY BANISHMENT.

Go, mighty Prince, and those great nations see,
Which thy victorious arms before made free;
View that fam'd column, where thy name engrav'd,
Shall tell their children who their empire sav'd;
Point out that marble where thy worth is shown,
To every grateful country but thy own:
O censure undeserv'd! unequal fate!
Which strove to lessen him who made her great:
Which, pamper'd with success and rich in fame,
Extol'd his conquests, but condemn'd his name.
But virtue is a crime when plac'd on high,
Though all the fault's in the beholder's eye;
Yet he untouch'd, as in the heat of wars,
Flies from no danger but domestic jars;
Smiles at the dart which angry envy shakes,
And only fears for her whom he forsakes:
He grieves to find the course of virtue cross'd,
Blushing to see our blood no better lost;
Disdains in factious parties to contend,
And proves, in absence most, Britannia's friend.
So the great Scipio of old, to shun
That glorious envy which his arms had won,
Far from his dear, ungrateful Rome retir'd,
Prepar'd, whene'er his country's cause requir'd,
To shine in peace or war, and be again admir'd.

TO THE

EARL OF GODOLPHIN.

WHILST weeping Europe bends beneath her ills,
And where the sword destroys not, famine kills;
Our isle enjoys, by your successful care,
The pomp of peace, amidst the woes of war.
So much the public to your prudence owes,
You think no labour's long for our repose:
Such conduct, such integrity are shown,
There are no coffers empty, but your own.
From mean dependence, merit you retrieve,
Unask'd you offer, and unseen you give:
Your favour, like the Nile, increase bestows,
And yet conceals the source from whence it flows.
No pomp or grand appearance you approve;
A people at their ease is what you love:
To lessen taxes, and a nation save,
Are all the grants your services would have.
Thus far, the state-machine wants no repair,
But moves in matchless order by your care;
Free from confusion, settled, and serene;
And, like the universe, by springs unseen.
But now some star sinister to our pray'rs,
Contrives new schemes, and calls you from affairs:
No anguish in your looks, or cares appear,
But how to teach the' unpractis'd crew to steer.
Thus, like a victim, no constraint you need,
To expiate their offence by whom you bleed.
Ingratitude's a weed of every clime,
Withrives too fast at first, but fades in time.

The god of day and your own lot's the same;
The vapours you have rais'd, obscure your flame:
But though you suffer, and awhile retreat [1],
Your globe of light looks larger as you set.

ON

HER MAJESTY'S [2] *STATUE,*

IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

NEAR the vast bulk of that stupendous frame,
Known by the Gentiles' great apostle's name;
With grace divine, great Anna's seen to rise,
An awful form that glads a nation's eyes:
Beneath her feet four mighty realms appear,
And with due reverence pay their homage there.
Britain and Ireland seem to own her grace,
And ev'n wild India wears a smiling face.
  But France alone with downcast eyes is seen
The sad attendant of so good a Queen:
Ungrateful country! to forget so soon
All that great Anna for thy sake has done:
When sworn the kind defender of thy cause,
Spite of her dear religion, spite of laws;
For thee she sheath'd the terrors of her sword,
For thee she broke her general—and her word;
For thee her mind in doubtful terms she told,
And learn'd to speak like oracles of old.

[1] This seems to have been written when Lord Godolphin was removed from the office of Lord High Treasurer.

[2] Queen Anne.

For thee, for thee alone, what could she more?
She lost the honour she had gain'd before;
Lost all the trophies, which her arms had won,
(Such Cæsar never knew, nor Philip's son)
Resign'd the glories of a ten year's reign,
And such as none but Marlborough's arm could gain.
For thee in annals she's content to shine,
Like other monarchs of the Stuart line.

ON

THE NEW CONSPIRACY, 1716.

WHERE, where, degenerate countrymen—how high
Will your fond folly and your madness fly?
Are scenes of death and servile chains so dear,
To sue for blood and bondage every year,
Like rebel Jews, with too much freedom curst,
To court a change—though certain of the worst?
There is no climate which you have not sought,
Where tools of war and vagrant kings are bought;
O! noble passion, to your country kind,
To crown her with—the refuse of mankind.
As if the new Rome, which your schemes unfold,
Were to be built on rapine, like the old,
While her asylum openly provides
For every ruffian every nation hides.
Will you still tempt the great avenger's blow,
And force the bolt—which he is loth to throw?
Have there too few already bit the plains,
To make you seek new Prestons and Dumblains?
If vengeance loses its effects so fast,
Yet those of mercy sure—should longer last.

Say, Is it rashness or despair provokes
Your harden'd hearts to these repeated strokes?
Reply:—Behold, their looks their souls declare,
All pale with guilt, and dumb with deep despair.
Hear then, you sons of blood! your destin'd fate,
Hear, ere you sin too soon—repent too late.
Madly you try to weaken George's reign,
And stem the stream of Providence in vain.
By right, by worth, by wonders made our own,
The hand that gave it, shall preserve his throne.
As vain your hopes to distant times remove,
To try the second, or the third from Jove;
For 'tis the nature of that sacred line,
To conquer monsters, and to grow divine.

ON

THE KING OF SPAIN.

PALLAS, destructive to the Trojan line,
Raz'd their proud walls, though built by hands divine:
But love's bright goddess, with propitious grace,
Preserv'd a hero, and restor'd the race.
Thus the fam'd empire where the Iber flows,
Fell by Eliza, and by Anna rose.

VERSES

WRITTEN FOR THE TOASTING-GLASSES OF THE KIT-CAT CLUB. 1703.

LADY CARLISLE.

CARLISLE's a name can every Muse inspire,
To Carlisle fill the glass, and tune the lyre.
With his lov'd bays the god of day shall crown
A wit and lustre equal to his own.

THE SAME.

AT once the Sun and Carlisle took their way
To warm the frozen north, and kindle day;
The flowers to both their glad creation ow'd,
Their virtues he, their beauties she bestow'd.

LADY ESSEX.

THE bravest hero, and the brightest dame,
From Belgia's happy clime Britannia drew;
One pregnant cloud we find does often frame
The awful thunder and the gentle dew.

THE SAME.

To Essex fill the sprightly wine,
The health's engaging and divine:
Let purest odours scent the air,
And wreaths of roses bind our hair.
In her chaste lips these blushing lie,
And those her gentle sighs supply.

LADY HYDE.

THE god of wine grows jealous of his art,
He only fires the head, but Hyde the heart.
The queen of love looks on, and smiles to see
A nymph more mighty than a deity.

ON LADY HYDE IN CHILD-BED.

HYDE, though in agonies, her graces keeps,
A thousand charms the nymph's complaints adorn;
In tears of dew so mild Aurora weeps,
But her bright offspring is the cheerful morn.

LADY WHARTON.

WHEN Jove to Ida did the gods invite,
And in immortal toasting pass'd the night,
With more than nectar he the banquet bless'd,
For Wharton was the Venus of the feast.

TO MR. GAY,

ON HIS POEMS.

WHEN Fame did o'er the spacious plains
The lays, she once had learn'd, repeat;
All listen'd to the tuneful strains,
And wonder'd who could sing so sweet.
'Twas thus:—The Graces held the lyre,
The' harmonious frame the Muses strung,
The Loves and Smiles compos'd the choir,
And Gay transcrib'd what Phœbus sung.

TO THE

MERRY POETASTER,

AT SADLER'S-HALL IN CHEAPSIDE.

UNWIELDY pedant, let thy awkward Muse
With censures praise, with flatteries abuse.
To lash, and not be felt, in thee's an art;
Thou ne'er mad'st any, but thy school-boys, smart.
Then be advis'd, and scribble not again;
Thour't fashion'd for a flail, and not a pen.
If B——l's immortal wit thou would'st descry,
Pretend 'tis he that writ thy poetry:
Thy feeble satire ne'er can do him wrong;
Thy poems and thy patients live not long.

PROLOGUES.

DESIGNED FOR TAMERLANE.

To-day a mighty hero comes to warm
Your curdling blood, and bid you, Britons, arm.
To valour much he owes, to virtue more;
He fights to save, and conquers to restore.
He strains no texts, nor makes dragoons persuade;
He likes religion, but he hates the trade.
Born for mankind, they by his labour live;
Their property is his prerogative.
His sword destroys less than his mercy saves,
And none, except his passions, are his slaves.
Such, Britons, is the prince that you possess,
In council greatest, and in camps no less:
Brave, but not cruel; wise without deceit;
Born for an age curs'd with a Bajazet.
But you, disdaining to be too secure,
Ask his protection, and yet grudge his pow'r.
With you a monarch's right is in dispute;
Who give supplies, are only absolute.
Britons, for shame your factious feuds decline,
Too long you've labour'd for the Bourbon line:
Assert lost rights, an Austrian prince alone
Is born to nod upon a Spanish throne.

A cause no less could on great Eugene call;
Steep Alpine rocks require a Hannibal:
He shows you your lost honour to retrieve;
Our troops will fight, when once the senate give.
Quit your cabals and factions, and in spite
Of Whig and Tory, in this cause unite.
One vote will then send Anjou back to France;
There let the meteor end his airy dance:
Else to the Mantuan soil he may repair,
E'en abdicated gods were Latium's care;
At worst, he'll find some Cornish borough here.

TO THE MUSIC-MEETING,

IN YORK BUILDINGS.

WHERE music and more powerful beauties reign,
Who can support the pleasure and the pain?
Here their soft magic those two sirens try,
And if we listen, or but look, we die.
Why should we then the wondrous tales admire
Of Orpheus' numbers, or Amphion's lyre?
Behold this scene of beauty, and confess
The wonder greater, and the fiction less:
Like human victims here we are decreed
To worship those bright altars where we bleed.
Who braves his fate in fields, must tremble here;
Triumphant love more vassals makes than fear.
No faction, homage to the fair denies;
The right divine's apparent in their eyes.
That empire's fix'd that's founded in desire;
Those fires the vestals guard can ne'er expire.

TO THE CORNISH SQUIRE,

A COMEDY.

WHO dares not plot in this good-natur'd age ?
Each place is privileg'd except the stage;
There the dread phalanx of reformers come,
Sworn foes to wit, as Carthage was to Rome;
Their ears so sanctified, no scenes can please,
But heavy hymns, or pensive homilies :
Truths, plainly told, their tender nature wound,
Young rakes must, like old patriarchs, expound;
The painted punk the proselyte must play,
And bawds, like *fille-devotes*, procure and pray.
How nature is inverted ! Soon you'll see
Senates unanimous, and sects agree,
Jews at extortion rail, and monks at mystery.
Let characters be represented true,
An airy sinner makes an awkward prüe.
With force and fitting freedom vice arraign;
Though pulpits flatter, let the stage speak plain.
If Verres gripes the poor, or Nænius write,
Call that the robber, this the parasite.
Ne'er aim to make an eagle of an owl,
Cinna's a statesman, Sydrophil a tool.
Our censurers with want of thought dispense,
But tremble at the hideous sin of sense.
Who would not such hard fate as ours bemoan ?
Indicted for some wit, and damn'd for none.
But if, to-day, some scandal should appear,
Let those precise Tartuffs bind o'er Moliere.

Poet and Papist too, they'll surely maul,
There's no indulgences at Hicks's Hall.
Gold only can their pious spite allay,
They call none criminals that can but pay:
The heedless shrines with victims they invoke,
They take the fat, and give the gods the smoke.

SPOKEN AT THE

OPENING OF THE QUEEN'S THEATRE,

IN THE HAY-MARKET.

Such was our builder's art, that soon as nam'd,
This frabric, like the infant world, was fram'd.
The architect must on dull order wait,
But 'tis the poet only can create.
None else, at pleasure, can duration give,
When marble fails, the Muses' structures live.
The Cyprian fane is now no longer seen,
Though sacred to the name of love's fair queen.
Ev'n Athens scarce in pompous ruin stands,
Though finish'd by the learn'd Minerva's hands.
More sure presages from these walls we find,
By beauty[1] founded, and by wit design'd.
  In the good age of ghostly ignorance,
How did cathedrals rise, and zeal advance?
The merry monks said orisons at ease,
Large were their meals, and light their penances;
Pardon for sins was purchas'd with estates,
And none but rogues in rags died reprobates.

[1] Lady Sunderland was pleased to lay the first stone.

But now, that pious pageantry's no more,
And stages thrive as churches did before.
Your own magnificence you here survey,
Majestic columns stand where dunghills lay,
And cars triumphal rise from carts of hay.
Swains here are taught to hope, and nymphs to fear,
And big Almanzor's fight mock Blenheim's here.
Descending goddesses adorn our scenes,
And quit their bright abodes for gilt machines.
Should Jove, for this fair circle, leave his throne,
He'd meet a lightning fiercer than his own:
Though to the sun his towering eagles rise,
They scarce could bear the lustre of these eyes.

EPILOGUE

TO THE TRAGEDY OF CATO.

What odd fantastic things we women do!
Who would not listen when young lovers woo?
What! die a maid, yet have the choice of two.
Ladies are often cruel to their cost:
To give you pain, themselves they punish most.
Vows of virginity should well be weigh'd;
Too oft they're cancell'd, though in convents made.
Would you revenge such rash resolves—you may
Be spiteful—and believe the thing we say;
We hate you, when you're easily said nay.
How needless, if you knew us, were your fears?
Let love have eyes, and beauty will have ears.
Our hearts are form'd, as you yourselves would choose,
Too proud to ask, too humble to refuse:

We give to merit, and to wealth we sell;
He sighs with most success that settles well.
The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix;
'Tis best repenting in a coach and six.
Blame not our conduct, since we but pursue
Those lively lessons we have learn'd from you:
Your breasts no more the fire of beauty warms,
But wicked wealth usurps the power of charms.
What pains to get the gaudy thing you hate,
To swell in show, and be a wretch in state!
At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow;
Ev'n churches are no sanctuaries now;
There golden idols all your vows receive;
She is no goddess who has nought to give.
Oh, may once more the happy age appear,
When words were artless, and the thoughts sincere;
When gold and grandeur were unenvied things,
And courts less coveted than groves and springs.
Love then shall only mourn when truth complains,
And constancy feel transport in its chains;
Sighs with success their own soft anguish tell,
And eyes shall utter what the lips conceal:
Virtue again to its bright station climb,
And beauty fear no enemy but time:
The fair shall listen to desert alone,
And every Lucia find a Cato's son.

TRANSLATIONS.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES, BOOK XIV.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF SCYLLA.

Now Glaucus, with a lover's haste, bounds o'er
The swelling waves, and seeks the Latian shore.
Messina Rhegium, and the barren coast
Of flaming Etna, to his sight are lost;
At length he gains the Tyrrhene seas, and views
The hills where baneful philters Circe brews;
Monsters in various forms around her press,
As thus the god salutes the sorceress.
'O Circe! be indulgent to my grief,
And give a love-sick deity relief.
Too well the mighty power of plants I know,
To those my figure and new fate I owe.
Against Messena, on the' Ausonian coast,
I Scylla view'd, and from that hour was lost.
In tenderest sounds I sued; but still the fair
Was deaf to vows, and pitiless to pray'r.
If numbers can avail, exert their power:
Or energy of plants, if plants have more.

I ask no cure; let but the virgin pine
With dying pangs, or agonies like mine.'
No longer Circe could her flame disguise,
But to the suppliant god marine, replies;
'When maids are coy, have manlier aims in view:
Leave those that fly, but those that like, pursue.
If love can be by kind compliance won;
See, at your feet, the daughter of the sun.
'Sooner, (said Glaucus) shall the ash remove
From mountains, and the swelling surges love,
Or humble sea-weed to the hills repair,
Ere I think any but my Scylla fair.'
Straight Circe reddens with a guilty shame,
And vows revenge for her rejected flame.
Fierce liking oft a spite as fierce creates;
For love refus'd, without aversion, hates.
To hurt her hapless rival she proceeds;
And, by the fall of Scylla, Glaucus bleeds.
Some fascinating beverage now she brews,
Compos'd of deadly drugs, and baneful juice.
At Rhegium she arrives; the ocean braves;
And treads with unwet feet the boiling waves.
Upon the beach a winding bay there lies,
Shelter'd from seas, and shaded from the skies:
This station Scylla chose; a soft retreat,
From chilling winds, and raging Cancer's heat.
The vengeful sorceress visits this recess;
Her charm infuses, and infects the place.
Soon as the nymph wades in, her nether parts
Turn into dogs; then at herself she starts.
A ghastly horror in her eyes appears!
But yet she knows not who it is she fears;
In vain she offers from herself to run,
And drags about her what she strives to shun.

Oppress'd with grief the pitying god appears,
And swells the rising surges with his tears;
From the distressed sorceress he flies;
Her art reviles, and her address denies:
Whilst hapless Scylla, chang'd to rocks, decrees
Destruction to those barks that beat the seas.

THE VOYAGE OF ÆNEAS CONTINUED.

HERE bulg'd the pride of fam'd Ulysses' fleet,
But good Æneas 'scap'd the fate he met.
As to the Latian shore the Trojan stood,
And cut with well-tim'd oars the foaming flood:
He weather'd fell Charybdis: but ere long
The skies were darken'd, and the tempest strong.
Then to the Lybian coast he stretches o'er,
And makes at length the Carthaginian shore.
Here Dido, with an hospitable care,
Into her heart receives the wanderer.
From her kind arms the' ungrateful hero flies;
The injur'd queen looks on with dying eyes,
Then to her folly falls a sacrifice.
Æneas now sets sail, and plying gains
Fair Eryx, where his friend Acestes reigns:
First to his sire does funeral rites decree,
Then gives the signal next, and stands to sea;
Outruns the islands where volcanos roar;
Gets clear of Sirens, and their faithless shore:
But loses Palinurus in the way;
Then makes Inarime, and Prochyta.

THE

TRANSFORMATION OF CERCOPIANS INTO APES.

The gallies now by Pithecusa pass;
The name is from the natives of the place.
The father of the gods, detesting lies,
Oft, with abhorrence, heard their perjuries.
The' abandon'd race, transform'd to beasts, began
To mimic the impertinence of man.
Flat-nos'd, and furrow'd, with grimace they grin;
And look, to what they were, too near akin:
Merry in make, and busy to no end,
This moment they divert, the next offend;
So much this species of their past retains;
Though lost the language, yet the noise remains.

ÆNEAS DESCENDS TO HELL.

Now, on his right, he leaves Parthenope:
His left, Misenus jutting in the sea:
Arrives at Cuma, and with awe survey'd
The grotto of the venerable maid:
Begs leave through black Avernus to retire;
And view the much-lov'd manes of his sire.
Straight the divining virgin rais'd her eyes;
And, foaming with a holy rage, replies:
'O thou, whose worth thy wondrous works proclaim;
The flames, thy piety; the world, thy fame;

Though great be thy request, yet shalt thou see
The' Elysian Fields, the' infernal monarchy;
Thy parent's shade: this arm thy steps shall guide:
To suppliant virtue nothing is denied.'
  She spoke, and pointing to the golden bough,
Which in the' Avernian grove refulgent grew,
'Seize that!' she bids:—He listens to the maid;
Then views the mournful mansions of the dead:
The shade of great Anchises, and the place
By Fates determin'd to the Trojan race.
  As back to upper light the hero came,
He thus salutes the visionary dame:—
  'O, whether some propitious deity,
Or lov'd by those bright rulers of the sky!
With grateful incense I shall style you one,
And deem no godhead greater than your own.
'Twas you restor'd me from the realms of night,
And gave me to behold the fields of light;
To feel the breezes of congenial air,
And nature's bless'd benevolence to share.'

THE STORY OF THE SIBYL.

'I AM no deity, (replied the dame)
But mortal, and religious rites disclaim;
Yet had avoided death's tyrannic sway,
Had I consented to the god of day.
With promises he sought my love, and said,
"Have all you wish, my fair Cumæan maid."
I paus'd; then, pointing to a heap of sand,
For every grain, to live a year, demand.

But ah! unmindful of the' effect of time,
Forgot to covenant for youth and prime.
The smiling bloom, I boasted once, is gone,
And feeble age with lagging limbs creeps on.
Seven centuries have I liv'd; three more, fulfil
The period of the years to finish still.'
Who'll think that Phœbus, dress'd in youth divine,
Had once believ'd his lustre less than mine?
This wither'd frame (so fates have will'd) shall waste
To nothing, but prophetic words, at last.'
The Sibyl, mounting now from nether skies,
And the fam'd Ilian prince, at Cuma rise.
He sail'd, and near the place to anchor came,
Since call'd Cajeta from his nurse's name.
Here did the luckless Macareus, a friend
To wise Ulysses, his long labours end.
Here, wandering, Achæmenides he meets,
And, sudden, thus his late associate greets:
'Whence came you here, O friend, and whither bound?
All gave you lost, on far Cyclopean ground;
A Greek's at last aboard a Trojan found.'

THE ADVENTURES OF ACHÆMENIDES.

Thus Achæmenides:—'With thanks I name
Æneas, and his piety proclaim.
I scap'd the Cyclops through the hero's aid,
Else in his maw my mangled limbs had laid.
When first your navy under sail he found,
He rav'd, till Ætna labour'd with the sound:

Raging, he stalk'd along the mountain's side,
And vented clouds of breath at every stride:
His staff a mountain ash; and in the clouds
Oft, as he walks, his grisly front he shrowds.
Eyeless he grop'd about with vengeful haste,
And justled promontories, as he pass'd;
Then heav'd a rock's high summit to the main,
And bellow'd, like some bursting hurricane:
"Oh! could I seize Ulysses in his flight,
How unlamented were my loss of sight!
These jaws should piecemeal tear each panting vein,
Grind every crackling bone, and pound his brain."
'As thus he rav'd, my joints with horror shook;
The tide of blood my chilling heart forsook;
I saw him once disgorge huge morsels, raw,
Of wretches undigested in his maw.
From the pale breathless trunks whole limbs he tore,
His beard all clotted with o'erflowing gore.
My anxious hours I pass'd in caves; my food
Was forest fruits, and wildings of the wood.
At length a sail I wafted, and aboard
My fortune found an hospitable lord.
'Now, in return, your own adventures tell,
And what, since first you put to sea, befel.'

THE ADVENTURES OF MACAREUS.

THEN Macareus:—'There reign'd a prince of fame
O'er Tuscan seas, and Æolus his name.
A largess to Ulysses he consign'd,
And in a steer's tough hide inclos'd a wind:
Nine days before the swelling gale we ran;
The tenth, to make the meeting land, began:

When now the merry mariners, to find
Imagin'd wealth within, the bag unbind.
Forthwith out-rush'd a gust, which backwards bore
Our gallies to the Læstrigonian shore,
Whose crown, Antiphates the tyrant, wore.
Some few commission'd were with speed to treat;
We to his court repair, his guards we meet.
Two, friendly flight preserv'd; the third was doom'd
To be by those curs'd cannibals consum'd.
Inhumanly our hapless friends they treat;
Our men they murder, and destroy our fleet.
In time the wise Ulysses bore away,
And drop'd his anchor in yon faithless bay:
The thoughts of perils past we still retain,
And fear to land, till lots appoint the men.
Polites true, Elpenor given to wine,
Eurylochus, myself, the lots assign:
Design'd for dangers, and resolv'd to dare,
To Circe's fatal palace we repair.

THE ENCHANTMENTS OF CIRCE.

'Before the spacious front a herd we find
Of beasts, the fiercest of the savage kind.
Our trembling steps with blandishments they meet,
And fawn, unlike their species, at our feet.
Within, upon a sumptuous throne of state,
On golden columns rais'd, the' enchantress sate.
Rich was her robe, and amiable her mien,
Her aspect awful, and she look'd a queen.

Her maids nor mind the loom, nor household care,
Nor wage in needle-work a Scythian war;
But cull in canisters disastrous flow'rs,
And plants from haunted heaths, and fairy bow'rs,
With brazen sickles reap'd, at planetary hours.
Each dose the goddess weighs with watchful eye;
So nice her art in impious pharmacy!
Entering, she greets us with a gracious look,
And airs, that future amity bespoke.
Her ready nymphs serve up a rich repast;
The bowl she dashes first, then gives to taste:
Quick, to our own undoing, we comply:
Her power we prove, and show the sorcery.
'Soon, in a length of face, our head extends;
Our chin stiff bristles bears, and forward bends.
A breadth of brawn new burnishes our neck:
Anon we grunt, as we begin to speak.
Alone Eurylochus refus'd to taste,
Nor to a beast obscene the man debas'd.
Hither Ulysses hastes (so fates command)
And bears the powerful Moly in his hand;
Unsheaths his scimitar, assaults the dame,
Preserves his species, and remains the same.
The nuptial right this outrage straight attends;
The dower desir'd is his transfigur'd friends:
The incantation backward she repeats,
Inverts her rod, and what she did defeats.
'And now our skin grows smooth, our shape up-
Our arms stretch up, our cloven feet unite. [right:
With tears our weeping general we embrace;
Hang on his neck, and melt upon his face.
Twelve silver moons in Circe's court we stay,
Whilst there they waste the' unwilling hours away.

'Twas here I spied a youth in Parian stone;
His head a pecker bore; the cause unknown
To passengers. A nymph of Circe's train
The mystery thus attempted to explain.

THE

STORY OF PICUS AND CANENS.

"Picus, who once the' Ausonian sceptre held,
Could rein the steed, and fit him for the field.
So like he was to what you see, that still
We doubt if real, or the sculptor's skill.
The graces in the finish'd piece you find,
Are but the copy of his fairer mind.
Four lustres scarce the royal youth could name,
Till every love-sick nymph confess'd a flame.
Oft for his love the mountain Dryads sued,
And every silver sister of the flood:
Those of Numicus, Albula, and those
Where Almo creeps, and hasty Nar o'erflows;
Where sedgy Anio glides through smiling meads,
Where shady Farfar rustles in the reeds,
And those that love the lakes, and homage owe
To the chaste goddess of the silver bow.
"In vain each nymph her brightest charms put on,
His heart no sovereign would obey but one.
She whom Venilia, on Mount Palatine,
To Janus bore, the fairest of her line.
Nor did her face alone her charms confess,
Her voice was ravishing, and pleas'd no less.
Whene'er she sung, so melting were her strains,
The flocks unfed seem'd listening on the plains;

The rivers would stand still, the cedars bend;
And birds neglect their pinions to attend;
The savage kind in forests wilds grow tame;
And Canens, from her heavenly voice, her name.
" Hymen had now in some ill-fated hour
Their hands united, as their hearts before.
Whilst their soft moments in delights they waste,
And each new day was dearer than the past,
Picus would sometimes o'er the forests rove,
And mingle sports with intervals of love.
It chanc'd, as once the foaming boar he chas'd,
His jewels sparkling on his Tyrian vest,
Lascivious Circe well the youth survey'd,
As simpling on the flowery hills she stray'd.
Her wishing eyes their silent message tell,
And from her lap the verdant mischief fell.
As she attempts at words his courser springs
O'er hills, and lawns, and ev'n a wish outwings.
' Thou shalt not 'scape me so, (pronounc'd the dame)
If plants have power and spells be not a name.'
" She said—and forthwith form'd a boar of air,
That sought the covert with dissembled fear.
Swift to the thicket Picus wings his way
On foot, to chase the visionary prey.
" Now she invokes the daughters of the night,
Does noxious juices smear, and charms recite;
Such as can veil the moon's more feeble fire,
Or shade the golden lustre of her sire.
In filthy fogs she hides the cheerful noon;
The guard at distance, and the youth alone.
' By those fair eyes, (she cries) and every grace
That finish all the wonders of your face,

Oh! I conjure thee, hear a queen complain:
Nor let the sun's soft lineage sue in vain.'
'Whoe'er thou art, (replied the king) forbear,
None can my passion with my Canens share.
She first my every tender wish possess'd,
And found the soft approaches to my breast.
In nuptials bless'd, each loose desire we shun,
Nor time can end what innocence begun.'
'Think not, (she cried) to saunter out a life
Of form, with that domestic drudge, a wife;
My just revenge, dull fool, ere-long shall show
What ills we women, if refus'd, can do:
Think me a woman, and a lover too.
From dear successful spite we hope for ease,
Nor fail to punish, where we fail to please.'
"Now twice to east she turns, as oft to west,
Thrice waves her wand, as oft a charm express'd.
On the lost youth her magic power she tries;
Aloft he springs, and wonders how he flies.
On painted plumes the woods he seeks, and still
The monarch oak he pierces with his bill.
Thus chang'd, no more o'er Latian lands he reigns;
Of Picus nothing but the name remains.
"The winds from drisling damps now purge the [air,
The mists subside, the settling skies are fair,
The court their sovereign seek with arms in hand,
They threaten Circe, and their lord demand.
Quick she invokes the spirits of the air,
And twilight elves, that on dun wings repair
To charnels, and the' unhallow'd sepulchre.
"Now, strange to tell, the plants sweat drops of blood,
The trees are toss'd from forests where they stood;

Blue serpents o'er the tainted herbage slide,
Pale glaring spectres on the ether ride;
Dogs howl, earth yawns, rent rocks forsake their beds,
And from their quarries heave their stubborn heads.
The sad spectators, stiffen'd with their fears
She sees, and sudden every limb she smears;
Then each of savage beasts the figure bears.

"The sun did now to western waves retire,
In tides to temper his bright world of fire.
Canens laments her royal husband's stay;
Ill suits fond love with absence or delay.
Where she commands, her ready people run;
She wills, retracts; bids, and forbids anon.
Restless in mind, and dying with despair,
Her breasts she beats, and tears her flowing hair.
Six days and nights she wanders on, as chance
Directs, without or sleep or sustenance.
Tiber at last beholds the weeping fair;
Her feeble limbs no more the mourner bear;
Stretch'd on his banks, she to the flood complains,
And faintly tunes her voice to dying strains.
The sickening swan thus hangs her silver wings,
And, as she droops, her elegy she sings.
Ere long sad Canens wastes to air; whilst fame
The place still honours with her hapless name."

'Here did the tender tale of Picus cease,
Above belief the wonder, I confess.
Again we sail, but more disasters meet,
Foretold by Circe, to our suffering fleet.
Myself, unable further woes to bear,
Declin'd the voyage, and am refug'd here.'

ÆNEAS ARRIVES IN ITALY.

THUS Macareus.—Now with a pious aim
Had good Æneas rais'd a funeral flame,
In honour of his hoary nurse's name.
Her epitaph he fix'd; and setting sail,
Cajeta left, and catch'd at every gale.
He steer'd at distance from the faithless shore
Where the false goddess reigns with fatal pow'r;
And sought those grateful groves that shade the
Where Tiber rolls majestic to the main [plain,
And fattens, as he runs, the fair champain.
His kindred gods the hero's wishes crown
With fair Lavinia, and Latinus' throne:
But not without a war the prize he won,
Drawn up in bright array the battle stands:
Turnus with arms his promis'd wife demands.
Hetrurians, Latians, equal fortune share;
And doubtful long appears the fate of war.
Both powers from neighbouring princes seek sup-
And embassies appoint for new allies. [plies,
Æneas for relief Evander moves;
His quarrel he asserts, his cause approves.
The bold Rutilians, with an equal speed,
Sage Venelus dispatch to Diomede.
The king, late griefs revolving in his mind,
These reasons for neutrality assign'd:—
'Shall I, of one poor dotal town possess'd,
My people thin, my wretched country waste;
An exil'd prince, and on a shaking throne;
Or risk my patron's subjects, or my own?
You'll grieve the harshness of our hap to hear;
Nor can I tell the tale without a tear.

THE ADVENTURES OF DIOMEDES.

'After fam'd Ilium was by Argives won,
And flames had finish'd what the sword begun;
Pallas, incens'd, pursued us to the main,
In vengeance of her violated fane.
Alone Oilëus forc'd the Trojan maid,
Yet all were punish'd for the brutal deed.
A storm begins, the raging waves run high,
The clouds look heavy, and benight the sky;
Red sheets of lightning o'er the seas are spread,
Our tackling yields, and wrecks at last succeed.
'Tis tedious our disastrous state to tell;
Ev'n Priam would have pitied what befel.
Yet Pallas sav'd me from the swallowing main,
At home new wrongs to meet, as Fates ordain.
Chas'd from my country, I once more repeat
All sufferings seas could give, or war complete.
For Venus, mindful of her wound, decreed
Still new calamities should past succeed.
Agmon, impatient through successive ills,
With fury, love's bright goddess thus reviles:—
"These plagues in spite to Diomede are sent;
The crime is his, but ours the punishment.
Let each, my friends, her puny spleen despise,
And dare that haughty harlot of the skies."
'The rest of Agmon's insolence complain,
And of irreverence the wretch arraign.
About to answer, his blaspheming throat
Contracts, and shrieks in some disdainful note.
To his new skin a fleece of feather clings,
Hides his late arms, and lengthens into wings.

The lower features of his face extend,
Warp into horn, and in a beak descend.
Some more experience Agmon's destiny,
And, wheeling in the air, like swans they fly.
These thin remains to Dannus' realms I bring,
And here I reign, a poor precarious king.'

THE TRANSFORMATION OF APPULUS.

Thus Diomedes.—Venulus withdraws;
Unsped the service of the common cause.
Puteoli he passes, and survey'd
A cave, long honour'd for its awful shade.
Here trembling reeds exclude the piercing ray,
Here streams in gentle falls through windings stray,
And with a passing breath cool zephyrs play.
The goatherd-god frequents the silent place,
As once the wood-nymphs of the silvan race,
Till Appulus with a dishonest air,
And gross behaviour, banish'd thence the fair.
The bold buffoon, whene'er they tread the green,
Their motion mimics, but with jest obscene.
Loose language oft he utters; but ere long
A bark in filmy net-work binds his tongue.
Thus chang'd, a base wild olive he remains;
The shrub the coarseness of the clown retains.

THE
TROJAN SHIPS TRANSFORMED TO SEA-NYMPHS.

MEANWHILE, the Latians all their power prepare
'Gaint fortune, and the foe, to push the war.
With Phrygian blood the floating fields they stain;
But short of succours, still contend in vain.
Turnus remarks the Trojan fleet ill-man'd,
Unguarded, and at anchor near the strand;
He thought; and straight a lighted brand he bore,
And fire invades what 'scap'd the waves before.
The billows from the kindling prow retire;
Pitch, rosin, searwood, on red wings aspire,
And Vulcan on the seas exerts his attribute of fire.
This when the mother of the gods beheld,
Her towery crown she shook, and stood reveal'd;
Her brindled lions rein'd, unveil'd her head,
And hovering o'er her favour'd fleet, she said:
'Cease, Turnus, and the heavenly powers respect;
Nor dare to violate what I protect.
These gallies once fair trees on Ida stood,
And gave their shade to each descending god.
Nor shall consume; irrevocable fate
Allots their being no determin'd date.'
Straight peals of thunder heaven's high arches rend,
The hail-stones leap, the showers in spouts descend.
The winds with widen'd throats the signal give;
The cables break, the smoking vessels drive.
Now, wondrous, as they beat the foaming flood,
The timber softens into flesh and blood;
The yards, and oars, new arms and legs design;
A trunk, the hull; the slender keel, a spine,

The prow a female face; and, by degrees,
The gallies rise green daughters of the seas.
Sometimes on coral beds they sit in state,
Or wanton on the waves they fear'd of late.
The barks, that beat the seas, are still their care,
Themselves remembering what of late they were;
To save a Trojan sail in throngs they press,
But smile to see Alcinous in distress.
  Unable were those wonders to deter
The Latians from their unsuccessful war.
Both sides for doubtful victory contend;
And on their courage, and their gods depend.
Nor bright Lavinia, nor Latinus' crown,
Warm their great soul to war, like fair renown.
Venus at last beholds her godlike son
Triumphant, and the field of battle won;
Brave Turnus slain, strong Ardea but a name,
And buried in fierce deluges of flame.
Her towers, that boasted once a sovereign sway,
The fate of fancied grandeur now betray.
A famish'd heron from the ashes springs,
And beats the ruin with disastrous wings.
Calamities of towns distress'd she feigns,
And oft, with woful shrieks, of war complains.

THE DEIFICATION OF ÆNEAS.

Now had Æneas, as ordain'd by fate,
Surviv'd the period of Saturnia's hate:
And by a sure irrevocable doom
Fix'd the immortal majesty of Rome.
Fit for the station of his kindred stars,
His mother goddess thus her suit prefers:

'Almighty arbiter, whose powerful nod
Shakes distant earth, and bows our own abode;
To thy great progeny indulgent be,
And rank the goddess-born a deity:
Already has he view'd, with mortal eyes,
Thy brother's kingdoms of the nether skies.'
Forthwith a conclave of the godhead meets,
Where Juno in the shining senate sits.
Remorse for past revenge the goddess feels;
Then thundering Jove the' almighty mandate seals;
Allots the prince of his celestial line
An apothëosis, and rights divine.
The crystal mansions echo with applause,
And, with her graces, love's bright queen withdraws;
Shoots in a blaze of light along the skies,
And, borne by turtles, to Laurentum flies:
Alights, where through the reeds Numicius strays,
And to the seas his watry tribute pays.
The god she supplicates, to wash away
The parts more gross, and subject to decay,
And cleanse the goddess born from seminal allay.
The horned flood with glad attention stands,
Then bids his streams obey their sire's commands.
His better parts by lustral waves refin'd,
More pure, and nearer to ethereal mind;
With gums of fragrant scent the goddess strews,
And on his features breathes ambrosial dews.
Thus deified, new honours Rome decrees,
Shrines, festivals; and styles him Indiges.

THE LINE OF THE LATIAN KINGS.

Ascanius now the Latian sceptre sways;
The Alban nation Sylvius next obeys.
Then young Latinus:—Next an Alba came,
The grace and guardian of the Alban name.
Then Epitus; then gentle Capys reign'd;
Then Capetis the regal power sustain'd.
Next he who perish'd on the Tuscan flood,
And honour'd with his name the river god.
Now haughty Remulus begun his reign,
Who fell by thunder he aspir'd to feign.
Meek Acrota succeeded to the crown;
From peace endeavouring, more than arms, re-
To Aventinus well resign'd his throne. [nown,
The mount on which he rul'd, preserves his name,
And Procas wore the regal diadem.

THE STORY OF VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

A hama-dryad flourish'd in these days,
Her name Pomona, from her woodland race.
In garden culture none could so excel,
Or form the pliant souls of plants so well;
Or to the fruit more generous flavours lend,
Or teach the trees with nobler loads to bend.
The nymph frequented not the flattering stream,
Nor meads, the subject of a virgin's dream;
But to such joys her nursery did prefer,
Alone to tend her vegetable care.

A pruning hook she carried in her hand,
And taught the stragglers to obey command;
Lest the licentious and unthrifty bough,
The too-indulgent parent should undo.
She shows, how stocks invite to their embrace
A graft, and naturalize a foreign race
To mend the savage teint; and, in its stead,
Adopt new nature, and a nobler breed.
Now hourly she observes her growing care,
And guards their nonage from the bleaker air:
Then opes her streaming sluices, to supply
With flowing draughts her thirsty family.
Long had she labour'd to continue free
From chains of love, and nuptial tyranny;
And in her orchard's small extent immur'd,
Her vow'd virginity she still secur'd.
Oft would loose Pan, and all the lustful train
Of satyrs, tempt her innocence in vain.
Silenus, that old dotard, own'd a flame;
And he, that frights the thieves with stratagem
Of sword, and something else too gross to name.
Vertumnus too pursued the maid no less;
But, with his rivals, shar'd a like success.
To gain access a thousand ways he tries;
Oft, in the hind, the lover would disguise.
The heedless lout comes shambling on, and seems
Just sweating from the labour of his teams.
Then, from the harvest, oft the mimic swain
Seems bending with a load of bearded grain.
Sometimes a dresser of the vine he feigns,
And lawless tendrils to their bounds restrains.
Sometimes his sword a soldier shows; his rod,
An angler; still so various is the god.

Now, in a forehead cloth, some crone he seems,
A staff supplying the defect of limbs;
Admittance thus he gains; admires the store
Of fairest fruit; the fair possessor more;
Then greets her with a kiss.—The' unpractis'd dame
Admir'd a grandame kiss'd with such a flame.
Now, seated by her, he beholds a vine
Around an elm in amorous foldings twine.
'If that fair elm, (he cried) alone should stand,
No grapes would glow with gold, and tempt the hand;
Or if that vine without her elm should grow,
'Twould creep a poor neglected shrub below.
'Be then, fair nymph, by these examples led;
Nor shun, for fancied fears, the nuptial bed.
Not she for whom the Lapithites took arms,
Nor Sparta's queen, could boast such heavenly charms.
And if you would on woman's faith rely,
None can your choice direct so well as I."
Though old, so much Pomona I adore,
Scarce does the bright Vertumnus love her more.
'Tis your fair self alone his breast inspires
With softest wishes and unsoil'd desires.
Then fly all vulgar followers, and prove
The god of seasons only worth your love:
On my assurance well you may repose;
Vertumnus scarce Vertumnus better knows.
True to his choice, all looser flames he flies;
Nor for new faces fashionably dies.
The charms of youth and every smiling grace
Bloom in his features, and the god confess.
Besides, he puts on every shape at ease;
But those the most, that best Pomona please.

Still to oblige her is her lover's aim;
Their likings and aversions are the same.
Nor the fair fruit your burden'd branches bear,
Nor all the youthful product of the year,
Could bribe his choice; yourself alone can prove
A fit reward for so refin'd a love.
Relent, fair nymph, and with a kind regret,
Think 'tis Vertumnus weeping at your feet.
A tale attend, through Cyprus known, to prove
How Venus once reveng'd neglected love.

THE STORY OF IPHIS AND ANAXARETE.

'Iphis, of vulgar birth, by chance had view'd
Fair Anaxaretè, of Teucer's blood.
Not long had he beheld the royal dame,
Ere the bright sparkle kindled into flame.
Oft did he struggle with a just despair,
Unfix'd to ask, unable to forbear.
But love, who flatters still his own disease,
Hopes all things will succeed, he knows will please.
Where'er the fair one haunts, he hovers there;
And seeks her confident with sighs, and pray'r,
Or letters he conveys, that seldom prove
Successless messengers in suits of love.
'Now shivering at her gates the wretch appears,
And myrtle garlands on the columns rears,
Wet with a deluge of unbidden tears.
The nymph, more hard than rocks, more deaf than seas
Derides his prayers, insults his agonies;
Arraigns of insolence the' aspiring swain;
And takes a cruel pleasure in his pain.
Resolv'd at last to finish his despair,
He thus upbraids the' inexorable fair:—

" O Anaxaretè, at last forget
The licence of a passion indiscreet.
Now triumph, since a welcome sacrifice
Your slave prepares, to offer to your eyes.
My life, without reluctance, I resign;
That present best can please a pride like thine.
But, O! forbear to blast a flame so bright,
Doom'd never to expire, but with the light.
And you, great powers, do justice to my name;
The hours, you take from life, restore to fame."
' Then o'er the posts, once hung with wreaths, he [throws
The ready cord, and fits the fatal noose;
For death prepares; and, bounding from above,
At once the wretch concludes his life, and love.
' Ere long the people gather, and the dead
Is to his mourning mother's arms convey'd.
First, like some ghastly statue she appears;
Then bathes the breathless corse in seas of tears,
And gives it to the pile; now, as the throng
Proceed in sad solemnity along
To view the passing pomp, the cruel fair
Hastes, and beholds her breathless lover there.
Struck with the sight, inanimate she seems;
Set are her eyes, and motionless her limbs:
Her features without fire, her colour gone,
And, like her heart, she hardens into stone.
In Salamis the statue still is seen
In the fam'd temple of the Cyprian queen.
Warn'd by this tale, no longer then disdain,
O nymph belov'd! to ease a lover's pain:
So may the frosts in spring your blossoms spare,
And winds their rude autumnal rage forbear.'
The story oft Vertumnus urg'd in vain,
But then assum'd his heavenly form again.

Such looks and lustre the bright youth adorn,
As when with rays glad Phœbus paints the morn.
The sight so warms the fair admiring maid,
Like snow she melts: so soon can youth persuade.
Consent, on eager winds, succeeds desire;
And both the lovers glow with mutual fire.

THE LATIAN LINE CONTINUED.

Now Procas, yielding to the fates, his son,
Mild Numitor, succeeded to the crown.
But false Amulius, with a lawless pow'r,
At length depos'd his brother Numitor.
Then Ilia's valiant issue, with the sword,
Her parent re-inthron'd, the rightful lord.
Next Romulus to people Rome contrives;
The joyous time of Pales' feast arrives;
He gives the word to seize the Sabine wives.
The sires enrag'd take arms, by Tatius led,
Bold to revenge their violated bed.
A fort there was, not yet unknown to fame,
Call'd the Tarpeian, its commander's name.
This by the false Tarpeia was betray'd,
But death well recompens'd the treacherous maid.
The foe on this new-bought success relies,
And silent march, the city to surprise.
Saturnia's arts with Sabine arms combine;
But Venus countermines the vain design;
Intreats the nymphs that o'er the springs preside,
Which near the fane of hoary Janus glide,
To send their succours; every urn they drain,
To stop the Sabines' progress, but in vain.

The Naiads now more stratagems essay;
And kindling sulphur to each source convey.
The floods ferment, hot exhalations rise,
Till from the scalding ford the army flies.
Soon Romulus appears in shining arms,
And to the war the Roman legions warms:
The battle rages, and the field is spread
With nothing but the dying and the dead.
Both sides consent to treat without delay,
And their two chiefs at once the sceptre sway.
But Tatius, by Lavinian fury slain,
Great Romulus continued long to reign.

THE ASSUMPTION OF ROMULUS.

Now warrior Mars his burnish'd helm puts on,
And thus addresses Heaven's imperial throne:
'Since the inferior world is now become
One vassal globe, and colony to Rome,
This grace, O Jove! for Romulus I claim;
Admit him to the skies, from whence he came.
Long hast thou promis'd an ethereal state
To Mars's lineage; and thy word is fate!'
The sire that rules the thunder, with a nod,
Declar'd the fiat, and dismiss'd the god.
Soon as the power armipotent survey'd
The flashing skies, the signal he obey'd;
And, leaning on his lance, he mounts his car,
His fiery coursers lashing through the air.
Mount Palatine he gains, and finds his son
Good laws enacting on a peaceful throne;
The scales of heavenly justice holding high,
With steady hand, and a discerning eye.

Then vaults upon his car, and to the spheres,
Swift, as a flying shaft, Rome's founder bears.
The parts more pure, in rising are refin'd,
The gross and perishable lag behind.
His shrine in purple vestments stands in view;
He looks a god, and is Quirinus now.

THE ASSUMPTION OF HERSILIA.

Ere long the goddess of the nuptial bed
With pity mov'd, sends Iris in her stead
To sad Hersilia.—Thus the meteor maid :—
'Chaste relict! in bright truth to heaven allied,
The Sabines' glory, and the sex's pride;
Honour'd on earth, and worthy of the love
Of such a spouse, as now resides above.
Some respite to thy killing griefs afford;
And if thou would'st once more behold thy lord,
Retire to yon steep mount, with groves o'erspread,
Which with an awful gloom his temples shade.
With fear the modest matron lifts her eyes,
And to the bright ambassadress replies:—
'O goddess! yet to mortal eyes unknown,
But sure thy various charms confess thee one:
O quick to Romulus thy votress bear,
With looks of love he'll smile away my care:
In whate'er orb he shines, my heaven is there.'
Then hastes with Iris to the holy grove,
And up the Mount Quirinal, as they move,
A lambent flame glides downward through the air,
And brightens with a blaze Hersilia's hair.

Together on the bounding ray they rise,
And shoot a gleam of light along the skies.
With opening arms Quirinus met his bride,
Now Ora nam'd, and press'd her to his side.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES, BOOK XV.

THE STORY OF CIPPUS.

Or, as when Cippus in the current view'd
The shooting horns that on his forehead stood,
His temples first he feels, and with surprise
His touch confirms the' assurance of his eyes,
Straight to the skies his horned front he rears,
And to the gods directs these pious pray'rs :—
  ' If this portent be prosperous, O decree
To Rome the' event: if otherwise, to me!'
  An altar then of turf he hastes to raise,
Rich gums in fragrant exhalations blaze ;
The panting entrails crackle as they fry,
And boding fumes pronounce a mystery.
Soon as the Augur saw the holy fire,
And victims with presaging signs expire,
To Cippus then he turns his eyes with speed,
And views the horny honours of his head :
Then cried, ' Hail, Conqueror ! thy call obey,
Those omens I behold presage thy sway.
Rome waits thy nod, unwilling to be free,
And owns thy sovereign power as fate's decree.'
  He said—and Cippus, starting at the' event,
Spoke in these words his pious discontent :—

'Far hence, ye gods! this execration send,
And the great race of Romulus defend.
Better, that I in exile live abhor'd,
Than e'er the capitol should style me lord.'
This spoke, he hides with leaves his omen'd head,
Then prays, the Senate next convenes, and said :—
'If Augurs can foresee, a wretch is come,
Design'd by destiny the bane of Rome.
Two horns (most strange to tell) his temples crown;
If e'er he pass the walls, and gain the town,
Your laws are forfeit that ill-fated hour,
And liberty must yield to lawless pow'r.
Your gates he might have enter'd; but this arm
Seiz'd the usurper, and withheld the harm.
Haste, find the monster out, and let him be
Condemn'd to all the Senate can decree;
Or tied in chains, or into exile thrown;
Or by the tyrant's death prevent your own.'
The crowd such murmurs utter as they stand,
As swelling surges breaking on the strand:
Or as when gathering gales sweep o'er the grove,
And their tall heads the bending cedars move.
Each with confusion gaz'd, and then began
To feel his fellow's brows, and find the man.
Cippus then shakes his garland off, and cries :—
'The wretch you want, I offer to your eyes.'
The anxious throng look'd down, and, sad in thought,
All wish'd they had not found the sign they sought:
In haste with laurel wreaths his head they bind;
Such honour to such virtue was assign'd.
Then thus the Senate :—'Hear, O Cippus! hear:
So god-like is thy tutelary care,

That since in Rome thyself forbids thy stay,
For thy abode those acres we convey
The plough-share can surround, the labour of a day.
In deathless records thou shalt stand enroll'd,
And Rome's rich posts shall shine with horns of gold.'

A

SOLILOQUY OUT OF ITALIAN.

Could he whom my dissembled rigour grieves,
But know what torment to my soul it gives;
He'd find how fondly I return his flame,
And want myself the pity he would claim.
Immortal gods! why has your doom decreed
Two wounded hearts with equal pangs should bleed?
Since that great law, which your tribunal guides,
Has join'd in love whom destiny divides,
Repent, ye powers, the injuries you cause,
Or change our natures, or reform your laws.
Unhappy partner of my killing pain,
Think what I feel the moment you complain.
Each sigh you utter wounds my tenderest part,
So much my lips misrepresent my heart.
When from your eyes the falling drops distil,
My vital blood in every tear you spill:
And all those mournful agonies I hear,
Are but the echoes of my own despair.

AN

IMITATION OF A FRENCH AUTHOR.

CAN you count the silver lights
That deck the skies, and cheer the nights;
Or the leaves that strow the vales,
When groves are stript by winter gales;
Or the drops that in the morn
Hang with transparent pearl the thorn;
Or bridegroom's joys, or miser's cares,
Or gamester's oaths, or hermit's prayers;
Or envy's pangs, or love's alarms,
Or Marlborough's acts, or ——n's charms?

FINIS.

C. WHITTINGHAM, *Printer*, 103, Goswell Street.

GAY.

The prostrate game a lion spies,
And on the greedy tyrant flies

Vol. I. The Lion Tyger & the Traveller.

Drawn by Rich.d Westall R. A. *Engraved by N. Schiavonetti.*

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OF

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INTRODUCTION.

THE

SHEPHERD AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

REMOTE from cities liv'd a Swain,
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain;
His head was silver'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him sage;
In summer's heat and winter's cold
He fed his flock and penn'd the fold:
His hours in cheerful labour flew,
Nor envy nor ambition knew:
His wisdom and his honest fame
Through all the country rais'd his name.
  A deep Philosopher (whose rules
Of moral life were drawn from schools)
The Shepherd's homely cottage sought,
And thus explor'd his reach of thought:
  "Whence is thy learning? hath thy toil
O'er books consum'd the midnight oil?
Hast thou old Greece and Rome survey'd,
And the vast sense of Plato weigh'd?
Hath Socrates thy soul refin'd,
And hast thou fathom'd Tully's mind?
Or, like the wise Ulysses, thrown,
By various fates, on realms unknown,

Hast thou through many cities stray'd,
Their customs, laws, and manners, weigh'd?"
The Shepherd modestly replied,—
" I ne'er the paths of learning tried;
Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts
To read mankind, their laws and arts;
For man is practis'd in disguise,
He cheats the most discerning eyes.
Who by that search shall wiser grow,
When we ourselves can never know?
The little knowledge I have gain'd,
Was all from simple Nature drain'd;
Hence my life's maxims took their rise,
Hence grew my settled hate to vice.
" The daily labours of the bee
Awake my soul to industry:
Who can observe the careful ant,
And not provide for future want?
My dog (the trustiest of his kind)
With gratitude inflames my mind:
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my service copy Tray:
In constancy and nuptial love,
I learn my duty from the dove:
The hen, who from the chilly air,
With pious wing, protects her care,
And every fowl that flies at large,
Instructs me in a parent's charge.
" From Nature, too, I take my rule,
To shun contempt and ridicule.
I never, with important air,
In conversation overbear.
Can grave and formal pass for wise,
When men the solemn owl despise?

My tongue within my lips I rein;
For who talks much, must talk in vain.
We from the wordy torrent fly:
Who listens to the chattering pye?
Nor would I, with felonious slight,
By stealth invade my neighbour's right.
Rapacious animals we hate:
Kites, hawks, and wolves, deserve their fate.
Do not we just abhorrence find
Against the toad and serpent kind?
But Envy, Calumny, and Spite,
Bear stronger venom in their bite.
Thus every object of creation
Can furnish hints to contemplation;
And from the most minute and mean,
A virtuous mind can morals glean."

"Thy fame is just, (the Sage replies)
Thy virtue proves thee truly wise.
Pride often guides the author's pen;
Books as affected are as men:
But he who studies Nature's laws,
From certain truth his maxims draws;
And those, without our schools, suffice
To make men moral, good, and wise."

FABLES.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

WILLIAM, DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

PART I.

THE

LION, TIGER, AND TRAVELLER.

ACCEPT, young Prince! the moral lay,
And in these Tales mankind survey;
With early virtues plant your breast,
The specious arts of vice detest.
  Princes, like beauties, from their youth
Are strangers to the voice of Truth.
Learn to contemn all praise betimes,
For flattery's the nurse of crimes:
Friendship by sweet reproof is shown;
(A virtue never near a throne)
In courts such freedom must offend;
There none presumes to be a friend.
To those of your exalted station,
Each courtier is a dedication:
Must I, too, flatter like the rest,
And turn my morals to a jest?
The Muse disdains to steal from those
Who thrive in courts by fulsome prose.

But shall I hide your real praise,
Or tell you what a nation says?—
They in your infant bosom trace
The virtues of your royal race;
In the fair dawning of your mind
Discern you generous, mild, and kind:
They see you grieve to hear distress,
And pant already to redress.
Go on; the height of good attain,
Nor let a nation hope in vain:
For hence we justly may presage
The virtues of a riper age.
True courage shall your bosom fire,
And future actions own your sire.
Cowards are cruel, but the brave
Love mercy, and delight to save.
A Tiger, roaming for his prey,
Sprung on a Traveller in the way;
The prostrate game a Lion spies,
And on the greedy tyrant flies:
With mingled roar resounds the wood,
Their teeth, their claws, distil with blood;
Till vanquish'd by the Lion's strength,
The spotted foe extends his length.
The Man besought the shaggy lord,
And on his knees for life implor'd:
His life the generous hero gave.
Together walking to his cave,
The Lion thus bespoke his guest:
" What hardy beast shall dare contest
My matchless strength? you saw the fight,
And must attest my power and right.
Forc'd to forego their native home,
My starving slaves at distance roam.

Within these woods I reign alone;
The boundless forest is my own.
Bears, wolves, and all the savage brood,
Have dy'd the regal den with blood.
These carcasses on either hand,
Those bones that whiten all the land,
My former deeds and triumphs tell,
Beneath these jaws what numbers fell."
" True, (says the Man) the strength I saw
Might well the brutal nation awe;
But shall a monarch, brave, like you,
Place glory in so false a view?
Robbers invade their neighbours' right:
Be lov'd; let justice bound your might.
Mean are ambitious heroes' boasts
Of wasted lands, and slaughter'd hosts:
Pirates their power by murders gain;
Wise kings by love and mercy reign.
To me your clemency hath shown
The virtue worthy of a throne.
Heav'n gives you power above the rest,
Like Heav'n, to succour the distrest."
" The case is plain, (the monarch said)
False glory hath my youth misled;
For beasts of prey, a servile train,
Have been the flatterers of my reign.
You reason well: yet tell me, friend,
Did ever you in courts attend?
For all my fawning rogues agree,
That human heroes rule like me."

THE
SPANIEL AND THE CHAMELEON.

A SPANIEL, bred with all the care
That waits upon a favourite heir,
Ne'er felt correction's rigid hand;
Indulg'd to disobey command,
In pamper'd ease his hours were spent:
He never knew what learning meant.
Such forward airs, so pert, so smart,
Were sure to win his lady's heart;
Each little mischief gain'd him praise;
How pretty were his fawning ways!
  The wind was south, the morning fair,
He ventures forth to take the air:
He ranges all the meadow round,
And rolls upon the softest ground;
When near him a Chameleon seen,
Was scarce distinguish'd from the green.
  "Dear emblem of the flattering host!
What, live with clowns! a genius lost!
To cities and the court repair;
A fortune cannot fail thee there:
Preferment shall thy talents crown;
Believe me, friend; I know the Town."
  "Sir, (says the Sycophant) like you,
Of old, politer life I knew:
Like you, a courtier born and bred,
Kings lean'd their ear to what I said:
My whisper always met success;
The ladies prais'd me for address:
I knew to hit each courtier's passion,
And flatter'd every vice in fashion:

But Jove, who hates the liar's ways,
At once cut short my prosperous days,
And, sentenc'd to retain my nature,
Transform'd me to this crawling creature.
Doom'd to a life obscure and mean,
I wander in the silvan scene:
For Jove the heart alone regards;
He punishes what man rewards.—
How different is thy case and mine?
With men at least you sup and dine;
While I, condemn'd to thinnest fare,
Like those I flatter'd, feed on air."

THE

MOTHER, THE NURSE, AND THE FAIRY.

"GIVE me a son!"—The blessing sent,
Were ever parents more content?
How partial are their doting eyes!
No child is half so fair and wise.
  Wak'd to the morning's pleasing care,
The Mother rose, and sought her heir:
She saw the Nurse like one possest,
With wringing hands and sobbing breast.
  "Sure some disaster has befell:
Speak, Nurse; I hope the boy is well."
  "Dear Madam, think not me to blame;
Invisible the Fairy came:
Your precious babe is hence convey'd,
And in the place a changeling laid.
Where are the father's mouth and nose?
The mother's eyes, as black as sloes?

See, here, a shocking awkward creature,
That speaks a fool in every feature."
" The woman's blind, (the Mother cries)
I see wit sparkle in his eyes."
" Lord, Madam, what a squinting leer!
No doubt the fairy hath been here."
Just as she spoke, a pigmy sprite
Pops through the keyhole swift as light;
Perch'd on the cradle's top she stands,
And thus her folly reprimands.
" Whence sprung the vain conceited lie,
That we the world with fools supply?
What! give our sprightly race away
For the dull helpless sons of Clay!—
Besides, by partial fondness shown,
Like you, we dote upon our own.
Where yet was ever found a Mother
Who'd give her booby for another?
And should we change with human breed,
Well might we pass for fools indeed."

THE

EAGLE AND ASSEMBLY OF ANIMALS.

As Jupiter's all-seeing eye
Survey'd the worlds beneath the sky;
From this small speck of earth were sent
Murmurs and sounds of discontent;
For every thing alive complain'd
That he the hardest life sustain'd.
Jove calls his Eagle. At the word
Before him stands the royal bird.

The bird, obedient, from heaven's height,
Downward directs his rapid flight;
Then cited every living thing
To hear the mandates of his king.
'Ungrateful creatures! whence arise
These murmurs which offend the skies;
Why this disorder? say the cause:
For just are Jove's eternal laws.
Let each his discontent reveal;
To yon sour Dog I first appeal.'
'Hard is my lot, (the Hound replies)
On what fleet nerves the Greyhound flies;
While I, with weary step and slow,
O'er plains, and vales, and mountains, go.
The morning sees my chase begun,
Nor ends it till the setting sun.'
'When (says the Greyhound) I pursue,
My game is lost, or caught in view;
Beyond my sight the prey's secure;
The Hound is slow, but always sure;
And had I his sagacious scent,
Jove ne'er had heard my discontent.'
The Lion crav'd the Fox's art;
The Fox the Lion's force and heart:
The Cock implor'd the Pigeon's flight,
Whose wings were rapid, strong, and light;
The Pigeon strength of wing despis'd,
And the Cock's matchless valour priz'd:
The Fishes wish'd to graze the plain,
The Beasts to skim beneath the main:
Thus, envious of another's state,
Each blam'd the partial hand of Fate.
The Bird of Heav'n then cried aloud,
'Jove bids disperse the murmuring crowd;

The god rejects your idle prayers.
Would ye, rebellious mutineers!
Entirely change your name and nature,
And be the very envied creature?—
What, silent all, and none consent?
Be happy, then, and learn content;
Nor imitate the restless mind,
And proud ambition, of mankind.'

THE WILD BOAR AND THE RAM.

Against an elm a sheep was tied,
The butcher's knife in blood was died;
The patient flock, in silent fright,
From far beheld the horrid sight:
A savage Boar, who near them stood,
Thus mock'd to scorn the fleecy brood.
'All cowards should be serv'd like you.
See, see, your murderer is in view:
With purple hands, and reeking knife,
He strips the skin yet warm with life.
Your quarter'd sires, your bleeding dams,
The dying bleat of harmless lambs,
Call for revenge. O stupid race!
The heart that wants revenge is base.'
'I grant, (an ancient Ram replies)
We bear no terror in our eyes;
Yet think us not of soul so tame,
Which no repeated wrongs inflame;
Insensible of every ill,
Because we want thy tusks to kill.
Know, those who violence pursue,
Give to themselves the vengeance due;

For in these massacres they find
The two chief plagues that waste mankind.
Our skin supplies the wrangling bar,
It wakes their slumbering sons to war;
And well revenge may rest contented,
Since drums and parchment were invented.'

THE MISER AND PLUTUS.

THE wind was high, the window shakes,
With sudden start the Miser wakes;
Along the silent room he stalks,
Looks back, and trembles as he walks.
Each lock and every bolt he tries,
In every creek and corner pries;
Then opes the chest with treasure stor'd,
And stands in rapture o'er his hoard.
But now with sudden qualms possest,
He wrings his hands, he beats his breast;
By conscience stung he wildly stares,
And thus his guilty soul declares:
' Had the deep earth her stores confin'd,
This heart had known sweet peace of mind.
But virtue's sold. Good gods! what price
Can recompense the pangs of vice!
O bane of good! seducing cheat!
Can man, weak man, thy power defeat?
Gold banish'd honour from the mind,
And only left the name behind;
Gold sow'd the world with every ill;
Gold taught the murderer's sword to kill:

'Twas gold instructed coward hearts
In treachery's more pernicious arts.
Who can recount the mischiefs o'er?
Virtue resides on earth no more!'—
He spoke, and sigh'd.—In angry mood
Plutus, his god, before him stood.
The Miser, trembling, lock'd his chest;
The Vision frown'd, and thus address'd:—
' Whence is this vile ungrateful rant,
Each sordid rascal's daily cant?
Did I, base wretch! corrupt mankind?—
The fault's in thy rapacious mind.
Because my blessings are abus'd,
Must I be censur'd, curs'd, accus'd?
E'en Virtue's self by knaves is made
A cloak to carry on the trade;
And power (when lodg'd in their possession)
Grows tyranny, and rank oppression.
Thus, when the villain crams his chest,
Gold is the canker of the breast;
'Tis avarice, insolence, and pride,
And every shocking vice beside:
But when to virtuous hands 'tis given,
It blesses, like the dews of Heaven;
Like Heaven, it hears the orphan's cries,
And wipes the tears from widows' eyes.
Their crimes on gold shall Misers lay,
Who pawn'd their sordid souls for pay?
Let bravos, then, when blood is spilt,
Upbraid the passive soul with guilt.'

THE
LION, THE FOX, AND THE GEESE.

A LION, tir'd with state-affairs,
Quite sick of pomp, and worn with cares,
Resolv'd (remote from noise and strife)
In peace to pass his latter life.
It was proclaim'd; the day was set:—
Behold the general council met.
The Fox was viceroy nam'd. The crowd
To the new regent humbly bow'd.
Wolves, bears, and mighty tigers bend,
And strive who most shall condescend.
He straight assumes a solemn grace,
Collects his wisdom in his face:
The crowd admire his wit, his sense;
Each word hath weight and consequence.
The flatterer all his art displays:
He who hath power is sure of praise.
A Fox stept forth before the rest,
And thus the servile throng addrest:
'How vast his talents, born to rule,
And train'd in Virtue's honest school!
What clemency his temper sways!
How uncorrupt are all his ways!
Beneath his conduct and command
Rapine shall cease to waste the land.
His brain hath stratagem and art;
Prudence and mercy rule his heart.
What blessings must attend the nation
Under this good administration!'
He said. A Goose, who distant stood,
Harangued apart the cackling brood:

"Whene'er I hear a knave commend,
He bids me shun his worthy friend.
What praise! what mighty commendation!
But 'twas a Fox who spoke the' oration.
Foxes this government may prize
As gentle, plentiful, and wise;
If they enjoy the sweets, 'tis plain
We Geese must feel a tyrant-reign.
What havoc now shall thin our race,
When every petty clerk in place,
To prove his taste, and seem polite,
Will feed on Geese both noon and night?"

THE LADY AND THE WASP.

What whispers must the beauty bear!
What hourly nonsense haunts her ear!
Where'er her eyes dispense their charms,
Impertinence around her swarms.
Did not the tender nonsense strike,
Contempt and scorn might look dislike;
Forbidding airs might thin the place,
The slightest flap a fly can chase:
But who can drive the numerous breed?—
Chase one, another will succeed.
Who knows a fool, must know his brother;
One fop will recommend another:
And with this plague she's rightly curst,
Because she listen'd to the first.
As Doris, at her toilet's duty,
Sate meditating on her beauty,

She now was pensive, now was gay,
And loll'd the sultry hours away.
  As thus in indolence she lies,
A giddy wasp around her flies.
He now advances, now retires,
Now to her neck and cheek aspires.
Her fan in vain defends her charms;
Swift he returns, again alarms;
For by repulse he bolder grew,
Perch'd on her lip, and sipt the dew.
  She frowns; she frets. "Good gods! (she cries)
Protect me from these teazing flies:
Of all the plagues that heav'n hath sent,
A Wasp is most impertinent."
  The hovering insect thus complain'd;
"Am I then slighted, scorn'd, disdain'd?
Can such offence your anger wake?
'Twas beauty caus'd the bold mistake.
Those cherry lips that breathe perfume,
That cheek so ripe with youthful bloom,
Made me with strong desire pursue
The fairest peach that ever grew."
  "Strike him not, Jenny, (Doris cries)
Nor murder Wasps like vulgar flies;
For though he's free, (to do him right)
The creature's civil and polite."
  In ecstasies away he posts;
Where'er he came, the favour boasts;
Brags, how her sweetest tea he sips,
And shows the sugar on his lips.
  The hint alarm'd the forward crew;
Sure of success, away they flew:
They share the dainties of the day,
Round her with airy music play:

And now they flutter, now they rest,
Now soar again, and skim her breast.
Nor were they banish'd till she found
That Wasps have stings, and felt the wound.

THE BULL AND THE MASTIFF.

SEEK you to train your favourite boy?
Each caution, every care employ;
And ere you venture to confide,
Let his preceptor's heart be tried:
Weigh well his manners, life, and scope;
On these depends thy future hope.
As on a time, in peaceful reign,
A Bull enjoy'd the flowery plain,
A Mastiff pass'd; inflam'd with ire,
His eyeballs shot indignant fire;
He foam'd, he rag'd with thirst of blood.
Spurning the ground the monarch stood,
And roar'd aloud: 'Suspend the fight;
In a whole skin go sleep to-night;
Or tell me, ere the battle rage,
What wrongs provoke thee to engage?
Is it ambition fires thy breast,
Or avarice, that ne'er can rest?
From these alone unjustly springs
The world-destroying wrath of kings.'
The surly Mastiff thus returns:
'Within my bosom glory burns.
Like heroes of eternal name,
Whom poets sing, I fight for fame.
The butcher's spirit-stirring mind
To daily war my youth inclin'd;

He train'd me to heroic deed,
Taught me to conquer or to bleed.'
' Curs'd Dog, (the Bull replied) no more
I wonder at thy thirst of gore;
For thou (beneath a butcher train'd,
Whose hands with cruelty are stain'd,
His daily murders in thy view)
Must, like thy tutor, blood pursue.
Take, then, thy fate!' With goring wound
At once he lifts him from the ground:
Aloft the sprawling hero flies,
Mangled he falls, he howls, and dies.

THE

ELEPHANT AND THE BOOKSELLER.

THE man who with undaunted toils
Sails unknown seas to unknown soils,
With various wonders feasts his sight:
What stranger wonders does he write?
We read, and in description view
Creatures which Adam never knew;
For when we risk no contradiction,
It prompts the tongue to deal in fiction.
Those things that startle me or you
I grant are strange; yet may be true.
Who doubts that Elephants are found
For science and for sense renown'd?
Borri records their strength of parts,
Extent of thought, and skill in arts;
How they perform the law's decrees,
And save the state the hangman's fees;

And how by travel understand
The language of another land.
Let those who question this report,
To Pliny's ancient page resort.
How learn'd was that sagacious breed!
Who now (like them) the Greek can read?
  As one of these, in days of yore,
Rummag'd a shop of learning o'er;
Not, like our modern dealers, minding
Only the margin's breadth and binding;
A book his curious eye detains,
Where, with exactest care and pains,
Were every beast and bird portray'd,
That e'er the search of man survey'd;
Their natures and their powers were writ
With all the pride of human wit:
The page he with attention spread,
And thus remark'd on what he read.
  'Man with strong reason is endow'd,
A beast scarce instinct is allow'd:
But let this author's worth be tried,
'Tis plain that neither was his guide.
Can he discern the different natures,
And weigh the pow'r of other creatures,
Who by the partial work hath shown
He knows so little of his own?
How falsely is the spaniel drawn!
Did man from him first learn to fawn?
A dog proficient in the trade!
He, the chief flatterer Nature made!
Go, Man! the ways of courts discern,
You'll find a spaniel still might learn.
How can the fox's theft and plunder
Provoke his censure or his wonder?

From courtiers' tricks and lawyers' arts,
The fox might well improve his parts.
The lion, wolf, and tiger's brood,
He curses, for their thirst of blood:
But is not man to man a prey?
Beasts kill for hunger, men for pay.'
  The Bookseller, who heard him speak,
And saw him turn a page of Greek,
Thought, 'what a genius have I found!'
Then thus address'd with bow profound.
  "Learn'd Sir, if you'd employ your pen
Against the senseless sons of men,
Or write the history of Siam,
No man is better pay than I am;
Or, since you're learn'd in Greek, let's see
Something against the Trinity.
  When wrinkling with a sneer his trunk,
"Friend, (quoth the Elephant) you're drunk:
E'en keep your money, and be wise;
Leave man on man to criticise:
For that you ne'er can want a pen
Among the senseless sons of men.
They unprovok'd will court the fray;
Envy's a sharper spur than pay:
No author ever spar'd a brother;
Wits are gamecocks to one another."

THE
PEACOCK, TURKEY, AND GOOSE.

In beauty faults conspicuous grow;
The smallest speck is seen on snow.
  As near a barn, by hunger led,
A Peacock with the poultry fed,

All view'd him with an envious eye,
And mock'd his gaudy pageantry.
He, conscious of superior merit,
Contemns their base reviling spirit;
His state and dignity assumes,
And to the sun displays his plumes,
Which, like the Heaven's o'er-arching skies,
Are spangled with a thousand eyes.
The circling rays, and varied light,
At once confound their dazzled sight;
On every tongue detraction burns,
And malice prompts their spleen by turns.
" Mark with what insolence and pride
The creature takes his haughty stride,
(The Turkey cries.) Can spleen contain?
Sure never bird was half so vain.
But were intrinsic merit seen,
We Turkeys have the whiter skin."
From tongue to tongue they caught abuse,
And next was heard the hissing Goose:
" What hideous legs! what filthy claws!
I scorn to censure little flaws:
Then what a horrid squalling throat!
E'en owls are frighted at the note."
" True: those are faults, (the Peacock cries)
My scream, my shanks, you may despise;
But such blind critics rail in vain:
What, overlook my radiant train!
Know, did my legs (your scorn and sport)
The Turkey or the Goose support,
And did ye scream with harsher sound,
Those faults in you had ne'er been found:
To all apparent beauties blind,
Each blemish strikes an envious mind."

Thus in assemblies have I seen
A nymph, of brightest charms and mien,
Wake envy in each ugly face,
And buzzing scandal fills the place.

CUPID, HYMEN, AND PLUTUS.

As Cupid in Cythera's grove
Employ'd the lesser powers of Love;
Some shape the bow, or fit the string,
Some give the taper shaft its wing,
Or turn the polish'd quiver's mould,
Or head the darts with temper'd gold.
Amidst their toil and various care
Thus Hymen, with assuming air,
Address'd the god: "Thou purblind Chit,
Of awkward and ill-judging wit,
If matches are not better made,
At once I must forswear my trade.
You send me such ill-coupled folks,
That 'tis a shame to sell them yokes.
They squabble for a pin, a feather,
And wonder how they came together.
The husband's sullen, dogged, shy,
The wife grows flippant in reply:
He loves command and due restriction,
And she as well likes contradiction:
She never slavishly submits;
She'll have her will, or have her fits.
He this way tugs, she t' other draws;
The man grows jealous, and with cause.
Nothing can save him but divorce;
And here the wife complies of course."

"When, (says the Boy) had I to do
With either your affairs or you?
I never idly spend my darts;
You trade in mercenary hearts.
For settlements the lawyer's fee'd;
Is my hand witness to the deed?
If they like cat and dog agree,
Go rail at Plutus, not at me."
Plutus appear'd, and said, "'Tis true,
In marriage gold is all their view;
They seek not beauty, wit, or sense,
And love is seldom the pretence.
All offer incense at my shrine,
And I alone the bargain sign.
How can Belinda blame her fate?
She only ask'd a great estate.
Doris was rich enough, 'tis true;
Her lord must give her title too:
And every man, or rich or poor,
A fortune asks, and asks no more."
Avarice, whatever shape it bears,
Must still be coupled with its cares.

THE TAME STAG.

As a young Stag the thicket past,
The branches held his antlers fast;
A clown, who saw the captive hung,
Across the horns his halter flung.
Now safely hamper'd in the cord,
He bore the present to his lord.
His lord was pleas'd, as was the clown,
When he was tip'd with half-a-crown.

The Stag was brought before his wife;
The tender lady begg'd his life:
" How sleek's the skin! how speck'd like ermine!
Sure never creature was so charming!"
  At first within the yard confin'd,
He flies and hides from all mankind;
Now bolder grown, with fix'd amaze,
And distant awe presumes to gaze;
Munches the linen on the lines,
And on a hood or apron dines:
He steals my little master's bread,
Follows the servants to be fed:
Nearer and nearer now he stands,
To feel the praise of patting hands;
Examines every fist for meat,
And, though repuls'd, disdains retreat:
Attacks again with levell'd horns,
And man, that was his terror, scorns.
  Such is the country maiden's fright,
When first a Redcoat is in sight;
Behind the door she hides her face,
Next time at distance eyes the lace:
She now can all his terrors stand,
Nor from his squeeze withdraws her hand.
She plays familiar in his arms,
And every soldier hath his charms:
From tent to tent she spreads her flame;
For custom conquers fear and shame.

THE MONKEY

WHO HAD SEEN THE WORLD.

A MONKEY, to reform the times,
Resolv'd to visit foreign climes;
For men in distant regions roam
To bring politer manners home.
So forth he fares, all toil defies:
Misfortune serves to make us wise.
At length the treacherous snare was laid;
Poor Pug was caught; to Town convey'd;
There sold. (How envied was his doom,
Made captive in a lady's room!)
Proud, as a lover of his chains,
He day by day her favour gains.
Whene'er the duty of the day
The toilet calls; with mimic play
He twirls her knots, he cracks her fan,
Like any other gentleman.
In visits, too, his parts and wit,
When jests grew dull, were sure to hit.
Proud with applause, he thought his mind
In every courtly art refin'd;
Like Orpheus, burnt with public zeal,
To civilize the Monkey-weal;
So watch'd occasion, broke his chain,
And sought his native woods again.
The hairy silvans round him press,
Astonish'd at his strut and dress:
Some praise his sleve, and others glote
Upon his rich embroider'd coat,

His dapper periwig commending,
With the black tail behind depending;
His powder'd back, above, below,
Like hoary frosts, or fleecy snow;
But all, with envy and desire,
His fluttering shoulder-knot admire.
" Hear and improve, (he pertly cries)
I come to make a nation wise.
Weigh your own worth; support your place,
The next in rank to human race.
In cities long I pass'd my days,
Convers'd with men, and learn'd their ways.
Their dress, their courtly manners see;
Reform your state, and copy me.
Seek ye to thrive? in flattery deal;
Your scorn, your hate, with that conceal.
Seem only to regard your friends,
But use them for your private ends.
Stint not to truth the flow of wit;
Be prompt to lie, whene'er 'tis fit.
Bend all your force to spatter merit;
Scandal is conversation's spirit.
Boldly to every thing pretend,
And men your talents shall commend.
I knew the great. Observe me right;
So shall you grow, like man, polite."
He spoke, and bow'd. With muttering jaws
The wondering circle grinn'd applause.
Now, warm'd with malice, envy, spite,
Their most obliging friends they bite;
And, fond to copy human ways,
Practise new mischiefs all their days.
Thus the dull lad, too tall for school,
With travel finishes the fool;

Studious of every coxcomb's airs,
He drinks, games, dresses, whores, and swears;
O'erlooks with scorn all virtuous arts,
For vice is fitted to his parts.

THE

PHILOSOPHER AND THE PHEASANTS.

The Sage, awak'd at early day,
Through the deep forest took his way;
Drawn by the music of the groves,
Along the winding gloom he roves:
From tree to tree the warbling throats
Prolong the sweet alternate notes:
But where he past he terror threw,
The song broke short, the warblers flew;
The thrushes chatter'd with affright,
And nightingales abhor'd his sight;
All animals before him ran,
To shun the hateful sight of man.
" Whence is this dread of every creature?
Fly they our figure or our nature?"
As thus he walk'd in musing thought,
His ear imperfect accents caught;
With cautious step he nearer drew,
By the thick shade conceal'd from view.
High on the branch a Pheasant stood,
Around her all her listening brood;
Proud of the blessings of her nest,
She thus a mother's care express'd:
" No dangers here shall circumvent;
Within the woods enjoy content.

Sooner the hawk or vulture trust
Than man, of animals the worst:
In him ingratitude you find,
A vice peculiar to the kind.
The sheep, whose annual fleece is dy'd
To guard his health, and serve his pride;
Forc'd from his fold and native plain,
Is in the cruel shambles slain.
The swarms who, with industrious skill,
His hives with wax and honey fill,
In vain whole summer days employ'd;
Their stores are sold, the race destroy'd.
What tribute from the goose is paid!
Does not her wing all science aid?
Does it not lovers' hearts explain,
And drudge to raise the merchant's gain?
What now rewards this general use?
He takes the quills, and eats the goose.
Man then avoid, detest his ways,
So safety shall prolong your days.
When services are thus acquitted,
Be sure we Pheasants must be spitted."

THE PIN AND THE NEEDLE.

A PIN who long had serv'd a beauty,
Proficient in the toilet's duty,
Had form'd her sleeve, confin'd her hair,
Or given her knot a smarter air,
Now nearest to her heart was plac'd,
Now in her manteau's tail disgrac'd;
But could she partial Fortune blame,
Who saw her lovers serv'd the same?

At length from all her honours cast,
Through various turns of life she past:
Now glitter'd on a tailor's arm,
Now kept a beggar's infant warm;
Now, rang'd within a miser's coat,
Contributes to his yearly groat;
Now, rais'd again from low approach,
She visits in the doctor's coach:
Here, there, by various fortune tost,
At last in Gresham-hall was lost.
Charm'd with the wonders of the show,
On every side, above, below,
She now of this or that inquires;
What least was understood, admires.
'Tis plain, each thing so struck her mind,
Her head's of virtuoso kind.
" And pray what's this, and this, dear Sir?"
" A Needle," says the' interpreter.
She knew the name; and thus the fool
Address'd her as a tailor's tool.
" A Needle with that filthy stone,
Quite idle, all with rust o'ergrown!
You better might employ your parts,
And aid the sempstress in her arts;
But tell me how the friendship grew
Between that paltry flint and you."
" Friend, (says the Needle) cease to blame;
I follow real worth and fame.
Know'st thou the loadstone's power and art,
That virtue virtues can impart?
Of all his talents I partake,
Who then can such a friend forsake?
'Tis I direct the pilot's hand
To shun the rocks and treacherous sand:

By me the distant world is known,
And either India is our own.
Had I with milliners been bred,
What had I been? the guide of thread;
And drudg'd as vulgar Needles do,
Of no more consequence than you."

THE
SHEPHERD'S DOG AND THE WOLF.

A WOLF, with hunger fierce and bold,
Ravag'd the plains, and thinn'd the fold;
Deep in the wood, secure he lay,
The thefts of night regal'd the day.
In vain the shepherd's wakeful care
Had spread the toils, and watch'd the snare;
In vain the dog pursued his pace,
The fleeter robber mock'd the chase.
As Lightfoot rang'd the forest round,
By chance his foe's retreat he found.
" Let us a while the war suspend,
And reason as from friend to friend."
" A truce!" replies the Wolf. 'Tis done.
The Dog the parley thus begun.
" How can that strong intrepid mind
Attack a weak defenceless kind?
Those jaws should prey on nobler food,
And drink the boar's and lion's blood.
Great souls with generous pity melt,
Which coward tyrants never felt.
How harmless is our fleecy care!
Be brave, and let thy mercy spare."
" Friend, (says the Wolf) the matter weigh;
Nature design'd us beasts of prey;

As such, when hunger finds a treat,
'Tis necessary Wolves should eat.
If, mindful of the bleating weal,
Thy bosom burn with real zeal,
Hence, and thy tyrant lord beseech;
To him repeat the moving speech:
A Wolf eats sheep but now and then,
Ten thousands are devour'd by men.
An open foe may prove a curse,
But a pretended friend is worse."

THE PAINTER

WHO PLEASED NO BODY AND EVERY BODY.

LEST men suspect your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view.
The traveller leaping o'er those bounds,
The credit of his book confounds.
Who with his tongue hath armies routed,
Makes e'en his real courage doubted.
But flattery never seems absurd;
The flatter'd always take your word:
Impossibilities seem just:
They take the strongest praise on trust.
Hyperboles, though ne'er so great,
Will still come short of self-conceit.
So very like a Painter drew,
That every eye the picture knew;
He hit complexion, feature, air,
So just, the life itself was there.
No flattery with his colours laid,
To bloom restor'd the faded maid;

He gave each muscle all its strength;
The mouth, the chin, the nose's length;
His honest pencil touch'd with truth,
And mark'd the date of age and youth.
  He lost his friends, his practice fail'd;
Truth should not always be reveal'd:
In dusty piles his pictures lay,
For no one sent the second pay.
  Two bustos, fraught with every grace,
A Venus' and Apollo's face,
He plac'd in view: resolv'd to please,
Whoever sat he drew from these,
From these corrected every feature,
And spirited each awkward creature.
  All things were set; the hour was come,
His pallet ready o'er his thumb;
My Lord appear'd; and, seated right,
In proper attitude and light,
The Painter look'd, he sketch'd the piece,
Then dipt his pencil, talk'd of Greece,
Of Titian's tints, of Guido's air;
"Those eyes, my Lord, the spirit there
Might well a Raphael's hand require,
To give them all the native fire;
The features, fraught with sense and wit,
You'll grant are very hard to hit;
But yet with patience you shall view
As much as paint and art can do."
  Observe the work. My Lord replied,
"Till now I thought my mouth was wide;
Besides, my nose is somewhat long;
Dear Sir, for me, 'tis far too young."
  "Oh! pardon me, (the artist cried)
In this we Painters must decide.

The piece e'en common eyes must strike,
I warrant it extremely like."
  My Lord examin'd it anew;
No looking-glass seem'd half so true.
  A lady came, with borrow'd grace
He from his Venus form'd her face.
Her lover prais'd the Painter's art;
So like the picture in his heart!
To every age some charm he lent;
E'en beauties were almost content.
  Through all the town his art they prais'd;
His custom grew, his price was rais'd.
Had he the real likeness shown,
Would any man the picture own?
But when thus happily he wrought,
Each found the likeness in his thought.

THE LION AND THE CUB.

How fond are men of rule and place,
Who court it from the mean and base!
These cannot bear an equal nigh,
But from superior merit fly.
They love the cellar's vulgar joke,
And lose their hours in ale and smoke.
There o'er some petty club preside;
So poor, so paltry, is their pride!
Nay, e'en with fools whole nights will sit,
In hopes to be supreme in wit.
If these can read, to these I write,
To set their worth in truest light.
  A Lion-cub, of sordid mind,
Avoided all the lion kind;

Fond of applause, he sought the feasts
Of vulgar and ignoble beasts;
With asses all his time he spent,
Their club's perpetual president.
He caught their manners, looks, and airs;
An ass in every thing but ears!
If e'er his Highness meant a joke,
They grinn'd applause before he spoke;
But at each word what shouts of praise!
" Good gods! how natural he brays!"
  Elate with flattery and conceit,
He seeks his royal sire's retreat;
Forward, and fond to show his parts,
His Highness brays; the Lion starts.
  " Puppy! that curs'd vociferation
Betrays thy life and conversation:
Coxcombs, an ever-noisy race,
Are trumpets of their own disgrace."
  " Why so severe? (the Cub replies)
Our senate always held me wise."
  " How weak is pride! (returns the sire)
All fools are vain when fools admire!
But know, what stupid asses prize,
Lions and noble beasts despise."

THE OLD HEN AND THE COCK.

RESTRAIN your child; you'll soon believe
The text which says we sprung from Eve.
  As an old Hen led forth her train,
And seem'd to peck to show the grain,
She rak'd the chaff, she scratch'd the ground,
And glean'd the spacious yard around:

A giddy chick, to try her wings,
On the well's narrow margin springs,
And prone she drops. The mother's breast
All day with sorrow was possest.
  A Cock she met; her son she knew;
And in her heart affection grew.
  " My Son, (says she) I grant your years
Have reach'd beyond a mother's cares.
I see you vigorous, strong, and bold;
I hear with joy your triumphs told.
'Tis not from Cocks thy fate I dread;
But let thy ever-wary tread
Avoid yon well; that fatal place
Is sure perdition to our race.
Print this my counsel on thy breast;
To the just gods I leave the rest."
  He thank'd her care; yet day by day
His bosom burn'd to disobey,
And every time the well he saw,
Scorn'd in his heart the foolish law:
Near and more near each day he drew,
And long'd to try the dangerous view.
  " Why was this idle charge? (he cries)
Let courage female fears despise.
Or did she doubt my heart was brave,
And therefore this injunction gave?
Or does her harvest store the place,
A treasure for her younger race?
And would she thus my search prevent?
I stand resolv'd, and dare the' event."
  Thus said, he mounts the margin's round,
And pries into the depth profound.
He stretch'd his neck; and from below
With stretching neck advanc'd a foe:

With wrath his ruffled plumes he rears,
The foe with ruffled plumes appears:
Threat answer'd threat; his fury grew;
Headlong to meet the war he flew;
But when the watry death he found,
He thus lamented as he drown'd:
" I ne'er had been in this condition,
But for my mother's prohibition."

THE RATCATCHER AND CATS.

THE rats by night such mischief did,
Betty was every morning chid:
They undermin'd whole sides of bacon,
Her cheese was sap'd, her tarts were taken;
Her pasties, fenc'd with thickest paste,
Were all demolish'd and laid waste:
She curs'd the Cat, for want of duty,
Who left her foes a constant booty.
An engineer, of noted skill,
Engag'd to stop the growing ill.
From room to room he now surveys
Their haunts, their works, their secret ways;
Finds where they 'scape an ambuscade,
And whence the nightly sally's made.
An envious Cat from place to place,
Unseen, attends his silent pace:
She saw that if his trade went on,
The purring race must be undone;
So secretly removes his baits,
And every stratagem defeats.
Again he sets the poison'd toils,
And Puss again the labour foils.

" What foe, to frustrate my designs,
My schemes thus nightly countermines?
(Incens'd, he cries) this very hour
The wretch shall bleed beneath my power."
So said, a pond'rous trap he brought,
And in the fact poor Puss was caught.
" Smuggler, (says he) thou shalt be made
A victim to our loss of trade."
The captive Cat, with piteous mews,
For pardon, life, and freedom sues:
" A sister of the science spare;
One interest is our common care."
" What insolence! (the man replied)
Shall Cats with us the game divide?
Were all your interloping band
Extinguish'd, or expell'd the land,
We Ratcatchers might raise our fees,
Sole guardians of a nation's cheese!"
A Cat, who saw the lifted knife,
Thus spoke, and sav'd her sister's life:
" In every age and clime we see
Two of a trade can ne'er agree.
Each hates his neighbour for encroaching;
'Squire stigmatizes 'squire for poaching;
Beauties with beauties are in arms,
And scandal pelts each other's charms;
Kings, too, their neighbour kings dethrone,
In hope to make the world their own:
But let us limit our desires,
Not war like beauties, kings, and 'squires;
For though we both one prey pursue,
There's game enough for us and you."

THE GOAT WITHOUT A BEARD.

'Tis certain that the modish passions
Descend among the crowd, like fashions.
Excuse me, then, if pride, conceit,
(The manners of the fair and great)
I give to monkeys, asses, dogs,
Fleas, owls, goats, butterflies, and hogs.
I say that these are proud: what then?
I never said they equal men.
  A Goat (as vain as Goat can be)
Affected singularity:
Whene'er a thymy bank he found,
He roll'd upon the fragrant ground;
And then with fond attention stood,
Fix'd o'er his image in the flood.
  "I hate my frowzy beard, (he cries)
My youth is lost in this disguise.
Did not the females know my vigour,
Well might they loathe this reverend figure."
  Resolv'd to smooth his shaggy face,
He sought the barber of the place.
A flippant monkey, spruce and smart,
Hard by, profess'd the dapper art;
His pole with pewter basons hung,
Black rotten teeth in order strung,
Rang'd cups, that in the window stood,
Lin'd with red rags, to look like blood,
Did well his threefold trade explain,
Who shav'd, drew teeth, and breath'd a vein.
  The Goat he welcomes with an air,
And seats him in his wooden chair:

Mouth, nose, and cheek, the lather hides;
Light, smooth, and swift, the razor glides.
" I hope your custom, Sir, (says Pug)
Sure never face was half so smug!"
The Goat, impatient for applause,
Swift to the neighbouring hill withdraws;
The shaggy people grinn'd and star'd:
" Heyday! what's here? without a beard!
Say, brother, whence the dire disgrace?
What envious hand hath robb'd your face?"—
When thus the fop with smiles of scorn:
" Are beards by civil nations worn?—
E'en Muscovites have mow'd their chins.
Shall we, like formal Capuchins,
Stubborn in pride, retain the mode,
And bear about the hairy load?
Whene'er we through the village stray,
Are we not mock'd along the way,
Insulted with loud shouts of scorn,
By boys our beards disgrac'd and torn?"
" Were you no more with goats to dwell,
Brother, I grant you reason well;
(Replies a bearded chief.) Beside,
If boys can mortify thy pride,
How wilt thou stand the ridicule
Of our whole flock? Affected fool!
Coxcombs, distinguish'd from the rest,
To all but coxcombs are a jest."

THE OLD WOMAN AND HER CATS.

WHO friendship with a knave hath made,
Is judg'd a partner in the trade.
The matron who conducts abroad
A willing nymph, is thought a bawd;
And if a modest girl is seen
With one who cures a lover's spleen,
We guess her not extremely nice,
And only wish to know her price.
'Tis thus that on the choice of friends
Our good or evil name depends.
  A wrinkled hag, of wicked fame,
Beside a little smoky flame
Sate hovering, pinch'd with age and frost;
Her shrivell'd hands, with veins emboss'd,
Upon her knees her weight sustains,
While palsy shook her crazy brains:
She mumbles forth her backward prayers,
An untam'd scold of fourscore years:
About her swarm'd a numerous brood
Of Cats, who lank with hunger mew'd.
  Teaz'd with their cries, her choler grew,
And thus she sputter'd, "Hence, ye crew!
Fool that I was, to entertain
Such imps, such fiends, a hellish train!
Had ye been never hous'd and nurs'd,
I for a witch had ne'er been curs'd.
To you I owe, that crowds of boys
Worry me with eternal noise;

Straws laid across my pace retard,
The horseshoe's nail'd, (each threshold's guard)
The stunted broom the wenches hide,
For fear that I should up and ride;
They stick with pins my bleeding seat,
And bid me show my secret teat."
" To hear you prate would vex a saint;
Who hath most reason of complaint?
(Replies a Cat) Let's come to proof.
Had we ne'er starv'd beneath your roof,
We had, like others of our race,
In credit liv'd as beasts of chase.
'Tis infamy to serve a hag;
Cats are thought imps, her broom a nag!
And boys against our lives combine,
Because, 'tis said, your Cats have nine."

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE SNAIL.

All upstarts, insolent in place,
Remind us of their vulgar race.
As in the sunshine of the morn
A Butterfly (but newly born)
Sate proudly perking on a rose,
With pert conceit its bosom glows;
His wings (all glorious to behold)
Bedropt with azure, jet, and gold,
Wide he displays; the spangled dew
Reflects his eyes and various hue.
His now-forgotten friend, a Snail,
Beneath his house, with slimy trail
Crawls o'er the grass, whom when he spies,
In wrath he to the gard'ner cries,

" What means yon peasant's daily toil,
From choking weeds to rid the soil?
Why wake you to the morning's care?
Why with new arts correct the year?
Why grows the peach with crimson hue?
And why the plum's inviting blue?
Were they to feast his taste design'd,
That vermin of voracious kind?
Crush then the slow, the pilfering race,
So purge thy garden from disgrace."
" What arrogance! (the Snail replied)
How insolent is upstart pride!
Hadst thou not thus, with insult vain,
Provok'd my patience to complain,
I had conceal'd thy meaner birth,
Nor trac'd thee to the scum of earth:
For scarce nine suns have wak'd the hours,
To swell the fruit, and paint the flow'rs,
Since I thy humbler life survey'd,
In base, in sordid guise array'd;
A hideous insect, vile, unclean,
You drag'd a slow and noisome train;
And from your spider-bowels drew
Foul film, and spun the dirty clue.
I own my humble life, good friend;
Snail was I born, and Snail shall end.
And, what's a Butterfly? at best,
He's but a caterpillar drest;
And all thy race (a numerous seed)
Shall prove of caterpillar breed."

THE SCOLD AND THE PARROT.

The husband thus reprov'd his wife:
" Who deals in slander, lives in strife.
Art thou the herald of disgrace,
Denouncing war to all thy race?
Can nothing quell thy thunder's rage,
Which spares nor friend, nor sex, nor age?
That vixen tongue of your's, my dear,
Alarms our neighbours far and near.
Good gods! 'tis like a rolling river,
That murmuring flows, and flows for ever!
Ne'er tir'd, perpetual discord sowing!
Like fame, it gathers strength by going."
" Heyday! (the flippant tongue replies)
How solemn is the fool! how wise!
Is Nature's choieest gift debar'd?—
Nay, frown not; for I will be heard.
Women of late are finely ridden,
A Parrot's privilege forbidden!
You praise his talk, his squalling song,
But wives are always in the wrong."
Now reputations flew in pieces
Of mothers, daughters, aunts, and nieces:
She ran the Parrot's language o'er,
Bawd, hussy, drunkard, slattern, whore;
On all the sex she vents her fury,
Tries and condemns without a jury.
At once the torrent of her words
Alarm'd cat, monkey, dogs, and birds:

All join their forces to confound her,
Puss spits, the monkey chatters round her;
The yelping cur her heels assaults;
The magpie blabs out all her faults;
Poll, in the uproar, from his cage,
With this rebuke outscream'd her rage:
" A Parrot is for talking priz'd,
But prattling women are despis'd.
She who attacks another's honour,
Draws every living thing upon her:
Think, Madam, when you stretch your lungs,
That all your neighbours too have tongues:
One slander must ten thousand get;
The world with interest pays the debt."

THE CUR AND THE MASTIFF.

A SNEAKING Cur, the master's spy,
Rewarded for his daily lie,
With secret jealousies and fears
Set all together by the ears.
Poor puss to-day was in disgrace,
Another cat supplied her place;
The hound was beat, the mastiff chid,
The monkey was the room forbid;
Each to his dearest friend grew shy,
And none could tell the reason why.
A plan to rob the house was laid:
The thief with love seduc'd the maid,
Cajol'd the Cur, and strok'd his head,
And bought his secresy with bread:
He next the Mastiff's honour try'd,
Whose honest jaws the bribe defied:

He stretch'd his hand to proffer more;
The surly dog his fingers tore.
  Swift ran the cur; with indignation
The master took his information,
" Hang him, the villain's curs'd," he cries;
And round his neck the halter ties.
  The Dog his humble suit prefer'd,
And begg'd in justice to be heard.
The master sat. On either hand
The cited Dogs confronting stand;
The Cur the bloody tale relates,
And, like a lawyer, aggravates.
  " Judge not unheard, (the Mastiff cried)
But weigh the cause of either side.
Think not that treachery can be just;
Take not informers' words on trust;
They ope their hand to every pay,
And you and me by turns betray."
  He spoke; and all the truth appear'd:
The Cur was hang'd, the Mastiff clear'd.

THE SICK MAN AND THE ANGEL.

" Is there no hope?" the sick man said.
The silent doctor shook his head:
And took his leave with signs of sorrow,
Despairing of his fee to-morrow.
  When thus the Man, with gasping breath;
" I feel the chilling wound of Death!
Since I must bid the world adieu,
Let me my former life review.
I grant my bargains well were made;
But all men over-reach in trade:

'Tis self-defence in each profession;
Sure self-defence is no transgression.
The little portion in my hands,
By good security on lands
Is well increas'd. If, unawares,
My justice to myself and heirs
Hath let my debtor rot in jail,
For want of good sufficient bail;
If I by writ, or bond, or deed,
Reduc'd a family to need,
My will hath made the world amends;
My hope on charity depends.
When I am number'd with the dead,
And all my pious gifts are read,
By heav'n and earth 'twill then be known
My charities were amply shown."
An Angel came: "Ah! friend, (he cried)
No more in flattering hope confide.
Can thy good deeds in former times
Outweigh the balance of thy crimes?
What widow or what orphan prays
To crown thy life with length of days?
A pious action's in thy power,
Embrace with joy the happy hour.
Now while you draw the vital air,
Prove your intention is sincere:
This instant give a hundred pound;
Your neighbours want, and you abound."
"But why such haste, (the sick Man whines)
Who knows as yet what Heav'n designs?
Perhaps I may recover still:—
That sum and more are in my will."
"Fool, (says the Vision) now 'tis plain
Your life, your soul, your heav'n, was gain.

From every side, with all your might,
You scrap'd, and scrap'd beyond your right;
And after death would fain atone,
By giving what is not your own."
" While there is life, there's hope, (he cried)
Then why such haste?"—so groan'd and died.

THE

PERSIAN, THE SUN, AND THE CLOUD.

Is there a bard whom genius fires,
Whose every thought the god inspires?
When Envy reads the nervous lines,
She frets, she rails, she raves, she pines;
Her hissing snakes with venom swell;
She calls her venal train from hell:
The servile fiends her nod obey,
And all Curl's authors are in pay.
Fame calls up Calumny and Spite:
Thus shadow owes its birth to light.
As prostrate to the god of Day,
With heart devout, a Persian lay,
His invocation thus begun:
" Parent of light! all-seeing Sun!
Prolific beam, whose rays dispense
The various gifts of providence;
Accept our praise, our daily prayer,
Smile on our fields, and bless the year."
A Cloud, who mock'd his grateful tongue,
The day with sudden darkness hung;
With pride and envy swell'd, aloud
A voice thus thunder'd from the Cloud:

"Weak is this gaudy god of thine,
Whom I at will forbid to shine.
Shall I nor vows nor incense know?—
Where praise is due the praise bestow."
With fervent zeal the Persian mov'd,
Thus the proud calumny reprov'd:
"It was that god who claims my pray'r,
Who gave thee birth, and rais'd thee there;
When o'er his beams the veil is thrown,
Thy substance is but plainer shown:
A passing gale, a puff of wind,
Dispels thy thickest troops combin'd."
The gale arose; the vapour tost
(The sport of winds) in air was lost;
The glorious orb the day refines:
Thus envy breaks, thus merit shines.

THE FOX AT THE POINT OF DEATH.

A FOX, in life's extreme decay,
Weak, sick, and faint, expiring lay;
All appetite had left his maw,
And age disarm'd his mumbling jaw.
His numerous race around him stand,
To learn their dying sire's command:
He rais'd his head with whining moan,
And thus was heard the feeble tone:
"Ah, sons! from evil ways depart;
My crimes lie heavy on my heart.
See, see the murder'd geese appear:
Why are those bleeding turkeys there?

Why all around this cackling train,
Who haunt my ears for chicken slain?"
  The hungry Foxes round them star'd,
And for the promis'd feast prepar'd:
  " Where, Sir, is all this dainty cheer?
Nor turkey, goose, nor hen, is here.
These are the phantoms of your brain,
And your sons lick their lips in vain."
  " O gluttons! (says the drooping sire)
Restrain inordinate desire:
Your liquorish taste you shall deplore,
When peace of conscience is no more.
Does not the hound betray our pace,
And gins and guns destroy our race?
Thieves dread the searching eye of pow'r,
And never feel the quiet hour.
Old age (which few of us shall know)
Now puts a period to my woe.
Would you true happiness attain,
Let honesty your passions rein;
So live in credit and esteem,
And the good name you lost redeem."
  " The counsel's good, (a Fox replies)
Could we perform what you advise.
Think what our ancestors have done;
A line of thieves from son to son:
To us descends the long disgrace,
And infamy hath mark'd our race.
Though we, like harmless sheep, should feed,
Honest in thought, in word, and deed;
Whatever hen-roost is decreas'd,
We shall be thought to share the feast.
The change shall never be believ'd.
A lost good name is ne'er retriev'd."

"Nay, then; (replies the feeble Fox)
But, hark; I hear a hen that clucks:
Go, but be moderate in your food;
A chicken, too, might do me good."

THE

SETTING-DOG AND THE PARTRIDGE.

The ranging Dog the stubble tries,
And searches every breeze that flies;
The scent grows warm; with cautious fear
He creeps, and points the covey near;
The men, in silence, far behind,
Conscious of game, the net unbind.
A Partridge, with experience wise,
The fraudful preparation spies;
She mocks their toils, alarms her brood,
The covey springs, and seeks the wood;
But, ere her certain wing she tries,
Thus to the creeping Spaniel cries:
"Thou fawning slave to man's deceit,
Thou pimp of luxury, sneaking cheat,
Of thy whole species thou disgrace,
Dogs should disown thee of their race!
For, if I judge their native parts,
They're born with honest open hearts;
And, ere they serv'd man's wicked ends,
Were generous foes, or real friends."
When thus the Dog, with scornful smile:
"Secure of wing, thou dar'st revile.
Clowns are to polish'd manners blind;
How ignorant is the rustic mind!

My worth sagacious courtiers see,
And to preferment rise like me.
The thriving pimp, who beauty sets,
Hath oft enhanc'd a nation's debts:
Friend sets his friend, without regard,
And ministers his skill reward:
Thus train'd by man, I learnt his ways,
And growing favour feasts my days."
" I might have guess'd, (the partridge said)
The place where you were train'd and fed;
Servants are apt, and in a trice
Ape to a hair their masters' vice.
You came from court, you say: Adieu!"
She said, and to the covey flew.

THE UNIVERSAL APPARITION.

A RAKE, by every passion rul'd,
With every vice his youth had cool'd;
Disease his tainted blood assails;
His spirits droop, his vigour fails:
With secret ills at home he pines,
And, like infirm old age, declines.
As, twing'd with pain, he pensive sits,
And raves, and prays, and swears, by fits;
A ghastly phantom, lean and wan,
Before him rose, and thus began:
" My name, perhaps, hath reach'd your ear;
Attend, and be advis'd by Care.
Nor love, nor honour, wealth, nor pow'r,
Can give the heart a cheerful hour
When health is lost. Be timely wise:
With health all taste of pleasure flies."

Thus said, the Phantom disappears.
The wary counsel wak'd his fears:
He now from all excess abstains,
With physic purifies his veins;
And, to procure a sober life,
Resolves to venture on a wife.
But now again the Sprite ascends.
Where'er he walks his ear attends;
Insinuates that beauty's frail,
That perseverance must prevail;
With jealousies his brain inflames,
And whispers all her lovers' names.
In other hours she represents
His household charge, his annual rents,
Increasing debts, perplexing duns,
And nothing for his younger sons.
Straight all his thought to gain he turns,
And with the thirst of lucre burns.
But when possess'd of fortune's store,
The Spectre haunts him more and more;
Sets want and misery in view,
Bold thieves and all the murdering crew;
Alarms him with eternal frights,
Infests his dream, or wakes his nights.
How shall he chase this hideous guest?
Power may perhaps protect his rest.
To power he rose. Again the Sprite
Besets him morning, noon, and night;
Talks of Ambition's tottering seat,
How Envy persecutes the great;
Of rival hate, of treacherous friends,
And what disgrace his fall attends.
The court he quits, to fly from Care,
And seeks the peace of rural air:

His groves, his fields, amus'd his hours;
He prun'd his trees, he rais'd his flow'rs.
But Care again his steps pursues,
Warns him of blasts, of blighting dews,
Of plundering insects, snails, and rains,
And droughts that starv'd the labour'd plains.
Abroad, at home, the Spectre's there;
In vain we seek to fly from Care.
At length he thus the Ghost addrest:
" Since thou must be my constant guest,
Be kind, and follow me no more;
For Care, by right, should go before."

THE TWO OWLS AND THE SPARROW.

Two formal Owls together sat,
Conferring thus in solemn chat:
" How is the modern taste decay'd!
Where's the respect to widom paid?
Our worth the Grecian sages knew;
They gave our sires the honour due;
They weigh'd the dignity of fowls,
And pry'd into the depth of Owls.
Athens, the seat of learned fame,
With general voice rever'd our name;
On merit title was confer'd,
And all ador'd the Athenian bird."
" Brother, you reason well; (replies
The solemn mate, with half-shut eyes)
Right: Athens was the seat of learning;
And, truly, wisdom is discerning.
Besides, on Pallas' helm we sit,
The type and ornament of wit:

But now, alas! we're quite neglected,
And a pert Sparrow's more respected."
  A Sparrow, who was lodg'd beside,
O'erhears them soothe each other's pride,
And thus he nimbly vents his heat:
  " Who meets a fool, must find conceit.
I grant you were at Athens grac'd,
And on Minerva's helm were plac'd;
But every bird that wings the sky,
Except the Owl, can tell you why.
From hence they taught their schools to know,
How false we judge by outward show;
That we should never looks esteem,
Since fools as wise as you might seem.
Would ye contempt and scorn avoid,
Let your vain-glory be destroy'd:
Humble your arrogance of thought,
Pursue the ways by Nature taught;
So shall you find delicious fare,
And grateful farmers praise your care;
So shall sleek mice your chase reward,
And no keen cat find more regard."

THE COURTIER AND PROTEUS.

WHENE'ER a Courtier's out of place,
The country shelters his disgrace;
Where, doom'd to exercise and health,
His house and gardens own his wealth.
He builds new schemes, in hope to gain
The plunder of another reign;
Like Philip's son, would fain be doing,
And sighs for other realms to ruin.

As one of these (without his wand)
Pensive along the winding strand
Employ'd the solitary hour,
In projects to regain his pow'r,
The waves in spreading circles ran,
Proteus arose, and thus began:
" Came you from court? for in your mien
A self-important air is seen."
He frankly own'd his friends had trick'd him,
And how he fell his party's victim.
" Know, (says the god) by matchless skill
I change to every shape at will;
But yet I'm told, at court you see
Those who presume to rival me."
Thus said: a snake, with hideous trail,
Proteus extends his scaly mail.
" Know, (says the Man) though proud in place,
All Courtiers are of reptile race.
Like you, they take that dreadful form,
Bask in the sun, and fly the storm;
With malice hiss, with envy glote,
And for convenience change their coat;
With new-got lustre rear their head,
Though on a dunghill born and bred."
Sudden the god a lion stands;
He shakes his mane, he spurns the sands;
Now a fierce lynx, with fiery glare,
A wolf, an ass, a fox, a bear.
" Had I ne'er liv'd at court (he cries)
Such transformation might surprise;
But there, in quest of daily game,
Each able Courtier acts the same.
Wolves, lions, lynxes, while in place,
Their friends and fellows are their chase.

They play the bear's and fox's part,
Now rob by force, now steal with art.
They sometimes in the senate bray,
Or, chang'd again to beasts of prey,
Down from the lion to the ape,
Practise the frauds of every shape.
So said: upon the god he flies,
In cords the struggling captive ties.
"Now, Proteus! now (to truth compell'd)
Speak, and confess thy art excell'd.
Use strength, surprise, or what you will,
The Courtier finds evasions still;
Not to be bound by any ties,
And never forc'd to leave his lies."

THE MASTIFFS.

THOSE who in quarrels interpose,
Must often wipe a bloody nose.
A Mastiff, of true English blood,
Lov'd fighting better than his food.
When dogs were snarling for a bone,
He long'd to make the war his own,
And often found (when two contend)
To interpose obtain'd his end;
He gloried in his limping pace;
The scars of honour seam'd his face;
In every limb a gash appears,
And frequent fights retrench'd his ears.
As on a time he heard from far
Two dogs engag'd in noisy war,
Away he scours, and lays about him,
Resolv'd no fray should be without him.

Forth from his yard a tanner flies,
And to the bold intruder cries,
" A cudgel shall correct your manners:
Whence sprung this cursed hate to tanners?
While on my dog you vent your spite,
Sirrah! 'tis me you dare not bite."
To see the battle thus perplex'd,
With equal rage a butcher vex'd,
Hoarse-screaming from the circled crowd,
To the curs'd mastiff cries aloud,
" Both Hockley-hole and Mary-bone
The combats of my dog have known:
He ne'er, like bullies, coward-hearted,
Attacks in public,—to be parted.
Think not, rash fool, to share his fame;
Be his the honour or the shame."
Thus said, they swore, and rav'd like thunder,
Then drag'd their fasten'd dogs asunder;
While clubs and kicks from every side
Rebounded from the Mastiff's hide.
All reeking now with sweat and blood,
Awhile the parted warriors stood;
Then pour'd upon the meddling foe,
Who, worried, howl'd, and sprawl'd below.
He rose; and, limping from the fray,
By both sides mangled, sneak'd away.

THE

BARLEY-MOW AND THE DUNGHILL.

How many saucy airs we meet
From Temple Bar to Aldgate Street!
Proud rogues, who shar'd the South-sea prey,
And sprung like mushrooms in a day!
They think it mean to condescend
To know a brother or a friend;
They blush to hear their mother's name,
And by their pride expose their shame.
  As cross his yard, at early day,
A careful farmer took his way,
He stop'd, and leaning on his fork,
Observ'd the flail's incessant work.
In thought he measur'd all his store,
His geese, his hogs, he number'd o'er;
In fancy weigh'd the fleeces shorn,
And multiplied the next year's corn.
  A Barley-mow, which stood beside,
Thus to its musing master cried:
"Say, good Sir, is it fit or right
To treat me with neglect and slight?
Me, who contribute to your cheer,
And raise your mirth with ale and beer?
Why thus insulted, thus disgrac'd,
And that vile Dunghill near me plac'd?
Are those poor sweepings of a groom,
That filthy sight, that nauseous fume,
Meet objects here? command it hence;
A thing so mean must give offence."

The humble Dunghill thus replied:
" Thy master hears, and mocks thy pride:—
Insult not thus the meek and low;
In me thy benefactor know;
My warm assistance gave thee birth,
Or thou hadst perish'd low in earth;
But upstarts, to support their station,
Cancel at once all obligation."

PYTHAGORAS AND THE COUNTRYMAN.

PYTHAG'RAS rose at early dawn,
By soaring meditation drawn;
To breathe the fragrance of the day,
Through flowery fields he took his way.
In musing contemplation warm,
His steps misled him to a farm,
Where on a ladder's topmost round
A peasant stood; the hammer's sound
Shook the weak barn. " Say, friend, what care
Calls for thy honest labour there?"
The Clown, with surly voice, replies,
" Vengeance aloud for justice cries.
This kite, by daily rapine fed,
My hens' annoy, my turkeys' dread,
At length his forfeit life hath paid;
See on the wall his wings display'd.
Here nail'd, a terror to his kind,
My fowls shall future safety find;
My yard the thriving poultry feed,
And my barns' refuse fat the breed."
" Friend, (says the sage) the doom is wise;
For public good the murderer dies:

But if these tyrants of the air
Demand a sentence so severe,
Think how the glutton, man, devours;
What bloody feasts regale his hours!
O impudence of power and might,
Thus to condemn a hawk or kite,
When thou, perhaps, carnivorous sinner,
Hadst pullets yesterday for dinner!"
" Hold, (cried the Clown, with passion heated)
Shall kites and men alike be treated?
When Heaven the world with creatures stor'd,
Man was ordain'd their sovereign lord."
" Thus tyrants boast, (the Sage replied)
Whose murders spring from pow'r and pride.
Own then this manlike kite is slain
Thy greater luxury to sustain;
For, ' Petty rogues submit to Fate,
That great ones may enjoy their state[1].' "

THE

FARMER'S WIFE AND THE RAVEN.

" WHY are those tears? why droops your head?
Is then your other husband dead?
Or does a worse disgrace betide:
Hath no one since his death applied?"
" Alas! you know the cause too well;
The salt is spilt, to me it fell:
Then to contribute to my loss,
My knife and fork were laid across:

[1] See Garth's Dispensary.

On Friday, too! the day I dread!
Would I were safe at home in bed!
Last night (I vow to Heaven 'tis true)
Bounce from the fire a coffin flew.
Next post some fatal news shall tell:
God send my Cornish friends be well!"
" Unhappy Widow, cease thy tears,
Nor feel affliction in thy fears;
Let not thy stomach be suspended;
Eat now, and weep when dinner's ended;
And when the butler clears the table,
For thy desert I'll read my Fable."
Betwixt her swagging pannier's load
A Farmer's Wife to market rode,
And, jogging on, with thoughtful care,
Sum'd up the profits of her ware;
When, starting from her silver dream,
Thus far and wide was heard her scream:
" That Raven on yon left-hand oak
(Curse on his ill-betiding croak)
Bodes me no good." No more she said,
When poor blind Ball, with stumbling tread
Fell prone; o'erturn'd the pannier lay,
And her mash'd eggs bestrow'd the way.
She, sprawling in the yellow road,
Rail'd, swore, and curs'd: " Thou croaking toad,
A murrain take thy whoreson throat!
I knew misfortune in the note."
" Dame, (quoth the Raven) spare your oaths,
Unclench your fist, and wipe your clothes.
But why on me those curses thrown?
Goody, the fault was all your own;
For had you laid this brittle ware
On Dun, the old sure-footed mare,

Though all the Ravens of the Hundred,
With croaking had your tongue out-thunder'd,
Sure-footed Dun had kept her legs,
And you, good woman, sav'd your eggs."

THE TURKEY AND THE ANT.

In other men we faults can spy,
And blame the mote that dims their eye;
Each little speck and blemish find,
To our own stronger errors blind.
  A Turkey, tir'd of common food,
Forsook the barn, and sought the wood;
Behind her ran an infant train,
Collecting here and there a grain.
" Draw near, my Birds! (the mother cries)
This hill delicious fare supplies;
Behold the busy negro race,
See millions blacken all the place!
Fear not; like me with freedom eat;
An Ant is most delightful meat.
How bless'd, how envied, were our life,
Could we but 'scape the poulterer's knife!
But man, curs'd man, on Turkeys preys,
And Christmas shortens all our days.
Sometimes with oysters we combine,
Sometimes assist the savoury chine;
From the low peasant to the lord,
The Turkey smokes on every board.
Sure men for gluttony are curs'd,
Of the seven deadly sins the worst."
  An Ant, who climb'd beyond his reach,
Thus answer'd from the neighbouring beech:

" Ere you remark another's sin,
Bid thy own conscience look within;
Control thy more voracious bill,
Nor for a breakfast, nations kill."

THE FATHER AND JUPITER.

THE Man to Jove his suit prefer'd;
He begg'd a wife: his prayer was heard.
Jove wonder'd at his bold addressing;
For how precarious is the blessing!
A wife he takes: and now for heirs
Again he worries Heav'n with prayers.
Jove nods assent: two hopeful boys
And a fine girl reward his joys.
Now more solicitous he grew,
And set their future lives in view;
He saw that all respect and duty
Were paid to wealth, to power, and beauty.
" Once more (he cries) accept my prayer;
Make my lov'd progeny thy care:
Let my first hope, my favourite boy,
All Fortune's richest gifts enjoy:
My next with strong ambition fire;
May favour teach him to aspire,
Till he the step of power ascend,
And courtiers to their idol bend.
With every grace, with every charm,
My daughter's perfect features arm.
If Heaven approve, a Father's bless'd."—
Jove smiles, and grants his full request.
The first, a miser at the heart,
Studious of every griping art,

Heaps hoards on hoards with anxious pain,
And all his life devotes to gain:
He feels no joy, his cares increase,
He neither wakes nor sleeps in peace;
In fancied want (a wretch complete)
He starves, and yet he dares not eat.
The next to sudden honours grew;
The thriving art of courts he knew;
He reach'd the height of power and place,
Then fell, the victim of disgrace.
  Beauty with early bloom supplies
His daughter's cheek, and points her eyes.
The vain coquet each suit disdains,
And glories in her lovers' pains.
With age she fades, each lover flies;
Contemn'd, forlorn, she pines and dies.
  When Jove the Father's grief survey'd,
And heard him Heav'n and Fate upbraid,
Thus spoke the God: "By outward show
Men judge of happiness and woe:
Shall ignorance of good and ill
Dare to direct the eternal will?
Seek virtue; and, of that possest,
To Providence resign the rest."

THE TWO MONKIES.

The learned, full of inward pride,
The fops of outward show deride;
The fop, with learning at defiance,
Scoffs at the pedant and the science:
The Don, a formal solemn strutter,
Despises Monsieur's airs and flutter;

While Monsieur mocks the formal fool,
Who looks, and speaks, and walks, by rule.
Britain, a medley of the twain,
As pert as France, as grave as Spain,
In fancy wiser than the rest,
Laughs at them both, of both the jest.
Is not the Poet's chiming close
Censur'd by all the sons of Prose?
While bards of quick imagination
Despise the sleepy prose narration.
Men laugh at apes; they men contemn;
For what are we but apes to them?
  Two Monkeys went to Southwark fair,
No critics had a sourer air:
They forc'd their way through draggled folks,
Who gap'd to catch Jack Pudding's jokes;
Then took their tickets for the show,
And got by chance the foremost row.
To see their grave observing face
Provok'd a laugh through all the place.
  "Brother, (says Pug, and turn'd his head)
The rabble's monstrously ill-bred."
  Now through the booth loud hisses ran,
Nor ended till the show began.
The tumbler whirls the flip-flap round,
With sommersets he shakes the ground;
The cord beneath the dancer springs;
Aloft in air the vaulter swings;
Distorted now, now prone depends,
Now through his twisted arms ascends;
The crowd, in wonder and delight,
With clapping hands applaud the sight.
  With smiles, quoth Pug, "If pranks like these
The giant apes of reason please,

How would they wonder at our arts?
They must adore us for our parts.
High on the twig I've seen you cling,
Play, twist, and turn in airy ring:
How can those clumsy things like me,
Fly with a bound from tree to tree?
But yet, by this applause, we find
These emulators of our kind
Discern our worth, our parts regard,
Who our mean mimics thus reward."
" Brother, (the grinning mate replies)
In this I grant that man is wise:
While good example they pursue,
We must allow some praise is due;
But when they strain beyond their guide,
I laugh to scorn the mimic pride;
For how fantastic is the sight,
To meet men always bolt upright,
Because we sometimes walk on two!
I hate the imitating crew."

THE OWL AND THE FARMER.

An Owl of grave deport and mien,
Who (like the Turk) was seldom seen,
Within a barn had chose his station,
As fit for prey and contemplation:
Upon a beam aloft he sits,
And nods, and seems to think, by fits.
(So have I seen a man of news,
Or Post-boy or Gazette peruse,
Smoke, nod, and talk with voice profound,
And fix the fate of Europe round.)

Sheaves pil'd on sheaves hid all the floor:—
At dawn of morn to view his store
The Farmer came. The hooting guest
His self-importance thus exprest:
" Reason in man is mere pretence:
How weak, how shallow, is his sense!
To treat with scorn the Bird of Night,
Declares his folly or his spite.
Then, too, how partial is his praise!
The lark's, the linnet's, chirping lays,
To his ill-judging ears are fine,
And nightingales are all divine:
But the more knowing feather'd race
See wisdom stamp'd upon my face.
Whene'er to visit light I deign,
What flocks of fowl compose my train!
Like slaves, they crowd my flight behind,
And own me of superior kind."
The Farmer laugh'd, and thus replied:
" Thou dull important lump of pride!
Dar'st thou with that harsh grating tongue
Depreciate birds of warbling song?
Indulge thy spleen: know men and fowl
Regard thee, as thou art, an Owl.
Besides, proud blockhead! be not vain
Of what thou call'st thy slaves and train:
Few follow Wisdom or her rules;
Fools in derision follow fools."

THE JUGGLERS.

A JUGGLER long through all the Town
Had rais'd his fortune and renown;
You'd think (so far his art transcends)
The devil at his fingers' ends.
  Vice heard his fame, she read his bill;
Convinc'd of his inferior skill,
She sought his booth, and from the crowd
Defied the man of art aloud.
  " Is this then he so fam'd for sleight?
Can this slow bungler cheat your sight?
Dares he with me dispute the prize?
I leave it to impartial eyes."
  Provok'd, the Juggler cried, " 'Tis done;
In science I submit to none."
  Thus said, the cups and balls he play'd;
By turns this here, that there, convey'd.
The cards, obedient to his words,
Are by a fillip turn'd to birds.
His little boxes change the grain:
Trick after trick deludes the train.
He shakes his bag, he shows all fair:
His fingers spread, and nothing there;
Then bids it rain with showers of gold;
And now his ivory eggs are told;
But when from thence the hen he draws,
Amaz'd spectators hum applause.
  Vice now stept forth, and took the place,
With all the forms of his grimace.
  " This magic looking-glass, (she cries)
(There, hand it round) will charm your eyes."

Each eager eye the sight desir'd,
And every man himself admir'd.
  Next, to a senator addressing,
" See this bank-note; observe the blessing.
Breathe on the bill. Hey, pass! 'Tis gone."
Upon his lips a padlock shown.
A second puff the magic broke;
The padlock vanish'd, and he spoke.
  Twelve bottles rang'd upon the board
All full, with heady liquor stor'd,
By clean conveyance disappear,
And now two bloody swords are there.
  A purse she to a thief expos'd;
At once his ready fingers clos'd.
He opes his fist, the treasure's fled;
He sees a halter in its stead.
  She bids Ambition hold a wand;
He grasps a hatchet in his hand.
  A box of charity she shows.
Blow here; and a churchwarden blows.
'Tis vanish'd with conveyance neat,
And on the table smokes a treat.
  She shakes the dice, the board she knocks,
And from all pockets fills her box.
  She next a meagre rake addrest:
" This picture see; her shape, her breast!
What youth, and what inviting eyes!
Hold her, and have her." With surprise,
His hand expos'd a box of pills,
And a loud laugh proclaim'd his ills.
  A counter, in a miser's hand,
Grew twenty guineas at command:
She bids his heir the sum retain,
And 'tis a counter now again.

A guinea with her touch you see
Take every shape but Charity;
And not one thing you saw, or drew,
But chang'd from what was first in view.
The Juggler now, in grief of heart,
With this submission own'd her art:
" Can I such matchless sleight withstand!
How practice hath improv'd your hand!
But now and then I cheat the throng;
You every day, and all day long."

THE COUNCIL OF HORSES.

Upon a time a neighing steed,
Who graz'd among a numerous breed,
With mutiny had fir'd the train,
And spread dissension through the plain.
On matters that concern'd the state
The Council met in grand debate.
A Colt, whose eyeballs flam'd with ire,
Elate with strength and youthful fire,
In haste stept forth before the rest,
And thus the listening throng addrest:
" Good gods! how abject is our race,
Condemn'd to slavery and disgrace!
Shall we our servitude retain,
Because our sires have borne the chain?
Consider, friends! your strength and might;
'Tis conquest to assert your right.
How cumbrous is the gilded coach!
The pride of man is our reproach.
Were we design'd for daily toil,
To drag the ploughshare through the soil,

To sweat in harness through the road,
To groan beneath the carrier's load?
How feeble are the two-legg'd kind!
What force is in our nerves combin'd!
Shall then our nobler jaws submit
To foam and champ the galling bit?
Shall haughty man my back bestride?
Shall the sharp spur provoke my side?
Forbid it, heavens! Reject the rein;
Your shame, your infamy, disdain.
Let him the lion first control,
And still the tiger's famish'd growl.
Let us, like them, our freedom claim,
And make him tremble at our name."
  A general nod approv'd the cause,
And all the circle neigh'd applause.
  When, lo! with grave and solemn pace,
A Steed advanc'd before the race,
With age and long experience wise;
Around he cast his thoughtful eyes,
And, to the murmurs of the train,
Thus spoke the Nestor of the plain:
  " When I had health and strength, like you,
The toils of servitude I knew;
Now grateful man rewards my pains,
And gives me all these wide domains.
At will, I crop the year's increase;
My latter life is rest and peace.
I grant to man we lend our pains,
And aid him to correct the plains;
But doth not he divide the care,
Through all the labours of the year?
How many thousand structures rise,
To fence us from inclement skies!

For us he bears the sultry day,
And stores up all our winter's hay;
He sows, he reaps the harvest's gain;
We share the toil and share the grain.
Since every creature was decreed
To aid each other's mutual need,
Appease your discontented mind,
And act the part by Heaven assign'd."
  The tumult ceas'd. The Colt submitted;
And, like his ancestors, was bitted.

THE HOUND AND THE HUNTSMAN.

IMPERTINENCE at first is borne
With heedless slight, or smiles of scorn:
Teas'd into wrath, what patience bears
The noisy fool who perseveres?
  The morning wakes, the Huntsman sounds,
At once rush forth the joyful Hounds;
They seek the wood with eager pace,
Through bush, through brier, explore the chase:
Now scatter'd wide they try the plain,
And snuff the dewy turf in vain.
What care, what industry, what pains!
What universal silence reigns!
  Ringwood, a dog of little fame,
Young, pert, and ignorant of game,
At once displays his babbling throat;
The pack, regardless of the note,
Pursue the scent; with louder strain
He still persists to vex the train.
  The Huntsman to the clamour flies,
The smacking lash he smartly plies.

His ribs all welk'd, with howling tone
The puppy thus express'd his moan.
" I know the music of my tongue
Long since the pack with envy stung.
What will not spite? these bitter smarts
I owe to my superior parts."
" When Puppies prate, (the Huntsman cried)
They show both ignorance and pride:
Fools may our scorn, not envy, raise;
For envy is a kind of praise.
Had not thy forward noisy tongue
Proclaim'd thee always in the wrong,
Thou might'st have mingled with the rest,
And ne'er thy foolish nose confest:
But fools, to talking ever prone,
Are sure to make their follies known."

THE POET AND THE ROSE.

I HATE the man who builds his name
On ruins of another's fame:
Thus prudes, by characters o'erthrown,
Imagine that they raise their own;
Thus scribblers, covetous of praise,
Think slander can transplant the bays.
Beauties and bards have equal pride,
With both all rivals are decried:
Who praises Lesbia's eyes and feature,
Must call her sister 'awkward creature;'
For the kind flattery's sure to charm,
When we some other nymph disarm.
As in the cool of early day
A Poet sought the sweets of May,

The garden's fragrant breath ascends,
And every stalk with odour bends:
A Rose he pluck'd, he gaz'd, admir'd,
Thus singing, as the muse inspir'd:—
" Go, Rose, my Chloe's bosom grace;
How happy should I prove,
Might I supply that envied place
With never-fading love!
There, Phœnix-like, beneath her eye,
Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die.
" Know, hapless flower! that thou shalt find
More fragrant Roses there:
I see thy withering head reclin'd
With envy and despair!
One common fate we both must prove;
You die with envy, I with love."
" Spare your comparisons, (replied
An angry Rose, who grew beside)
Of all mankind you should not flout us;
What can a Poet do without us!
In every love-song Roses bloom;
We lend you colour and perfume:
Does it to Chloe's charms conduce,
To found her praise on our abuse?
Must we, to flatter her, be made
To wither, envy, pine, and fade?"

THE
CUR, HORSE, AND SHEPHERD'S DOG.

THE lad of all-sufficient merit,
With modesty ne'er damps his spirit;
Presuming on his own deserts,
On all alike his tongue exerts:
His noisy jokes at random throws,
And pertly spatters friends and foes.
In wit and war the bully race
Contribute to their own disgrace:
Too late the forward youth shall find
That jokes are sometimes paid in kind;
Or if they canker in the breast,
He makes a foe who makes a jest.
  A village Cur, of snappish race,
The pertest puppy of the place,
Imagin'd that his treble throat
Was blest with Music's sweetest note;
In the mid road he basking lay,
The yelping nuisance of the way;
For not a creature pass'd along
But had a sample of his song.
Soon as the trotting Steed he hears,
He starts, he cocks his dapper ears;
Away he scowers, assaults his hoof;
Now near him snarls, now barks aloof;
With shrill impertinence attends,
Nor leaves him till the village ends.
It chanc'd, upon his evil day,
A Pad came passing down the way;
The Cur, with never-ceasing tongue,
Upon the passing traveller sprung.

The Horse, from scorn provok'd to ire,
Flung backward: rolling in the mire,
The Puppy howl'd, and bleeding lay;
The Pad in peace pursued his way.
  A Shepherd's Dog, who saw the deed,
Detesting the vexatious breed,
Bespoke him thus: "When coxcombs prate,
They kindle wrath, contempt, or hate;
Thy teasing tongue had judgment tied,
Thou hadst not like a puppy died."

THE COURT OF DEATH.

DEATH, on a solemn night of state,
In all his pomp of terror sate:
The attendants of his gloomy reign,
Diseases dire, a ghastly train!
Crowd the vast court. With hollow tone
A voice thus thunder'd from the throne:
"This night our minister we name;
Let every servant speak his claim:
Merit shall bear this ebon wand."
All, at the word, stretch'd forth their hand.
  Fever, with burning heat possest,
Advanc'd, and for the wand addrest:
  "I to the weekly bills appeal,
Let those express my fervent zeal;
On every slight occasion near,
With violence I persevere."
  Next Gout appears with limping pace,
Pleads how he shifts from place to place;
From head to foot how swift he flies,
And every joint and sinew plies;

Still working when he seems supprest,
A most tenacious stubborn guest.
  A haggard Spectre from the crew
Crawls forth, and thus asserts his due:
" 'Tis I who taint the sweetest joy,
And in the shape of Love destroy:
My shanks, sunk eyes, and noseless face,
Prove my pretension to the place."
  Stone urg'd his ever-growing force;
And, next, Consumption's meagre corse,
With feeble voice, that scarce was heard,
Broke with short coughs, his suit preferr'd:
" Let none object my lingering way,
I gain, like Fabius, by delay;
Fatigue and weaken every foe
By long attack, secure, though slow."
  Plague represents his rapid power,
Who thinn'd a nation in an hour.
  All spoke their claim, and hop'd the wand.—
Now expectation hush'd the band,
When thus the Monarch from the throne:
  " Merit was ever modest known.
What, no Physician speak his right!
None here! but fees their toils requite.
Let then Intemperance take the wand,
Who fills with gold their zealous hand.
You, Fever, Gout, and all the rest,
(Whom wary men, as foes, detest)
Forego your claim; no more pretend;
Intemperance is esteem'd a friend;
He shares their mirth, their social joys,
And as a courted guest destroys:
The charge on him must justly fall,
Who finds employment for you all."

THE GARDENER AND THE HOG.

A GARD'NER of peculiar taste,
On a young Hog his favour plac'd,
Who fed not with the common herd;
His tray was to the hall prefer'd:
He wallow'd underneath the board,
Or in his master's chamber snor'd,
Who fondly strok'd him every day,
And taught him all the puppy's play.
Where'er he went, the grunting friend
Ne'er fail'd his pleasure to attend.
As on a time the loving pair
Walk'd forth to tend the garden's care,
The Master thus address'd the Swine:
"My house, my garden, all is thine!
On turnips feast whene'er you please;
And riot in my beans and pease;
If the potatoe's taste delights,
Or the red carrot's sweet invites,
Indulge thy morn and evening hours,
But let due care regard my flow'rs:
My tulips are my garden's pride:
What vast expense those beds supplied!"
The Hog by chance one morning roam'd,
Where with new ale the vessels foam'd:
He munches now the steaming grains,
Now with full swill the liquor drains.
Intoxicating fumes arise;
He reels, he rolls his winking eyes;
Then staggering through the garden scours,
And treads down painted ranks of flowers:

With delving snout he turns the soil,
And cools his palate with the spoil.
  The Master came, the ruin spied;
" Villain! suspend thy rage, (he cried)
Hast thou, thou most ungrateful sot,
My charge, my only charge, forgot?
What, all my flowers!" no more he said,
But gaz'd, and sigh'd, and hung his head.
  The Hog with stuttering speech returns;
" Explain, Sir, why your anger burns.
See there, untouch'd, your tulips strown;
For I devour'd the roots alone."
  At this the Gard'ner's passion grows;
From oaths and threats he fell to blows:
The stubborn brute the blows sustains,
Assaults his leg, and tears the veins.
  Ah! foolish Swain! too late you find
That styes were for such friends design'd!
  Homeward he limps with painful pace,
Reflecting thus on past disgrace;
" Who cherishes a brutal mate,
Shall mourn the folly soon or late."

THE MAN AND THE FLEA.

WHETHER on earth, in air, or main,
Sure every thing alive is vain!
  Does not the hawk all fowls survey,
As destin'd only for his prey?
And do not tyrants, prouder things,
Think men were born for slaves to kings?
  When the crab views the pearly strands,
Or Tagus, bright with golden sands;

Or crawls beside the coral grove,
And hears the ocean roll above;
" Nature is too profuse, (says he)
Who gave all these to pleasure me!"
When bordering pinks and roses bloom,
And every garden breathes perfume;
When peaches glow with sunny dyes,
Like Laura's cheek when blushes rise;
When the huge figs the branches bend,
When clusters from the vine depend,
The snail looks round on flower and tree,.
And cries, " All these were made for me!"
" What dignity's in human nature?"
Says Man, the most conceited creature,
As from a cliff he cast his eye,
And view'd the sea and arched sky.
The sun was sunk beneath the main;
The moon and all the starry train
Hung the vast vault of heaven: the Man
His contemplation thus began:
" When I behold this glorious show,
And the wide wat'ry world below,
The scaly people of the main,
The beasts that range the wood or plain,
The wing'd inhabitants of air,
The day, the night, the various year,
And know all these by Heaven design'd
As gifts to pleasure human-kind,
I cannot raise my worth too high;
Of what vast consequence am I!"
" Not of the importance you suppose,
(Replies a Flea npon his nose:)
Be humble, learn thyself to scan;
Know, pride was never made for man.

'Tis vanity that swells thy mind.
What, Heaven and earth for thee design'd!
For thee, made only for our need,
That more important Fleas might feed."

THE HARE AND MANY FRIENDS.

FRIENDSHIP, like love, is but name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child, whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendships; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.
A Hare who, in a civil way,
Complied with every thing, like GAY,
Was known by all the bestial train
Who haunt the wood or graze the plain;
Her care was never to offend,
And every creature was her friend.
As forth she went, at early dawn,
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies:
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy ground,
Till, fainting in the public way,
Half-dead with fear she gasping lay.
What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the Horse appear'd in view!
"Let me, (says she) your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend.

You know my feet betray my flight:
To friendship every burden's light."
  The Horse replied, " Poor honest puss,
It grieves my heart to see thee thus:
Be comforted, relief is near,
For all your friends are in the rear."
  She next the stately Bull implor'd;
And thus replied the mighty lord:
" Since every beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well;
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.
Love calls me hence; a favourite cow
Expects me near yon barley-mow;
And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place.
To leave you thus might seem unkind,
But see, the Goat is just behind."
  The Goat remark'd her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye:
" My back, (says he) may do you harm;
The sheep's at hand, and wool is warm."
  The Sheep was feeble, and complain'd
His sides a load of wool sustain'd;
Said he was slow; confess'd his fears;
For hounds eat sheep as well as Hares.
  She now the trotting Calf address'd,
To save from death a friend distress'd:
  " Shall I, (says he) of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler pass'd you by;
How strong are those! how weak am I!

Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.
Excuse me, then: you know my heart;
But dearest friends, alas! must part,
How shall we all lament! Adieu;
For see the hounds are just in view."

FABLES.

PART II.

ADVERTISEMENT.

These Fables were finished by Mr. GAY, and intended for the press a short time before his death; when they were left, with his other papers, to the care of his noble friend and patron the Duke of Queensberry; who permitted them to be printed from the originals in the Author's own hand-writing.

THE DOG AND THE FOX.

TO A LAWYER.

I KNOW you lawyers can, with ease,
Twist words and meanings as you please;
That language, by your skill made pliant,
Will bend to favour every client;
That 'tis the fee directs the sense,
To make out either side's pretence.
When you peruse the clearest case,
You see it with a double face:
For scepticism is your profession;
You hold there's doubt in all expression.
  Hence is the bar with fees supplied,
Hence eloquence takes either side.
Your hand would have but paltry gleaning,
Could every man express his meaning.

Who dares presume to pen a deed,
Unless you previously are fee'd?
'Tis drawn; and, to augment the cost,
In dull prolixity engrost.
And now we're well secur'd by law,
Till the next brother find a flaw.
  Read o'er a will. Was't ever known
But you could make the will your own?
For when you read, 'tis with intent
To find out meanings never meant.
Since things are thus, *se defendendo,*
I bar fallacious *inuendo.*
  Sagacious Porta's skill could trace
Some beast or bird in every face.
The head, the eye, the nose's shape,
Prov'd this an owl, and that an ape;
When, in the sketches thus design'd,
Resemblance brings some friend to mind,
You show the piece, and give the hint,
And find each feature in the print;
So monstrous-like the portrait's found,
All know it, and the laugh goes round.
Like him I draw from general nature;
Is't I or you, then, fix the satire?—
  So, Sir, I beg you spare your pains
In making comments on my strains.
All private slander I detest,
I judge not of my neighbour's breast:
Party and prejudice I hate,
And write no libels on the state.
  Shall not my Fable censure vice,
Because a knave is over nice?
And, lest the guilty hear and dread,
Shall not the decalogue be read?

If I lash vice in general fiction,
Is't I apply, or self-conviction?
Brutes are my theme: am I to blame,
If men in morals are the same?
I no man call or ape or ass;
'Tis his own conscience holds the glass.
Thus void of all offence I write:
Who claims the fable knows his right.
  A shepherd's Dog, unskill'd in sports,
Pick'd up acquaintance of all sorts;
Among the rest a Fox he knew;
By frequent chat their friendship grew.
  Says Reynard, " 'Tis a cruel case,
That man should stigmatize our race.
No doubt, among us rogues you find,
As among dogs and human kind;
And yet (unknown to me and you)
There may be honest men and true.
Thus slander tries whate'er it can
To put us on the foot with man.
Let my own actions recommend;
No prejudice can blind a friend:
You know me free from all disguise;
My honour as my life I prize."
  By talk like this, from all mistrust
The Dog was cur'd, and thought him just.
  As on a time the Fox held forth
On conscience, honesty, and worth,
Sudden he stop'd; he cock'd his ear;
Low dropt his brushy tail with fear.
  " Bless us! the hunters are abroad:
What's all that clatter on the road?"
  " Hold, (says the Dog) we're safe from harm,
'Twas nothing but a false alarm:

At yonder town 'tis market-day;
Some farmer's wife is on the way;
'Tis so; I know her pyebald mare,
Dame Dobbins with her poultry-ware."
  Reynard grew huff. Says he, " This sneer
From you I little thought to hear;
Your meaning in your looks I see:
Pray what's dame Dobbins, friend, to me?
Did I e'er make her poultry thinner?
Prove that I owe the dame a dinner."
  " Friend, (quoth the Cur) I meant no harm;
Then why so captious? why so warm?
My words, in common acceptation,
Could never give this provocation.
No lamb, for aught I ever knew,
May be more innocent than you."
At this, gall'd Reynard winc'd, and swore
Such language ne'er was given before.
  " What's lamb to me? this saucy hint
Shows me, base knave, which way you squint.
If t' other night your master lost
Three lambs, am I to pay the cost?
Your vile reflections would imply
That I'm the thief. You Dog, you lie."
  " Thou knave, thou fool, (the Dog replied)
The name is just, take either side;
Thy guilt these applications speak:
Sirrah, 'tis conscience makes you squeak."
  So saying, on the Fox he flies:
The self-convicted felon dies.

THE VULTURE, THE SPARROW,
AND OTHER BIRDS.

TO A FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY.

ERE I begin, I must premise
Our ministers are good and wise;
So, though malicious tongues apply,
Pray what care they, or what care I?
  If I am free with courts, be't known,
I ne'er presume to mean our own.
If general morals seem to joke
On ministers, and such-like folk,
A captious fool may take offence;
What then? He knows his own pretence.
I meddle with no state affairs;
But spare my jest to save my ears.
Our present schemes are too profound,
For Machiavel himself to sound:
To censure 'em I 've no pretension;
I own they're past my comprehension.
  You say, your brother wants a place,
('Tis many a younger brother's case)
And that he very soon intends
To ply the court, and tease his friends.
If there his merits chance to find
A patriot of an open mind,
Whose constant actions prove him just
To both a king's and people's trust;
May he, with gratitude, attend,
And owe his rise to such a friend.
  You praise his parts, for business fit,
His learning, probity, and wit;

But those alone will never do,
Unless his patron have 'em too.
  I've heard of times (pray GOD defend us!
We're not so good but he can mend us)
When wicked ministers have trod
On kings and people, law and GOD;
With arrogance they girt the throne,
And knew no interest but their own.
Then virtue, from preferment barr'd,
Gets nothing but its own reward.
A gang of petty knaves attend 'em,
With proper parts to recommend 'em.
Then if his patron burn with lust,
The first in favour's pimp the first.
His doors are never clos'd to spies,
Who cheer his heart with double lies;
They flatter him, his foes defame,
So lull the pangs of guilt and shame.
If schemes of lucre haunt his brain,
Projectors swell his greedy train:
Vile brokers ply his private ear
With jobs of plunder for the year;
All consciences must bend and ply;
You must vote on and not know why:
Through thick and thin you must go on;
One scruple, and your place is gone.
  Since plagues like these have curs'd a land,
And favourites cannot always stand,
Good courtiers should for change be ready,
And not have principles too steady;
For should a knave engross the pow'r,
(GOD shield the realm from that sad hour)
He must have rogues or slavish fools;
For what's a knave without his tools?

Wherever those a people drain,
And strut with infamy and gain,
I envy not their guilt and state,
And scorn to share the public hate.
Let their own servile creatures rise,
By screening fraud, and venting lies:
Give me, kind Heaven, a private station[1],
A mind serene for contemplation:
Title and profit I resign;
The post of honour shall be mine.
My Fable read, their merits view,
Then herd who will with such a crew.

In days of yore (my cautious rhymes
Always except the present times)
A greedy Vulture, skill'd in game,
Inur'd to guilt, unaw'd by shame,
Approach'd the throne in evil hour,
And step by step intrudes to pow'r:
When at the royal Eagle's ear,
He longs to ease the monarch's care.
The monarch grants. With pride elate,
Behold him minister of state!
Around him throng the feather'd rout;
Friends must be serv'd, and some must out;
Each thinks his own the best pretension;
This asks a place, and that a pension.

The Nightingale was set aside:
A forward Daw his room supplied.

" This bird (says he) for business fit,
Hath both sagacity and wit:
With all his turns, and shifts, and tricks,
He's docile, and at nothing sticks:

[1] ——When impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station. *Addison.*

Then with his neighbours one so free
At all times will connive at me."
  The Hawk had due distinction shown,
For parts and talents like his own.
  Thousands of hireling Cocks attend him,
As blustering bullies to defend him.
  At once the Ravens were discarded,
And Magpies with their posts rewarded.
  Those fowls of omen I detest,
That pry into another's nest.
State-lies must lose all good intent,
For they foresee and croak the' event.
My friends ne'er think, but talk by rote,
Speak what they're taught, and so to vote.
  "When rogues like these (a Sparrow cries)
To honours and employments rise,
I court no favour, ask no place,
From such preferment is disgrace.
Within my thatch'd retreat I find
(What these ne'er feel) true peace of mind."

THE BABOON AND THE POULTRY.

TO A LEVEE-HUNTER.

We frequently misplace esteem,
By judging men by what they seem.
To birth, wealth, power, we should allow
Precedence, and our lowest bow:
In that is due distinction shown;
Esteem is Virtue's right alone.
  With partial eye we're apt to see
The man of noble pedigree:

We're prepossest my Lord inherits,
In some degree, his grandsire's merits;
For those we find upon record,
But find him nothing but 'my Lord.'
  When we, with superficial view,
Gaze on the rich, we're dazzled too.
We know that wealth, well understood,
Hath frequent power of doing good,
Then fancy that the thing is done,
As if the power and will were one.
Thus oft the cheated crowd adore
The thriving knaves that keep 'em poor.
  The cringing train of power survey;
What creatures are so low as they!
With what obsequiousness they bend!
To what vile actions condescend!
Their rise is on their meanness built,
And flattery is their smallest guilt.
What homage, reverence, adoration,
In every age, in every nation,
Have sycophants to power address'd!
No matter who the power possess'd.
Let ministers be what they will,
You find their levees always fill:
E'en those who have perplex'd a state,
Whose actions claim contempt and hate,
Had wretches to applaud their schemes,
Though more absurd than madmen's dreams.
When barbarous Moloch was invok'd,
The blood of infants only smok'd!
But here (unless all History lies)
Whole realms have been a sacrifice.
  Look through all courts: 'tis power we find
The general idol of mankind;

There worship'd under every shape:
Alike the lion, fox, and ape,
Are follow'd by time-serving slaves,
Rich prostitutes and needy knaves.
  Who then shall glory in his post?
How frail his pride, how vain his boast!
The followers of his prosperous hour
Are as unstable as his power.
Power, by the breath of Flattery nurst,
The more it swells is nearer burst.
The bubble breaks, the gewgaw ends,
And in a dirty tear descends.
  Once on a time an ancient maid,
By wishes and by time decay'd,
To cure the pangs of restless thought,
In birds and beasts amusement sought:
Dogs, parrots, apes, her hours employ'd;
With these alone she talk'd and toy'd.
  A huge Baboon her fancy took,
(Almost a man in size and look)
He finger'd every thing he found;
And mimic'd all the servants round;
Then, too, his parts and ready wit
Show'd him for every business fit.
With all these talents 'twas but just
That Pug should hold a place of trust;
So to her favourite was assign'd
The charge of all her feather'd kind.
'Twas his to tend 'em eve and morn,
And portion out their daily corn.
  Behold him now, with haughty stride,
Assume a ministerial pride.
The morning rose. In hope of picking,
Swans, turkeys, peacocks, ducks, and chicken,

Fowls of all ranks surround his hut,
To worship his important strut.
The minister appears. The crowd,
Now here, now there, obsequious bow'd.
This prais'd his parts, and that his face,
T' other his dignity in place.
From bill to bill the flattery ran:
He hears and bears it like a man;
For when we flatter Self-conceit,
We but his sentiments repeat.
  If we're too scrupulously just,
What profit's in a place of trust?
The common practice of the great
Is to secure a snug retreat:
So Pug began to turn his brain
(Like other folks in place) on gain.
  An apple-woman's stall was near,
Well stock'd with fruits through all the year;
Here every day he cram'd his guts,
Hence were his hoards of pears and nuts;
For 'twas agreed (in way of trade)
His payments should in corn be made.
  The stock of grain was quickly spent,
And no account which way it went:
Then, too, the Poultry's starv'd condition
Caus'd speculations of suspicion.
The facts were prov'd beyond dispute;
Pug must refund his hoards of fruit;
And, though then minister in chief,
Was branded as a public thief.
Disgrac'd, despis'd, confin'd to chains,
He nothing but his pride retains.
  A Goose pass'd by; he knew the face,
Seen every levee while in place.

"What, no respect! no reverence shown!
How saucy are these creatures grown!
Not two days since (says he) you bow'd
The lowest of my fawning crowd."
"Proud fool! (replies the Goose) 'tis true
Thy corn a fluttering levee drew;
For that I join'd the hungry train,
And sold thee flattery for thy grain:
But then, as now, conceited Ape,
We saw thee in thy proper shape."

THE ANT IN OFFICE.

TO A FRIEND.

You tell me that you apprehend
My verse may touchy folks offend.
In prudence, too, you think my rhymes
Should never squint at courtiers' crimes;
For though nor this nor that is meant,
Can we another's thoughts prevent?
You ask me, if I ever knew
Court-chaplains thus the lawn pursue?
I meddle not with gown or lawn;
Poets, I grant, to rise must fawn:
They know great ears are over nice,
And never shock their patron's vice.
But I this hackney path despise;
'Tis my ambition not to rise:
If I must prostitute the Muse,
The base conditions I refuse.
I neither flatter nor defame,
Yet own I would bring guilt to shame.

If I Corruption's hand expose,
I make corrupted men my foes;
What then? I hate the paltry tribe:
Be virtue mine; be theirs the bribe.
I no man's property invade;
Corruption's yet no lawful trade.
Nor would it mighty ills produce,
Could I shame bribery out of use.
I know 'twould cramp most politicians,
Were they tied down to these conditions:
'Twould stint their power, their riches bound,
And make their parts seem less profound.
Were they denied their proper tools,
How could they lead their knaves and fools?
Were this the case, let's take a view
What dreadful mischiefs would ensue.
Though it might aggrandize the state;
Could private luxury dine on plate?
Kings might indeed their friends reward;
But ministers find less regard.
Informers, sycophants, and spies,
Would not augment the year's supplies.
Perhaps, too, take away this prop,
An annual job or two might drop.
Besides, if pensions were denied,
Could Avarice support its pride?
It might even ministers confound,
And yet the state be safe and sound.
  I care not though 'tis understood;
I only mean my country's good:
And (let who will my freedom blame)
I wish all courtiers did the same.
Nay, though some folks the less might get,
I wish the nation out of debt.

I put no private man's ambition
With public good in competition:
Rather than have our laws defac'd,
I'd vote a minister disgrac'd.
  I strike at vice, be't where it will;
And what if great folks take it ill?
I hope corruption, bribery, pension,
One may with detestation mention;
Think you the law (let who will take it)
Can *scandalum magnatum* make it?
I vent no slander, owe no grudge,
Nor of another's conscience judge:
At him or him I take no aim,
Yet dare against all vice declaim.
Shall I not censure breach of trust,
Because knaves know themselves unjust?
That steward whose account is clear,
Demands his honour may appear:
His actions never shun the light;
He is, and would be prov'd upright.
  But then you think my Fable bears
Allusion too, to state-affairs.
  I grant it does: and who's so great,
That has the privilege to cheat?
If then in any future reign
(For ministers may thirst for gain)
Corrupted hands defraud the nation,
I bar no reader's application.
  An Ant there was whose forward prate
Controll'd all matters in debate;
Whether he knew the thing or no,
His tongue eternally would go;
For he had impudence at will,
And boasted universal skill,

Ambition was his point in view:
Thus by degrees to power he grew.
Behold him now his drift attain:
He's made chief-treasurer of the grain.
  But as their ancient laws are just,
And punish breach of public trust,
'Tis order'd (lest wrong application
Should starve that wise industrious nation)
That all accounts be stated clear,
Their stock, and what defray'd the year;
That auditors shall these inspect,
And public rapine thus be check'd.
For this the solemn day was set;
The auditors in council met.
The granary-keeper must explain,
And balance his account of grain.
He brought (since he could not refuse 'em)
Some scraps of paper to amuse 'em.
  An honest Pismire, warm with zeal,
In justice to the public weal,
Thus spoke:—" The nation's hoard is low;
From whence does this profusion flow?
I know our annual fund's amount;
Why such expense? and where's the' account?"
  With wonted arrogance and pride,
The Ant in office thus replied:
" Consider, Sirs, were secrets told,
How could the best-schem'd projects hold?
Should we state-mysteries disclose,
'Twould lay us open to our foes.
My duty and my well-known zeal
Bid me our present schemes conceal:
But, on my honour, all the' expense
(Though vast) was for the swarm's defence."

They pass'd th' account as fair and just;
And voted him implicit trust.
Next year again the granary drain'd,
He thus his innocence maintain'd:
"Think how our present matters stand,
What dangers threat from every hand;
What hosts of turkeys stroll for food,
No farmer's wife but hath her brood.
Consider, when invasion's near,
Intelligence must cost us dear;
And, in this ticklish situation,
A secret told betrays the nation:
But on my honour, all the' expense
(Though vast) was for the swarm's defence."
Again, without examination,
They thank'd his sage administration.
The year revolves. Their treasure spent,
Again in secret service went:
His honour, too, again was pledg'd,
To satisfy the charge alleg'd.
When thus, with panic shame possess'd,
An auditor his friends address'd:
"What are we? ministerial tools?
We little knaves are greater fools.
At last this secret is explor'd,
'Tis our corruption thins the hoard.
For every grain we touch'd, at least,
A thousand his own heaps increas'd.
Then for his kin and favourite spies,
A hundred hardly could suffice.
Thus for a paltry sneaking bribe,
We cheat ourselves and all the tribe;
For all the magazine contains
Grows from our annual toil and pains."

They vote th' account shall be inspected;
The cunning plunderer is detected;
The fraud is sentenc'd; and his hoard,
As due, to public use restor'd.

THE BEAR IN A BOAT.

TO A COXCOMB.

THAT man must daily wiser grow,
Whose search is bent himself to know;
Impartially he weighs his scope,
And on firm reason founds his hope;
He tries his strength before the race,
And never seeks his own disgrace;
He knows the compass, sail, and oar,
Or never launches from the shore;
Before he builds, computes the cost,
And in no proud pursuit is lost:
He learns the bounds of human sense,
And safely walks within the fence.
Thus, conscious of his own defect,
Are pride and self-importance check'd.
If then, self-knowledge to pursue,
Direct our life in every view,
Of all the fools that pride can boast,
A Coxcomb claims distinction most.
Coxcombs are of all ranks and kind;
They're not to sex or age confin'd,
Or rich, or poor, or great, or small,
And vanity besots 'em all.
By ignorance is pride increas'd:
Those most assume who know the least;

Their own false balance gives 'em weight,
But every other finds 'em light.
  Not that all Coxcombs' follies strike,
And draw our ridicule alike;
To different merits each pretends;
This in love-vanity transcends;
That smitten with his face and shape,
By dress distinguishes the ape;
T'other with learning crams his shelf,
Knows books, and all things but himself.
  All these are fools of low condition,
Compar'd with Coxcombs of ambition:
For those, puff'd up with flattery, dare
Assume a nation's various care.
They ne'er the grossest praise mistrust,
Their sycophants seem hardly just;
For these, in part alone, attest
The flattery their own thoughts suggest.
In this wide sphere a Coxcomb's shown
In other realms besides his own:
The self-deem'd Machiavel at large
By turns controls in every charge.
Does Commerce suffer in her rights?
'Tis he directs the naval flights.
What sailor dares dispute his skill?
He'll be an admiral when he will.
  Now, meddling in the soldier's trade,
Troops must be hir'd, and levies made:
He gives ambassadors their cue,
His cobbled treaties to renew;
And annual taxes must suffice
The current blunders to disguise.
When his crude schemes in air are lost,
And millions scarce defray the cost,

His arrogance (nought undismay'd)
Trusting in self-sufficient aid,
On other rocks misguides the realm,
And thinks a pilot at the helm.
He ne'er suspects his want of skill,
But blunders on from ill to ill;
And when he fails of all intent,
Blames only unforeseen event.
Lest you mistake the application,
The Fable calls me to relation.

A Bear of shag and manners rough,
At climbing trees expert enough;
For dext'rously, and safe from harm,
Year after year he robb'd the swarm:
Thus thriving on industrious toil,
He gloried in his pilfer'd spoil.

This trick so swell'd him with conceit,
He thought no enterprise too great.
Alike in sciences and arts
He boasted universal parts:
Pragmatic, busy, bustling, bold,
His arrogance was uncontroll'd:
And thus he made his party good,
And grew—dictator of the wood.

The beasts, with admiration, stare,
And think him a prodigious Bear.
Were any common booty got,
'Twas his each portion to allot:
For why? he found there might be picking,
E'en in the carving of a chicken.
Intruding thus, he by degrees
Claim'd, too, the butcher's larger fees.

And now his over-weening pride
In every province will preside.
No task too difficult was found:
His blundering nose misleads the hound,
In stratagem and subtle arts
He over-rules the fox's parts.
  It chanc'd as, on a certain day,
Along the bank he took his way,
A Boat, with rudder, sail, and oar,
At anchor floated near the shore.
He stopt, and turning to his train,
Thus pertly vents his vaunting strain:
  "What blundering puppies are mankind,
In every science always blind!
I mock the pedantry of schools:
What are their compasses and rules?
From me that helm shall conduct learn,
And man his ignorance discern."
  So saying, with audacious pride
He gains the Boat, and climbs the side.
The beasts, astonish'd, line the strand:
The anchor's weigh'd; he drives from land:
The slack sail shifts from side to side;
The Boat untrim'd admits the tide.
Borne down, adrift, at random tost,
His oar breaks short, the rudder's lost.
The Bear, presuming in his skill,
Is here and there officious still;
Till, striking on the dangerous sands,
Aground the shatter'd vessel stands.
  To see the bungler thus distrest,
The very fishes sneer and jest:

E'en gudgeons join in ridicule,
To mortify the meddling fool.
The clamorous watermen appear;
Threats, curses, oaths, insult his ear:
Seiz'd, thrash'd, and chain'd, he's drag'd to land;
Derision shouts along the strand.

THE SQUIRE AND HIS CUR.

TO A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

THE man of pure and simple heart
Through life disdains a double part;
He never needs the screen of lies,
His inward bosom to disguise:
In vain malicious tongues assail;
Let Envy snarl, let Slander rail,
From Virtue's shield (secure from wound)
Their blunted venom'd shafts rebound.
So shines his light before mankind,
His actions prove his honest mind.
If in his country's cause he rise,
Debating senates to advise,
Unbrib'd, unaw'd, he dares impart
The honest dictates of his heart:
No ministerial frown he fears,
But in his virtue perseveres.
  But would you play the politician,
Whose heart's averse to intuition,
Your lips at all times, nay, your reason,
Must be controll'd by place and season.
What statesman could his power support,
Were lying tongues forbid the court?

Did princely ears to truth attend,
What minister could gain his end?
How could he raise his tools to place,
And how his honest foes disgrace?
  That politician tops his part,
Who readily can lie with art:
The man's proficient in his trade;
His power is strong, his fortune's made:
By that the interest of the throne
Is made subservient to his own:
By that have kings of old, deluded,
All their own friends for his excluded:
By that, his selfish schemes pursuing,
He thrives upon the public ruin.
  Antiochus[1], with hardy pace,
Provok'd the dangers of the chase;
And, lost from all his menial train,
Travers'd the wood and pathless plain.
A cottage lodg'd the royal guest;
The Parthian clown brought forth his best.
The King, unknown, his feast enjoy'd,
And various chat the hours employ'd.
From wine what sudden friendship springs!
Frankly they talk'd of courts and kings.
  "We country-folks (the Clown replies)
Could ope our gracious monarch's eyes.
The King, (as all our neighbours say)
Might he (God bless him!) have his way,
Is sound at heart, and means our good,
And he would do it if he could.
If truth in courts were not forbid,
Nor kings nor subjects would be rid.

[1] Plutarch.

Were he in power we need not doubt him;
But that transfer'd to those about him,
On them he throws the regal cares;
And what mind they? Their own affairs.
If such rapacious hands he trust,
The best of men may seem unjust.
From kings to coblers 'tis the same;
Bad servants wound their master's fame.
In this our neighbours all agree:
Would the King knew as much as we!"—
Here he stopt short. Repose they sought;
The Peasant slept, the Monarch thought.
The courtiers learn'd, at early dawn,
Where their lost sovereign was withdrawn.
The guards' approach our host alarms;
With gaudy coats the cottage swarms.
The crown and purple robes they bring,
And prostrate fall before the King.
The Clown was call'd; the royal guest
By due reward his thanks exprest.
The King then, turning to the crowd,
Who fawningly before him bow'd,
Thus spoke: "Since, bent on private gain,
Your counsels first misled my reign,
Taught and inform'd by you alone,
No truth the royal ear hath known,
Till here conversing: hence, ye crew,
For now I know myself and you."
Whene'er the royal ear's engrost,
State-lies but little genius cost:
The favourite then securely robs,
And gleans a nation by his jobs.
Franker and bolder grown in ill,
He daily poisons dares instil;

And, as his present views suggest,
Inflames or soothes the royal breast:
Thus wicked ministers oppress,
When oft the monarch means redress.
  Would kings their private subjects hear,
A minister must talk with fear;
If honesty oppos'd his views,
He dar'd not innocence accuse;
'Twould keep him in such narrow bound,
He could not right and wrong confound.
Happy were kings, could they disclose
Their real friends and real foes!
Were both themselves and subjects known,
A monarch's will might be his own.
Had he the use of ears and eyes,
Knaves would no more be counted wise.
But then a minister might lose
(Hard case!) his own ambitious views.
When such as these have vex'd a state,
Pursued by universal hate,
Their false support at once hath fail'd,
And persevering truth prevail'd:
Expos'd, their train of fraud is seen;
Truth will at last remove the screen.
  A Country 'Squire, by whim directed,
The true staunch dogs of chase neglected:
Beneath his board no hound was fed;
His hand ne'er strok'd the spaniel's head.
A snappish Cur, alone carest,
By lies had banish'd all the rest.
Yap had his ear; and defamation
Gave him full scope of conversation.
His sycophants must be prefer'd;
Room must be made for all his herd:

Wherefore, to bring his schemes about,
Old faithful servants all must out.
  The Cur on every creature flew,
(As other great men's puppies do)
Unless due court to him were shown,
And both their face and business known:
No honest tongue an audience found;
He worried all the tenants round;
For why? he liv'd in constant fear,
Lest truth by chance should interfere.
If any stranger dar'd intrude,
The noisy Cur his heels pursued.
Now fierce with rage, now struck with dread,
At once he snarled, bit, and fled.
Aloof he bays, with bristling hair,
And thus in secret growls his fear:
" Who knows but Truth, in this disguise,
May frustrate my best-guarded lies?
Should she (thus mask'd) admittance find,
That very hour my ruin's sign'd."
  Now in his howl's continued sound,
Their words were lost, the voice was drown'd.
Ever in awe of honest tongues,
Thus every day he strain'd his lungs.
  It happen'd, in ill-omen'd hour,
That Yap, unmindful of his pow'r,
Forsook his post, to love inclin'd;
A favourite bitch was in the wind.
By her seduc'd, in amorous play,
They frisk'd the joyous hours away:
Thus by untimely love pursuing,
Like Antony he sought his ruin.
  For now the 'Squire, unvex'd with noise,
An honest neighbour's chat enjoys:

" Be free, (says he) your mind impart;
I love a friendly open heart.
Methinks my tenants shun my gate;
Why such a stranger grown of late?
Pray tell me what offence they find:
'Tis plain they're not so well inclin'd."
" Turn off your Cur, (the Farmer cries)
Who feeds your ear with daily lies.
His snarling insolence offends:
'Tis he that keeps you from your friends.
Were but that saucy puppy checkt,
You'd find again the same respect.
Hear only him, he'll swear it too,
That all our hatred is to you:
But learn from us your true estate;
'Tis that curs'd Cur alone we hate."
The 'Squire heard Truth. Now Yap rush'd in;
The wide hall echoes with his din:
Yet truth prevail'd; and, with disgrace,
The dog was cudgell'd out of place.

THE COUNTRYMAN AND JUPITER.

TO MYSELF.

HAVE you a friend (look round and spy)
So fond, so prepossess'd as I?
Your faults, so obvious to mankind,
My partial eyes could never find.
When, by the breath of Fortune blown,
Your airy castles were o'erthrown;
Have I been ever prone to blame,
Or mortified your hours with shame?

Was I e'er known to damp your spirit,
Or twit you with the want of merit?
  'Tis not so strange that Fortune's frown
Still perseveres to keep you down.
Look round, and see what others do.
Would you be rich and honest too?
Have you (like those she rais'd to place)
Been opportunely mean and base?
Have you (as times requir'd) resign'd
Truth, honour, virtue, peace of mind?
If these are scruples, give her o'er;
Write, practise morals, and be poor.
  The gifts of fortune truly rate;
Then, tell me what would mend your state.
If happiness on wealth were built,
Rich rogues might comfort find in guilt.
As grows the miser's hoarded store,
His fears, his wants, increase the more.
  Think, GAY, (what ne'er may be the case)
Should Fortune take you into grace;
Would that your happiness augment?
What can she give beyond content?
  Suppose yourself a wealthy heir,
With a vast annual income clear!
In all the affluence you possess,
You might not feel one care the less.
Might you not then (like others) find
With change of fortune change of mind?
Perhaps, profuse beyond all rule,
You might start out a glaring fool;
Your luxury might break all bounds:
Plate, table, horses, stewards, hounds,
Might swell your debts: then, lust of play
No regal income can defray.

Sunk is all credit, writs assail,
And doom your future life to jail.
  Or were you dignified with pow'r,
Would that avert one pensive hour?
You might give avarice its swing,
Defraud a nation, blind a king:
Then from the hirelings in your cause,
Though daily fed with false applause,
Could it a real joy impart?—
Great guilt knew never joy at heart.
  Is happiness your point in view?
(I mean the' intrinsic and the true)
She nor in camps or courts resides,
Nor in the humble cottage hides;
Yet found alike in every sphere;
Who finds content will find her there.
  O'erspent with toil, beneath the shade,
A Peasant rested on his spade:
  " Good gods! (he cries) 'tis hard to bear
This load of life from year to year!
Soon as the morning streaks the skies,
Industrious Labour bids me rise;
With sweat I earn my homely fare,
And every day renews my care."
  Jove heard the discontented strain,
And thus rebuk'd the murmuring swain:
  " Speak out your wants, then, honest friend:
Unjust complaints the gods offend.
If you repine at partial Fate,
Instruct me what could mend your state.
Mankind in every station see.
What wish you? tell me what you'd be."
  So said, upborne upon a cloud,
The Clown survey'd the anxious crowd.

" You face of Care, (says Jove) behold,
His bulky bags are fill'd with gold:
See with what joy he counts it o'er!
That sum to-day hath swell'd his store."
" Were I that man, (the Peasant cried)
What blessing could I ask beside?"
" Hold, (says the god) first learn to know
True happiness from outward show.
This optic glass of intuition—
Here, take it, view his true condition."
He look'd, and saw the miser's breast
A troubled ocean, ne'er at rest:
Want ever stares him in the face,
And fear anticipates disgrace:
With conscious guilt he saw him start;
Extortion gnaws his throbbing heart;
And never, or in thought or dream,
His breast admits one happy gleam.
" May Jove, (he cries) reject my pray'r,
And guard my life from guilt and care.
My soul abhors that wretch's fate:
O keep me in my humble state!
But see, amidst a gaudy crowd,
Yon minister so gay and proud;
On him what happiness attends,
Who thus rewards his grateful friends!"
" First take the glass, (the god replies)
Man views the world with partial eyes."
" Good gods! (exclaims the startled wight)
Defend me from this hideous sight!
Corruption with corrosive smart
Lies cankering on his guilty heart:
I see him with polluted hand
Spread the contagion o'er the land.

Now Avarice with insatiate jaws,
Now Rapine with her harpy claws,
His bosom tears: his conscious breast
Groans with a load of crimes opprest.
See him, mad and drunk with power,
Stand tottering on Ambition's tower.
Sometimes, in speeches vain and proud,
His boasts insult the nether crowd;
Now, seiz'd with giddiness and fear,
He trembles lest his fall is near.
" Was ever wretch like this! (he cries)
Such misery in such disguise!
The change, O Jove! I disavow;
Still be my lot the spade and plough."
He next, confirm'd by speculation,
Rejects the lawyer's occupation;
For he the statesman seem'd in part,
And bore similitude of heart.
Nor did the soldier's trade inflame
His hopes with thirst of spoil and fame:
The miseries of war he mourn'd;
Whole nations into deserts turn'd.
By these have laws and rights been brav'd;
By these was free-born man enslav'd:
When battles and invasion cease,
Why swarm they in the lands of peace?
" Such change (says he) may I decline;
The scythe and civil arms be mine!"
Thus, weighing life in each condition,
The Clown withdrew his rash petition.
When thus the God: " How mortals err!
If you true happiness prefer,
'Tis to no rank of life confin'd,
But dwells in every honest mind.

Be justice then your sole pursuit:
Plant virtue, and content's the fruit."
So Jove, to gratify the Clown,
Where first he found him set him down.

THE MAN, THE CAT, THE DOG, AND THE FLY.

TO MY NATIVE COUNTRY.

HAIL, happy land! whose fertile grounds
The liquid fence of Neptune bounds;
By bounteous Nature set apart,
The seat of Industry and Art.
O Britain! chosen port of trade,
May luxury ne'er thy sons invade;
May never minister (intent
His private treasures to augment)
Corrupt thy state. If jealous foes
Thy rights of commerce dare oppose,
Shall not thy fleets their rapine awe?
Who is't prescribes the ocean law?
Whenever neighbouring states contend,
'Tis thine to be the general friend.
What is't who rules in other lands?
On trade alone thy glory stands:
That benefit is unconfin'd,
Diffusing good among mankind:
That first gave lustre to thy reigns,
And scatter'd plenty o'er thy plains:
'Tis that alone thy wealth supplies,
And draws all Europe's envious eyes.

Be commerce, then, thy sole design;
Keep that, and all the world is thine.
  When naval traffic ploughs the main,
Who shares not in the merchant's gain?
'Tis that supports the regal state,
And makes the farmer's heart elate:
The numerous flocks that clothe the land
Can scarce supply the loom's demand;
Prolific culture glads the fields,
And the bare heath a harvest yields.
  Nature expects mankind should share
The duties of the public care.
Who's born for sloth[1]? To some we find
The ploughshare's annual toil assign'd:
Some at the sounding anvil glow;
Some the swift-sliding shuttle throw;
Some, studious of the wind and tide,
From pole to pole our commerce guide:
Some (taught by industry) impart
With hands and feet the works of art;
While some, of genius more refin'd,
With head and tongue assist mankind;
Each aiming at one common end,
Proves to the whole a needful friend.
Thus, born each other's useful aid,
By turns are obligations paid.
  The monarch, when his table's spread,
Is to the clown oblig'd for bread;
And when in all his glory drest,
Owes to the loom his royal vest.
Do not the mason's toil and care
Protect him from the inclement air?

[1] Barrow.

Does not the cutler's art supply
The ornament that guards his thigh?
All these, in duty to the throne,
Their common obligations own.
'Tis he (his own and people's cause)
Protects their properties and laws:
Thus they their honest toil employ,
And with content the fruits enjoy.
In every rank, or great or small,
'Tis industry supports us all.
  The animals, by want oppress'd,
To man their services address'd:
While each pursued their selfish good,
They hunger'd for precarious food:
Their hours with anxious cares were vext;
One day they fed, and starv'd the next:
They saw that plenty, sure and rife,
Was found alone in social life;
That mutual industry profess'd,
The various wants of man redress'd.
  The Cat, half famish'd, lean and weak,
Demands the privilege to speak.
  "Well, Puss, (says Man) and what can you,
To benefit the public, do?"
  The Cat replies: "These teeth, these claws,
With vigilance shall serve the cause.
The mouse, destroy'd by my pursuit,
No longer shall your feasts pollute;
Nor rats, from nightly ambuscade,
With wasteful teeth your stores invade."
  "I grant (says Man) to general use
Your parts and talents may conduce;
For rats and mice purloin our grain,
And threshers whirl the flail in vain:

Thus shall the Cat, a foe to spoil,
Protect the farmer's honest toil."
  Then turning to the Dog, he cried,
" Well, Sir, be next your merits tried."
  " Sir, (says the Dog) by self-applause
We seem to own a friendless cause.
Ask those who know me, if distrust
E'er found me treacherous or unjust?
Did I e'er faith or friendship break?
Ask all those creatures; let them speak.
My vigilance and trusty zeal
Perhaps might serve the public weal.
Might not your flocks in safety feed,
Were I to guard the fleecy breed?
Did I the nightly watches keep,
Could thieves invade you while you sleep?"
  The Man replies: " 'Tis just and right;
Rewards such service should requite.
So rare, in property, we find
Trust uncorrupt among mankind,
That taken in a public view,
The first distinction is your due.
Such merits all reward transcend:
Be then my comrade and my friend."
  Addressing now the Fly: " From you
What public service can accrue?"
" From me! (the fluttering insect said)
I thought you knew me better bred.
Sir, I'm a gentleman: Is't fit
That I to industry submit?
Let mean mechanics, to be fed
By business earn ignoble bread:
Lost in excess of daily joys,
No thought, no care, my life annoys.

At noon (the lady's matin hour)
I sip the tea's delicious flower;
On cates luxuriously I dine,
And drink the fragrance of the vine:
Studious of elegance and ease,
Myself alone I seek to please."
  The Man his pert conceit derides,
And thus the useless coxcomb chides:
  " Hence, from that peach, that downy seat;
No idle fool deserves to eat.
Could you have sap'd the blushing rind,
And on that pulp ambrosial din'd,
Had not some hand, with skill and toil,
To raise the tree prepar'd the soil?
Consider, sot, what would ensue,
Were all such worthless things as you.
You'd soon be forc'd (by hunger stung)
To make your dirty meals on dung,
On which such despicable need,
Unpitied, is reduc'd to feed.
Besides, vain selfish Insect, learn,
(If you can right and wrong discern)
That he who, with industrious zeal,
Contributes to the public weal,
By adding to the common good,
His own hath rightly understood."
  So saying, with a sudden blow,
He laid the noxious vagrant low.
Crush'd in his luxury and pride,
The spunger on the public, died.

THE JACKAL, LEOPARD, AND OTHER BEASTS.

TO A MODERN POLITICIAN.

I GRANT corruption sways mankind;
That interest, too, perverts the mind;
That bribes have blinded common sense,
Foil'd reason, truth, and eloquence:
I grant you, too, our present crimes
Can equal those of former times.
Against plain facts shall I engage,
To vindicate our righteous age?
I know that in a modern fist
Bribes in full energy subsist.
Since then these arguments prevail,
And itching palms are still so frail,
Hence Politicians, you suggest,
Should drive the nail that goes the best;
That it shows parts and penetration,
To ply men with the right temptation.
  To this I humbly must dissent,
Premising, no reflection's meant.
  Does justice or the client's sense
Teach lawyers either side's defence?
The fee gives eloquence its spirit;
That only is the client's merit.
Does art, wit, wisdom, or address,
Obtain the prostitute's caress?
The guinea (as in other trades)
From every hand alike persuades.
'Man, Scripture says, is prone to evil;'
But does that vindicate the devil?

Besides, the more mankind are prone,
The less the devil's parts are shown.
Corruption's not of modern date;
It hath been tried in every state.
Great knaves of old their power have fenc'd,
By places, pensions, bribes, dispens'd;
By these they gloried in success,
And impudently dar'd oppress;
By these despoticly they sway'd,
And slaves extoll'd the hand that paid;
Nor parts nor genius were employ'd,
By these alone were realms destroy'd.
  Now see these wretches in disgrace,
Stript of their treasures, power, and place;
View 'em abandon'd and forlorn,
Expos'd to just reproach and scorn.
What now is all your pride, your boast?
Where are your slaves, your flattering host?
What tongues now feed you with applause?
Where are the champions of your cause?
Now e'en that very fawning train,
Which shar'd the gleanings of your gain,
Press foremost who shall first accuse
Your selfish jobs, your paltry views,
Your narrow schemes, your breach of trust,
And want of talents to be just.
  What fools were these amidst their pow'r!
How thoughtless of their adverse hour!
What friends were made? A hireling herd,
For temporary votes prefer'd.
Was it these sycophants to get,
Your bounty swell'd a nation's debt?
You're bit: for these, like Swiss, attend;
No longer pay, no longer friend.

The lion is (beyond dispute)
Allow'd the most majestic brute;
His valour and his generous mind
Prove him superior of his kind:
Yet to jackals (as 'tis aver'd)
Some lions have their power transfer'd;
As if the parts of pimps and spies
To govern forests could suffice.
Once studious of his private good,
A proud Jackal oppress'd the wood;
To cram his own insatiate jaws,
Invaded property and laws.
The forest groans with discontent,
Fresh wrongs the general hate foment.
The spreading murmurs reach'd his ear;
His secret hours were vex'd with fear.
Night after night he weighs the case;
And feels the terrors of disgrace.
" By friends (says he) I'll guard my seat,
By those malicious tongues defeat;
I'll strengthen power by new allies,
And all my clamorous foes despise."
To make the generous beasts his friends,
He cringes, fawns, and condescends;
But those repuls'd his abject court,
And scorn'd oppression to support.
Friends must be had. He can't subsist.
Bribes shall new proselytes enlist;
But these nought weigh'd in honest paws;
For bribes confess a wicked cause:
Yet think not every paw withstands
What hath prevail'd in human hands.
A tempting turnip's silver skin
Drew a base Hog through thick and thin:

Bought with a Stag's delicious haunch,
The mercenary Wolf was staunch:
The convent Fox grew warm and hearty,
A pullet gain'd him to the party:
The golden pippin in his fist,
A chattering Monkey join'd the list.
  But soon, expos'd to public hate,
The favourite's fall redress'd the state.
The Leopard, vindicating right,
Had brought his secret frauds to light.
As rats, before the mansion falls,
Desert late hospitable walls,
In shoals the servile creatures run,
To bow before the rising sun.
  The Hog with warmth express'd his zeal,
And was for hanging those that steal;
But hop'd, though low, the public hoard
Might half a turnip still afford.
Since saving measures were profest,
A lamb's head was the Wolf's request.
The Fox submitted,—if to touch
A gosling would be deem'd too much?
The Monkey thought his grin and chatter
Might ask a nut, or some such matter.
  "Ye Hirelings! hence, (the Leopard cries)
Your venal conscience I despise:
He who the public good intends,
By bribes needs never purchase friends.
Who acts this just, this open part,
Is propt by every honest heart.
Corruption now too late has show'd,
That bribes are always ill-bestow'd:
By you your bubbled master's taught,
Time-serving tools, not friends, are bought."

THE DEGENERATE BEES.

TO THE REV. DR. SWIFT, DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S.

THOUGH courts the practice disallow,
A friend at all times I'll avow.
In politics I know 'tis wrong;
A friendship may be kept too long;
And what they call the prudent part,
Is to wear interest next the heart:
As the times take a different face,
Old friendships should to new give place.
  I know, too, you have many foes;
That owning you, is sharing those;
That every knave in every station,
Of high and low denomination,
For what you speak, and what you write,
Dread you at once, and bear you spite.
Such freedoms in your works are shown,
They can't enjoy what's not their own.
All dunces, too, in church and state,
In frothy nonsense show their hate;
With all the petty scribbling crew,
(And those pert sots are not a few)
'Gainst you and Pope their envy spurt:
The booksellers alone are hurt.
  Good gods! by what a powerful race
(For blockheads may have power and place)
Are scandals rais'd, and libels writ,
To prove your honesty and wit!
Think with yourself: those worthy men,
You know, have suffer'd by your pen.

From them you've nothing but your due.
From hence, 'tis plain, your friends are few.
Except myself, I know of none,
Besides the wise and good alone.
To set the case in fairer light,
My Fable shall the rest recite;
Which (though unlike our present state)
I for the moral's sake relate.

A Bee of cunning, not of parts,
Luxurious, negligent of arts,
Rapacious, arrogant, and vain,
Greedy of power, but more of gain,
Corruption sow'd throughout the hive:
By petty rogues the great ones thrive.

As power and wealth his views supplied;
'Twas seen in overbearing pride.
With him loud impudence had merit;
The Bee of conscience wanted spirit;
And those who follow'd honour's rules
Were laugh'd to scorn for squeamish fools.
Wealth claim'd distinction, favour, grace,
And poverty alone was base.
He treated industry with slight,
Unless he found his profit by't.
Rights, laws, and liberties, give way,
To bring his selfish schemes in play.
The swarm forgot the common toil,
To share the gleanings of his spoil.

" While vulgar souls, of narrow parts,
Waste life in low mechanic arts;
Let us (says he) to genius born,
The drudgery of our father's scorn.
The Wasp and Drone, you must agree,
Live with more elegance than we.

Like gentlemen they sport and play;
No business interrupts the day:
Their hours to luxury they give,
And nobly on their neighbours live."
A stubborn Bee, among the swarm,
With honest indignation warm,
Thus from his cell with zeal replied:
" I slight thy frowns, and hate thy pride.
The laws our native rights protect;
Offending thee, I those respect.
Shall luxury corrupt the hive,
And none against the torrent strive?
Exert the honour of your race;
He builds his rise on your disgrace.
'Tis industry our state maintains,
'Twas honest toil and honest gains
That rais'd our sires to power and fame.
Be virtuous; save yourselves from shame.
Know that in selfish ends pursuing,
You scramble for the public ruin."
He spoke; and, from his cell dismiss'd,
Was insolently scoff'd and hiss'd:
With him a friend or two resign'd,
Disdaining the degenerate kind.
" These Drones (says he) these insects vile
(I treat 'em in their proper style)
May for a time oppress the state:
They own our virtue by their hate;
By that our merits they reveal,
And recommend our public zeal;
Disgrac'd by this corrupted crew,
We're honour'd by the virtuous few."

THE
PACK-HORSE AND THE CARRIER.

TO A YOUNG NOBLEMAN.

BEGIN, my Lord, in early youth,
To suffer, nay, encourage truth;
And blame me not for disrespect,
If I the flatterer's style reject;
With that, by menial tongues supplied,
You're daily cocker'd up in pride,
  The tree's distinguish'd by the fruit:
Be virtue then your first pursuit;
Set your great àncestors in view,
Like them deserve the title too;
Like them ignoble actions scorn;
Let virtue prove you greatly born.
  Though with less plate their side-board shone,
Their conscience always was their own;
They ne'er at levees meanly fawn'd,
Nor was their honour yearly pawn'd;
Their hands, by no corruption stain'd,
The ministerial bribe disdain'd;
They serv'd the crown with loyal zeal,
Yet, jealous of the public weal,
They stood the bulwark of our laws,
And wore at heart their country's cause;
By neither place or pension bought,
They spoke and voted as they thought:
Thus did your sires adorn their seat;
And such alone are truly great.
  If you the paths of learning slight,
You're but a dunce in stronger light.

In foremost rank the coward plac'd,
Is more conspicuously disgrac'd.
If you, to serve a paltry end,
To knavish jobs can condescend;
We pay you the contempt that's due;
In that you have precedence too.
  Whence had you this illustrious name?
From virtue and unblemish'd fame.
By birth the name alone descends;
Your honour on yourself depends:
Think not your coronet can hide
Assuming ignorance and pride.
Learning by study must be won;
'Twas ne'er entail'd from son to son.
Superior worth your rank requires;
For that mankind reveres your sires:
If you degenerate from your race,
Their merits heighten your disgrace.
  A Carrier, every night and morn,
Would see his horses eat their corn:
This sunk the hostler's vails, 'tis true;
But then his horses had their due.
Were we so cautious in all cases,
Small gain would rise from greater places.
  The manger now had all its measure;
He heard the grinding teeth with pleasure;
When all at once confusion rung;
They snorted, jostled, bit, and flung.
A Pack-horse turn'd his head aside,
Foaming, his eye-balls swell'd with pride.
  "Good gods! (says he) how hard's my lot!
Is then my high descent forgot?
Reduc'd to drudgery and disgrace,
(A life unworthy of my race)

Must I, too, bear the vile attacks
Of ragged scrubs and vulgar hacks?
See scurvy Roan, that brute ill-bred,
Dares from the manger thrust my head!
Shall I, who boast a noble line,
On offals of these creatures dine?
Kick'd by old Ball! so mean a foe!
My honour suffers by the blow.
Newmarket speaks my grandsire's fame,
All jockeys still revere his name:
There, yearly, are his triumphs told,
There all his massy plates enroll'd.
Whene'er led forth upon the plain,
You saw him with a livery train;
Returning, too, with laurels crown'd,
You heard the drums and trumpets sound.
Let it then, Sir, be understood,
Respect's my due, for I have blood."
" Vain-glorious fool! (the Carrier cried)
Respect was never paid to pride.
Know 'twas thy giddy wilful heart
Reduc'd thee to this slavish part.
Did not thy headstrong youth disdain
To learn the conduct of the rein?
Thus coxcombs, blind to real merit,
In vicious frolics fancy spirit.
What is't to me by whom begot?
Thou restive, pert, conceited sot.
Your sires I reverence; 'tis their due:
But worthless fool, what's that to you?
Ask all the Carriers on the road,
They'll say thy keeping's ill bestow'd:
Then vaunt no more thy noble race,
That neither mends thy strength or pace.

What profits me thy boast of blood?
An ass hath more intrinsic good.
By outward show let's not be cheated;
An ass should like an ass be treated."

PAN AND FORTUNE.

TO A YOUNG HEIR.

SOON as your father's death was known,
(As if the' estate had been their own)
The gamesters outwardly exprest
The decent joy within your breast:
So lavish in your praise they grew,
As spoke their certain hopes in you.
One counts your income of the year;
How much in ready money clear.
" No house (says he) is more complete;
The garden's elegant and great.
How fine the park around it lies!
The timber's of a noble size!
Then, count his jewels and his plate!
Besides, 'tis no entail'd estate.
If cash run low, his lands in fee
Are, or for sale or mortgage, free."
Thus they, before you threw the main,
Seem to anticipate their gain.
Would you, when thieves are known abroad,
Bring forth your treasures in the road?
Would not the fool abet the stealth,
Who rashly thus expos'd his wealth?
Yet this you do, whene'er you play
Among the gentlemen of prey.

Could fools to keep their own contrive,
On what, on whom, could gamesters thrive?
Is it in charity you game,
To save your worthy gang from shame?
Unless you furnish'd daily bread,
Which way could idleness be fed?
Could these professors of deceit
Within the law no longer cheat;
They must run bolder risks for prey,
And strip the traveller on the way.
Thus in your annual rents they share,
And 'scape the noose from year to year.
Consider, ere you make the bet.
That sum might cross your tailor's debt.
When you the pilfering rattle shake,
Is not your honour, too, at stake?
Must you not by mean lies evade
To-morrow's duns from every trade?
By promises so often paid,
Is yet your tailor's bill defray'd?
Must you not pitifully fawn,
To have your butcher's writ withdrawn?
This must be done. In debts of play
Your honour suffers no delay:
And not this year's and next year's rent
The sons of Rapine can content.
Look round, the wrecks of play behold;
Estates dismember'd, mortgag'd, sold!
Their owners now to jails confin'd,
Show equal poverty of mind.
Some, who the spoil of knaves were made,
Too late attempt to learn their trade.
Some, for the folly of one hour,
Become the dirty tools of pow'r,

And, with the mercenary list,
Upon court-charity subsist.
  You'll find at last this maxim true,—
Fools are the game which knaves pursue.
  The forest (a whole century's shade)
Must be one wasteful ruin made:
No mercy's shown to age or kind;
The general massacre is sign'd.
The park, too, shares the dreadful fate;
For duns grow louder at the gate.
Stern clowns, obedient to the 'squire,
(What will not barbarous hands for hire?)
With brawny arms repeat the stroke;
Fall'n are the elm and reverend oak.
Through the long wood loud axes sound,
And Echo groans with every wound.
  To see the desolation spread,
Pan drops a tear, and hangs his head:
His bosom now with fury burns;
Beneath his hoof the dice he spurns.
Cards, too, in peevish passion torn,
The sport of whirling winds are borne.
  "To snails inveterate hate I bear,
Who spoil the verdure of the year;
The caterpillar I detest,
The blooming Spring's voracious pest;
The locust, too, whose ravenous band
Spreads sudden famine o'er the land.
But what are these? The dice's throw
At once hath laid a forest low.
The cards are dealt, the bet is made,
And the wide park hath lost its shade.
Thus is my kingdom's pride defac'd,
And all its ancient glories waste.

All this (he cries) is Fortune's doing:
'Tis thus she meditates my ruin.
By Fortune, that false, fickle jade!
More havoc in one hour is made,
Than all the hungry insect-race,
Combin'd, can in an age deface."
  Fortune, by chance, who near him past,
O'erheard the vile aspersion cast:
  " Why, Pan, (says she) what's all this rant?
'Tis every country-bubble's cant.
Am I the patroness of vice?
Is't I who cog or palm the dice?
Did I the shuffling art reveal,
To mark the cards, or range the deal?
In all the' employments men pursue,
I mind the least what gamesters do.
There may (if computation's just)
One now and then my conduct trust.
I blame the fool, for what can I,
When ninety-nine my power defy?
These trust alone their fingers' ends,
And not one stake on me depends.
Whene'er the gaming board is set,
Two classes of mankind are met;
But if we count the greedy race,
The knaves fill up the greater space.
'Tis a gross error held in schools,
That Fortune always favours fools.
In play it never bears dispute;
That doctrine these fell'd oaks confute.
Then why to me such rancour show?
'Tis Folly, Pan, that is thy foe.
By me his late estate he won,
But he by Folly was undone."

PLUTUS, CUPID, AND TIME.

Of all the burdens man must bear,
Time seems most galling and severe:
Beneath this grievous load oppress'd,
We daily meet some friend distress'd.
"What can one do? I rose at nine;
'Tis full six hours before we dine:
Six hours! no earthly thing to do!
Would I had doz'd in bed till two."
A pamphlet is before him spread,
And almost half a page is read;
Tir'd with the study of the day,
The fluttering sheets are toss'd away:
He opes his snuff-box, hums an air,
Then yawns, and stretches in his chair.
"Not twenty by the minute-hand!
Good gods! (says he) my watch must stand?
How muddling 'tis on books to pore!
I thought I'd read an hour or more.
The morning, of all hours, I hate:
One can't contrive to rise too late."
To make the minutes faster run,
Then, too, his tiresome self to shun,
To the next coffee-house he speeds,
Takes up the news, some scraps he reads.
Sauntering, from chair to chair he trails;
Now drinks his tea, now bites his nails.
He spies a partner of his woe;
By chat afflictions lighter grow;
Each other's grievances they share,
And thus their dreadful hours compare.

Says Tom, " Since all men must confess,
That time lies heavy, more or less,
Why should it be so hard to get,
Till two, a party at piquet?
Play might relieve the lagging morn:
By cards long wint'ry nights are borne.
Does not Quadrille amuse the fair,
Night after night, throughout the year?
Vapours and spleen forgot, at play
They cheat uncounted hours away."
" My case, (says Will) then must be hard,
By want of skill from play debarr'd.
Courtiers kill Time by various ways;
Dependance wears out half their days.
How happy these, whose Time ne'er stands!
Attendance takes it off their hands.
Were it not for this cursed show'r,
The Park had whil'd away an hour.
At court, without or place or view,
I daily lose an hour or two.
It fully answers my design,
When I have pick'd up friends to dine;
The tavern makes our burden light;
Wine puts our time and care to flight.
At six (hard case!) they call to pay.
Where can one go? I hate the play.
From six till ten! unless in sleep,
One cannot spend the hours so cheap.
The comedy's no sooner done,
But some assembly is begun;
Loitering from room to room I stray,
Converse, but nothing hear or say:
Quite tir'd, from fair to fair I roam.
So soon! I dread the thoughts of home.

From thence, to quicken slow-pac'd Night,
Again my tavern-friends invite:
Here, too, our early mornings pass,
Till drowsy sleep retard the glass."
  Thus they their wretched life bemoan,
And make each other's case their own.
  Consider, friends, no hour rolls on
But something of your grief is gone.
Were you to schemes of business bred,
Did you the paths of learning tread,
Your hours, your days, would fly too fast;
You'd then regret the minute past.
Time's fugitive and light as wind;
'Tis indolence that clogs your mind:
That load from off your spirits shake,
You'll own, and grieve for your mistake.
A while your thoughtless spleen suspend,
Then read, and (if you can) attend.
  As Plutus, to divert his care,
Walk'd forth one morn to take the air,
Cupid o'ertook his strutting pace.
Each star'd upon the stranger's face,
Till recollection set 'em right,
For each knew t' other but by sight.
After some complimental talk,
Time met 'em, bow'd, and join'd their walk:
Their chat on various subjects ran,
But most, what each had done for man.
Plutus assumes a haughty air,
Just like our purse-proud fellows here:
  " Let kings (says he) let cobblers tell,
Whose gifts among mankind excel.
Consider courts; what draws their train?
Think you 'tis loyalty or gain?

That statesman hath the strongest hold,
Whose tool of politics is gold;
By that, in former reigns, 'tis said,
The knave in power hath senates led:
By that alone he sway'd debates,
Enrich'd himself, and beggar'd states.
Forego your boast. You must conclude
That's most esteem'd that's most pursued.
Think, too, in what a woful plight
That wretch must live whose pocket's light.
Are not his hours by want deprest?
Penurious care corrodes his breast:
Without respect, or love, or friends,
His solitary day descends.
" You might (says Cupid) doubt my parts,
My knowledge, too, in human hearts,
Should I the power of gold dispute,
Which great examples might confute.
I know when nothing else prevails,
Persuasive money seldom fails;
That beauty, too, (like other wares)
Its price, as well as conscience, bears.
Then marriage (as of late profest)
Is but a money-job at best.
Consent, compliance, may be sold;
But love's beyond the price of gold.
Smugglers there are who, by retail,
Expose what they call love to sale;
Such bargains are an arrant cheat:
You purchase flattery and deceit.
Those who true love have ever tried,
(The common cares of life supplied)
No wants endure, no wishes make,
But every real joy partake.

All comfort on themselves depends;
They want, nor power, nor wealth, nor friends.
Love, then, hath every bliss in store;
'Tis friendship, and 'tis something more.
Each other every wish they give:
Not to know love is not to live."

" Or love, or money, (Time replied)
Were men the question to decide,
Would bear the prize: on both intent,
My boon's neglected or mis-spent.
'Tis I who measure vital space,
And deal out years to human race.
Though little priz'd, and seldom sought,
Without me love and gold are nought.
How does the miser time employ?
Did I e'er see him life enjoy?
By me forsook, the hoards he won
Are scatter'd by his lavish son.
By me all useful arts are gain'd;
Wealth, learning, wisdom, is attain'd.
Who then would think (since such my pow'r)
That e'er I knew an idle hour?
So subtle and so swift I fly,
Love's not more fugitive than I.
Who hath not heard coquets complain
Of days, months, years, mis-spent in vain?
For time misus'd they pine and waste,
And love's sweet pleasures never taste.
Those who direct their time aright,
If love or wealth their hopes excite,
In each pursuit fit hours employ'd,
And both by time have been enjoy'd.
How heedless then are mortals grown!
How little is their interest known;

In every view they ought to mind me,
For when once lost they never find me."
He spoke. The gods no more contest,
And his superior gift confest,
That time (when truly understood)
Is the most precious earthly good.

THE

OWL, SWAN, COCK, SPIDER, ASS, AND FARMER.

TO A MOTHER.

CONVERSING with your sprightly boys,
Your eyes have spoke the Mother's joys.
With what delight I've heard you quote
Their sayings, in imperfect note!
  I grant, in body and in mind
Nature appears profusely kind.
Trust not to that. Act you your part;
Imprint just morals on their heart;
Impartially their talents scan:
Just education forms the man.
  Perhaps (their genius yet unknown)
Each lot of life's already thrown;
That this shall plead, the next shall fight,
The last assert the church's right.
I censure not the fond intent;
But how precarious is the' event!
By talents misapplied and crost,
Consider, all your sons are lost.

One day (the tale's by Martial pen'd)
A father thus address'd his friend:
" To train my boy, and call forth sense,
You know I've stuck at no expense;
I've tried him in the several arts;
(The lad, no doubt, hath latent parts)
Yet trying all, he nothing knows,
But, crab-like, rather backward goes.
Teach me what yet remains undone;
'Tis your advice shall fix my son."
" Sir, (says the friend) I've weigh'd the matter;
Excuse me, for I scorn to flatter:
Make him, (nor think his genius checkt)
A herald, or an architect."
Perhaps (as commonly 'tis known)
He heard the' advice, and took his own.
The boy wants wit; he's sent to school,
Where learning but improves the fool:
The college next must give him parts,
And cram him with the liberal arts.
Whether he blunders at the bar,
Or owes his infamy to war;
Or if by license or degree
The sexton share the doctor's fee;
Or from the pulpit by the hour
He weekly floods of nonsense pour,
We find (the' intent of Nature foil'd)
A tailor or a butcher spoil'd.
Thus ministers have royal boons
Confer'd on blockheads and buffoons:
In spite of nature, merit, wit,
Their friends for every post were fit.
But now let every Muse confess
That merit finds its due success.

The' examples of our days regard;
Where's virtue seen without reward?
Distinguish'd, and in place, you find
Desert and worth of every kind.
Survey the reverend bench, and see
Religion, learning, piety:
The patron, ere he recommends,
Sees his own image in his friend's.
Is honesty disgrac'd and poor?
What is't to us what was before?
  We all of times corrupt have heard,
When paltry minions were prefer'd;
When all great offices, by dozens,
Were fill'd by brothers, sons, and cousins.
What matter ignorance and pride?
The man was happily allied.
Provided that his clerk was good,
What though he nothing understood?
In church and state the sorry race
Grew more conspicuous fools in place.
Such heads, as then a treaty made,
Had bungled in the cobbler's trade.
  Consider, patrons, that such elves
Expose your folly with themselves.
'Tis yours, as 'tis the parent's care,
To fix each genius in its sphere.
Your partial hand can wealth dispense,
But never give a blockhead sense.
  An Owl of magisterial air,
Of solemn voice, of brow austere,
Assum'd the pride of human race,
And bore his wisdom in his face;
Not to depreciate learned eyes,
I've seen a pedant look as wise.

Within a barn, from noise retir'd,
He scorn'd the world, himself admir'd;
And, like an ancient sage, conceal'd
The follies public life reveal'd.
Philosophers of old, he read,
Their country's youth to science bred,
Their manners form'd for every station,
And destin'd each his occupation.
When Xenophon, by numbers brav'd,
Retreated, and a people sav'd,
That laurel was not all his own;
The plant by Socrates was sown.
To Aristotle's greater name
The Macedonian own'd his fame.
The' Athenian bird, with pride replete,
Their talents equall'd in conceit;
And, copying the Socratic rule,
Set up for master of a school.
Dogmatic jargon learnt by heart,
Trite sentences, hard terms of art,
To vulgar ears seem'd so profound,
They fancied learning in the sound.
The school had fame; the crowded place
With pupils swarm'd of every race.
With these the Swan's maternal care
Had sent her scarce-fledg'd cygnet heir:
The Hen (though fond and loth to part)
Here lodg'd the darling of her heart:
The Spider, of mechanic kind,
Aspir'd to science more refin'd;
The Ass learnt metaphors and tropes,
But most on music fix'd his hopes.
The pupils now, advanc'd in age,
Were call'd to tread life's busy stage;

And to the Master 'twas submitted,
That each might to his part be fitted:—
  'The Swan (says he) in arms shall shine;
The soldier's glorious toil be thine.'
  'The Cock shall mighty wealth attain:—
Go, seek it on the stormy main.'
  'The court shall be the Spider's sphere:
Power, fortune, shall reward him there.'
  'In music's art the Ass's fame
Shall emulate Corelli's name.'
  Each took the part that he advis'd,
And all were equally despis'd.
A Farmer, at his folly mov'd,
The dull preceptor thus reprov'd:
  "Blockhead, (says he) by what you've done,
One would have thought 'em each your son;
For parents, to their offspring blind,
Consult nor parts nor turn of mind,
But e'en in infancy decree
What this, what t' other son shall be.
Had you with judgment weigh'd the case,
Their genius thus had fix'd their place;
The Swan had learnt the sailor's art;
The Cock had play'd the soldier's part;
The Spider in the weaver's trade
With credit had a fortune made;
But for the fool, in every class
The blockhead had appear'd an Ass."

THE

COOK-MAID, TURNSPIT, AND OX.

TO A POOR MAN.

CONSIDER man in every sphere,
Then tell me is your lot severe?
'Tis murmur, discontent, distrust,
That makes you wretched. God is just!
I grant that hunger must be fed,
That toil, too, earns thy daily bread.
What then? Thy wants are seen and known,
But every mortal feels his own.
We're born a restless needy crew:
Show me the happier man than you.
Adam, though blest above his kind,
For want of social woman, pin'd.
Eve's wants the subtle serpent saw,
Her fickle taste transgress'd the law:
Thus fell our sire, and their disgrace
The curse entail'd on human race.
When Philip's son, by glory led,
Had o'er the globe his empire spread;
When altars to his name were dress'd,
That he was man his tears confess'd.
The hopes of avarice are check'd:
The proud man always wants respect.
What various wants on power attend?
Ambition never gains its end.
Who hath not heard the rich complain
Of surfeits and corporeal pain?
He, barr'd from every use of wealth,
Envies the ploughman's strength and health

Another, in a beauteous wife
Finds all the miseries of life:
Domestic jars and jealous fear
Imbitter all his days with care.
This wants an heir; the line is lost:
Why was that vain entail engrost?
Canst thou discern another's mind?
What is't you envy? Envy's blind.
Tell Envy, when she would annoy,
That thousands want what you enjoy.
" The dinner must be dish'd at one.
Where's this vexatious Turnspit gone?
Unless the skulking Cur is caught,
The sirloin's spoil'd, and I'm in fault."
Thus said, (for sure you'll think it fit
That I the Cook-maid's oaths omit)
With all the fury of a cook,
Her cooler kitchen Nan forsook:
The broomstick o'er her head she waves;
She sweats, she stamps, she puffs, she raves:
The sneaking Cur before her flies;
She whistles, calls; fair speech she tries.
These nought avail. Her choler burns;
The fist and cudgel threat by turns:
With hasty stride she presses near;
He slinks aloof, and howls with fear.
" Was ever Cur so curs'd! (he cried)
What star did at my birth preside!
Am I for life by compact bound
To tread the wheel's eternal round?
Inglorious task! of all our race
No slave is half so mean and base.
Had Fate a kinder lot assign'd,
And form'd me of the lap-dog kind,

I then, in higher life employ'd,
Had indolence and ease enjoy'd;
And, like a gentleman, carest,
Had been the lady's favourite guest:
Or were I sprung from spaniel line,
Was his sagacious nostril mine,
By me, their never-erring guide,
From wood and plain their feasts supplied,
Knights, squires, attendant on my pace,
Had shar'd the pleasures of the chase.
Endu'd with native strength and fire,
Why call'd I not the lion sire?
A lion! such mean views I scorn:
Why was I not of woman born?
Who dares with reason's power contend?
On man we brutal slaves depend:
To him all creatures tribute pay,
And luxury employs his day."
  An Ox by chance o'erheard his moan,
And thus rebuk'd the lazy drone:
  Dare you at partial Fate repine?
How kind's your lot compar'd with mine!
Decreed to toil, the barbarous knife
Hath sever'd me from social life;
Urg'd by the stimulating goad,
I drag the cumbrous waggon's load:
'Tis mine to tame the stubborn plain,
Break the stiff soil, and house the grain;
Yet I without a murmur bear
The various labours of the year.
But then, consider, that one day
(Perhaps the hour's not far away)
You, by the duties of your post,
Shall turn the spit when I'm the roast;

And for reward shall share the feast,
I mean, shall pick my bones at least."
" Till now, (the' astonish'd Cur replies)
I look'd on all with envious eyes.
How false we judge by what appears!
All creatures feel their several cares.
If thus yon mighty beast complains,
Perhaps man knows superior pains.
Let envy then no more torment:
Think on the Ox, and learn content."
Thus said, close following at her heel,
With cheerful heart he mounts the wheel.

THE

RAVENS, SEXTON, AND EARTH-WORM.

TO LAURA.

LAURA, methinks you're over nice.
True; flattery is a shocking vice:
Yet sure, whene'er the praise is just,
One may commend without disgust.
Am I a privilege denied,
Indulg'd by every tongue beside?
How singular are all your ways!
A woman, and averse to praise!
If 'tis offence such truths to tell,
Why do your merits thus excel?
Since then I dare not speak my mind,
A truth conspicuous to mankind;
Though in full lustre every grace
Distinguish your celestial face;

Though beauties of inferior ray
(Like stars before the orb of day)
Turn pale and fade: I check my lays,
Admiring what I dare not praise.
  If you the tribute due disdain,
The Muse's mortifying strain
Shall, like a woman in mere spite,
Set beauty in a moral light.
  Though such revenge might shock the ear
Of many a celebrated fair,
I mean that superficial race
Whose thoughts ne'er reach beyond their face,
What's that to you? I but displease
Such ever-girlish ears as these.
Virtue can brook the thoughts of age,
That lasts the same through every stage.
Though you by time must suffer more
Than ever woman lost before,
To age is such indifference shown,
As if your face were not your own.
Were you by Antoninus taught?
Or is it native strength of thought
That thus, without concern or fright,
You view yourself by Reason's light?
  Those eyes, of so divine a ray,
What are they? mouldering, mortal clay.
Those features, cast in heavenly mould,
Shall, like my coarser earth, grow old;
Like common grass the fairest flow'r
Must feel the hoary season's pow'r.
  How weak, how vain, is human pride!
Dares man upon himself confide?
The wretch who glories in his gain,
Amasses heaps on heaps in vain.

Why lose we life in anxious cares,
To lay in hoards for future years?
Can those (when tortur'd by disease)
Cheer our sick heart, or purchase ease?
Can those prolong one gasp of breath,
Or calm the troubled hour of death?
  What's beauty? Call ye that your own?—
A flower that fades as soon as blown.
What's man in all his boast of sway?—
Perhaps the tyrant of a day.
  Alike the laws of life take place
Through every branch of human race:
The monarch of long regal line
Was rais'd from dust as frail as mine.
Can he pour health into his veins?
Or cool the fever's restless pains?
Can he (worn down in Nature's course)
New-brace his feeble nerves with force?
Can he (how vain is mortal pow'r!)
Stretch life beyond the destin'd hour?
  Consider, man; weigh well thy frame;
The king, the beggar is the same.
Dust form'd us all. Each breathes his day,
Then sinks into his native clay.
  Beneath a venerable yew,
That in the lonely churchyard grew,
Two Ravens sate. In solemn croak
Thus one his hungry friend bespoke.
  " Methinks I scent some rich repast;
The savour strengthens with the blast;
Snuff then, the promis'd feast inhale;
I taste the carcass in the gale.
Near yonder trees, the farmer's steed,
From toil and every drudgery freed,

Hath groan'd his last: a dainty treat!
To birds of taste delicious meat."
  A Sexton, busy at his trade,
To hear their chat, suspends his spade.
Death struck him with no farther thought,
Than merely as the fees he brought.
" Was ever two such blundering fowls;
In brains and manners less than owls!
Blockheads, (says he) learn more respect:
Know ye on whom ye thus reflect?
In this same grave (who does me right,
Must own the work is strong and tight)
The 'Squire that yon fair hall possest,
To-night shall lay his bones at rest.
Whence could the gross mistake proceed?
The 'Squire was somewhat fat indeed.
What then? the meanest bird of prey
Such want of sense could ne'er betray;
For sure some difference must be found
(Suppose the smelling organ sound)
In carcasses, (say what we can)
Or where's the dignity of man?"
  With due respect to human race,
The Ravens undertook the case.
In such similitude of scent,
Man ne'er could think reflections meant.
As epicures extol a treat,
And seem their savoury words to eat,
They prais'd dead horse, luxurious food,
The venison of the prescient brood!
  The Sexton's indignation mov'd,
The mean comparison reprov'd;
Their undiscerning palate blam'd,
Which two-legged carrion thus defam'd.

Reproachful speech from either side
The want of argument supplied:
They rail, revile; as often ends
The contest of disputing friends.
" Hold, (says the fowl) since human pride
With confutation ne'er complied,
Let's state the case, and then refer
The knotty point; for taste may err."
As thus he spoke, from out the mould
An Earth-worm, huge of size, unroll'd
His monstrous length: they straight agree
To choose him as their referee:
So to the' experience of his jaws
Each states the merits of the cause.
He paus'd, and with a solemn tone,
Thus made his sage opinion known:
" On carcasses of every kind
This maw hath elegantly din'd;
Provok'd by luxury or need,
On beast, or fowl, or man, I feed:
Such small distinction's in the savour,
By turns I choose the fancied flavour:
Yet I must own (that human beast)
A glutton is the rankest feast.
Man, cease this boast; for human pride
Hath various tracts to range beside.
The prince who kept the world in awe;
The judge whose dictate fix'd the law;
The rich, the poor, the great, the small,
Are levell'd; death confounds 'em all.
Then think not that we reptiles share
Such cates, such elegance of fare;
The only true and real good
Of man was never vermin's food:

'Tis seated in the' immortal mind;
virtue distinguishes mankind,
And that (as yet ne'er harbour'd here)
Mounts with the soul, we know not where.
So good-man Sexton, since the case
Appears with such a dubious face,
To neither I the cause determine,
For different tastes please different vermin."

AY AND NO.

A FABLE[1].

In Fable all things hold discourse;
Then Words, no doubt, must talk of course.
Once on a time, near Cannon-row,
Two hostile adverbs, Ay and No,
Were hastening to the field of fight,
And front to front stood opposite;
Before each general join'd the van,
Ay, the more courteous knight, began:
"Stop, peevish Particle! beware!
I'm told you are not such a bear,
But sometimes yield when offer'd fair.
Suffer yon folks a while to tattle;
'Tis we who must decide the battle.
Whene'er we war on yonder stage,
With various fate and equal rage,
The nation trembles at each blow
That No gives Ay, and Ay gives No;

[1] Taken from the Miscellanies, published by Swift and Pope.

Yet in expensive long contention,
We gain nor office, grant, or pension.
Why then should kinsfolk quarrel thus?
(For two of you make one of us.)
To some wise statesman let us go,
Where each his proper use may know:
He may admit two such commanders,
And make those wait who serv'd in Flanders.
Let's quarter on a great man's tongue,
A treasury-lord, not Maister Y———g.
Obsequious at his high command,
Ay shall march forth to tax the land;
Impeachments No can best resist,
And Ay support the Civil list:
Ay, quick as Cæsar, wins the day,
And No, like Fabius, by delay.
Sometimes in mutual sly disguise,
Let Ay's seem No's, and No's seem Ay's;
Ay's be in courts denials meant,
And No's in bishops' give consent."
  Thus Ay propos'd—and, for reply,
No, for the first time, answer'd "Ay!"
They parted with a thousand kisses,
And fight e'er since for pay, like Swisses.

END OF VOL. I.

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